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MOLIÈRE IN OUTLINE

BEING A TRANSLATION OF ALL IMPORTANT PARTS OF MOLIÈRE'S WORKS, WITH

INTRODUCTIONS AND NOTES,

HISTORICAL AND CRITICAL, ABRIDGED FROM VAN LAUN AND OTHERS.
TO WHICH ARE ADDED THE

ARGUMENTS OF THE PLAYS, ETC.

BY

F. CARROLL BREWSTER.

PHILADELPHIA:

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TO THE READER.

TO find in a character originally obscure, attributes, which command the respect of the learned and the honorable notice of a court, is a discovery not without pleasure to the democratic student of History.

If, in addition to this, we note that the man who thus attracts us never humbled himself to the aristocrat of mere position; never cringed to wealth, never flattered false science or upstart nobility; and that in times of venality and corruption, he was honest, pure and outspoken, our feeling for this character may perhaps rise to the warmth of admiration.

Such a personage—as I read his works—we may discover in Molière. His plays were addressed to an age and a people who would not have understood his language had it not been seasoned with expressions we now condemn. For this reason perhaps he has not been read or studied by those who were not willing to encounter offense. But it has occurred to me that if the pure gold could be sifted, and the grains thus secured be offered—in a shape, no father need hesitate to present to a daughter—the labor might be re-paid by the pleasure secured to a class not hitherto reached. This has been my cardinal object in preparing this work. I have had another purpose in view. To shorten and condense, so that the volumes formerly requiring

many hours—perhaps days of study, can now be mastered in a brief perusal, presenting, within a short compass, all that it is necessary to remember or to quote.

It is proper to add that not one line is claimed as original. All that here belongs to me is the effort to shorten the works of others.

If I have thus spared you the labor of weary readings I have gained my end. For whatever you shall find of imperfection, I ask your merciful indulgence. For every thing you discover of merit, give credit to my former student—my all-time friend—Emanuel Cohen, Esq., whose kindness and whose classical knowledge have lightened my load in this and in many a thorny path.

F. C. B.

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PREFACE.

IT has been said that Molière is the greatest comic poet France has produced. He was the author of many plays, exhibiting more or less vigor. At the command of Louis XIV, and for court amusement he wrote mediocre poems, such as *Psyché*, *les Amants magnifiques*, *la Princesse d'Elide*, *les Fâcheux*, *Melicerte*, *la Pastorale comique*, and *Amphitryon*. To please the less refined he published *les Fourberies de Scapin*, *le Bourgeois-gentilhomme*, and other farces. His comedies, *l'Etourdi*, *l'Ecole des Maris*, *l'Ecole des femmes*, *l'Avare*, *Don Garcie de Navarre*, *le Dépit amoureux*, and *le Malade imaginaire*, condemn vice. His best conceptions are *Don Juan*, *les Femmes savantes*, *Tartuffe*, and *le Misanthrope*, which exhibit true pictures of human nature. Besides these he wrote a number of minor pieces.

Molière was the enemy of all hypocrites, quacks, and snobs. The following may assist the student as an index to some of his principal characters. *Harpagon*, in *l'Avare*, is a despicable miser. *Cléante*, his son, is a prodigal. Vice is represented by *Don Juan*. *Donna Elvira* is a model of resignation; *Mathurine* of coquetry, and *Mons. Dimanche* the greedy tradesman. *Tartuffe*, in the play which bears his name, is a vile hypocrite. *M. Jourdain* is a rich tradesman in *le Bourgeois-gentilhomme*, and personates self-sufficient vanity. *Dorante* is a swindler; *Célimène* a cold wit; *Sganarelle* is a jealous fool; *George Dandin* a specimen of weakness and irresolution; *Angélique* of imprudence. Her father, *Monsieur de Sotenville*, is the coarse, proud man of that day. *Argan* represents egotism, *Vadius* and *Trissotin* pedantic folly and self-conceit.

It is difficult to translate the language of Molière. I have known a French scholar much perplexed for a solution of some expressions. Many of his phrases are extensively quoted in French conversation, frequently by people who have never read him.

A writer has said that "Molière always employs the right word in the right place. Hence different commentators have tried to show that he was a kind of Admirable Crichton, and that he knew and understood everything. Mons. Castil Blaze wrote a book to prove that Molière was a perfect musician. M. M. Truinet and Paringault, barristers, printed one to convince the world that he was a most able and learned lawyer; Mons. M. Raynaud, that he must have studied medicine most thoroughly in order to be able to imitate so accurately the medical jargon of his time. And still, a number of books might have been written to prove that he knew perfectly many more things."

Molière has been translated into every language of Europe, and some of his plays into the classical tongues. Goethe read some of them every year. Molière is to be commended for his avoidance of exaggeration.]

It has been endeavored by critics to show a parallelism between certain passages of Molière and Shakespeare, but the resemblances are too far fetched to be worthy of note. The citation of one will excuse the omission of the rest. Monsieur Jourdain, in *The Citizen Who Ases the Nobleman* (le Bourgeois gentilhomme) when putting on his hat at the entreaty of Dorante, says: "*J'aime mieux être civil qu' importun*;" Master Slender, upon entering the house before Mrs. Page, says, in the "Merry Wives of Winsor" (i. 1): "I'll rather be unmannerly than troublesome."

The following is a list of some English translations: Mr. John Ozell's six volumes, London, 1714. The second translation is called "Select Comedies" of M. de Molière, French and English, in eight volumes, with a frontispiece to each comedy, to which is prefixed a curious print of the author, with his life in *French and English*. *Hic meret aera liber Sosius; hic et mare transit, et longum noto scriptori prorogat ævum.** Horat. London; printed for John Watts, at the printing office in Wild-

* The quotation "*Hic meret aera liber Sosius*," &c., is from the *Ars Poetica* ll 345-346. It may be translated: "This book gains money for the Sosii; it both crosses the sea and procures a distant immortality for a famous author."

The Sosii (incorrectly printed Socii in Van Laun's Preface) were well-known booksellers at Rome in Horace's time.

Court, near Lincoln's Inn-Fields, MDCCXXXII." The next was published by John Watts, London, 1739, and other editions of this 1748, 1755. Another Molière, in Glasgow, in five volumes, by Robert Urie, 1751. An edition at Berwick-on-Tweed, 1770.

Seven comedies of Molière, most spiritedly translated, form the fourth and fifth volumes of "the Comic Theatre, being a free translation of all the best French comedies by Samuel Foote, Esq., and others. London: Printed by Dryden Leach for J. Coote, in Paternoster Row; G. Kearsley, in Ludgate street; and J. Crowden & Co., in Paternoster Row, 1762."

Many other translations might be noted. The last, and one entitled to great praise, is by Charles Heron Wall; New York, 1879.

MEMOIR OF MOLIERE.

(ABRIDGED FROM VAN LAUN.)

JEAN BAPTISTE POQUELIN, afterwards Molière, was born at Paris, January 15th, 1622. His father, Jean Poquelin, was a well-to-do upholsterer in the Rue St. Honorè, who in 1631 attained to the height of his ambition in becoming one of the "tapissiers ordinaires" to the King. The young Poquelin was brought up at the College de Clermont, at that time (1637) the best and most popular school in Paris. Among its four hundred scholars were many members of the first families in France. Poquelin distinguished himself at the college, both in classics and in philosophy; and afterwards, following the usual course of a complete education, he proceeded to Orleans to attend a series of lectures on civil law.

In the latter part of the year 1643 a number of young men and women, members of certain well-to-do families of Parisian bourgeois, established in Paris a dramatic company, to which they gave the high-sounding name of *L'Illustre Théâtre*. One Madeleine Béjart, daughter of a procureur, was the life and soul of the undertaking. At the time when she commenced her rôle of impressario and manageress she was twenty-seven years old. With her were certain performers, and amongst the rest Poquelin, who, on adopting the career of an actor, no doubt in deference to the scruples of his family, assumed the surname of Molière.

He was on terms of intimate friendship with Madeleine Béjart. After trying their fortune successively on three stages, with scant success, seven of them quitted Paris in 1646, and for nearly twelve years were engaged in a tour through the provinces. Before leaving Paris they had run considerably into debt, in spite of the fact that they were partially supported by

Gaston, Duke of Orleans. The widowed mother of the Bèjarts, Marie Hervé, became surety for her children and for Molière; whilst the other associates gave bonds to their creditors for a considerable amount. For the non-payment of one obligation Molière was arrested and imprisoned; nor does this seem to have been the only debt which brought about the like result. Documents have been discovered which show that he was successively arrested at the suit of a number of tradesmen who had furnished or supplied the different theatres. Over and over again he was rescued by his friends, often at the cost of his entering into new engagements, bearing more or less exorbitant interest.

At the commencement of the next season, November 18, 1659, appeared *les Précieuses ridicules*.

Ménage, quitting the theatre on the first night, is reputed to have said to Chapelain, "Now, like Clovis, we must burn what we have adored, and adore what we have burnt." According to tradition, a spectator was so overcome by admiration that he called out in the middle of the piece: "*Courage, Molière! Voilà la bonne comédie!*" The king, who disliked the Rambouillet coterie, but who was at this time at the foot of the Pyrénées, commanded that the play should be represented before him.

In general, people have not a correct idea about the prices of admittance to the theatre in Molière's time. In the theatre of the Palais Royal, where all his pieces were played, with the exception of the first four, the prices for the *billets de théâtre* (tickets admitting on the stage) were five livres ten sous, representing about eighteen francs (over \$3.40) at the present time; those for the boxes, four livres; those for the amphitheatre, three livres; for the boxes on the second tier, one livre ten sous; for the upper boxes, one livre; and for the pit, fifteen sous. In representations *au double* or *à l'extraordinaire*, all the prices were raised except those of five livres ten sous. During ordinary representations, the Salle du Petit-Bourbon could hold 1400 livres, that of the Palais Royal 2860 livres; the Comédie Française could, in 1875, hold 6000 francs; so that, considering the relative value of money, the latter place cannot make more, though it has room for 1650 persons.

Whilst a new building, the Palais Royal, was preparing, the actors played several times at the houses and seats of the nobility, and even in the Louvre itself, where, on the 26th of October, the *Étourdi* and the *Précieuses* were performed before the king and Cardinal Mazarin, the latter being carried in on his sick-bed. On this occasion, the company was presented with 3,000 livres. The Palais Royal was ready by the 20th of January, 1661, and opened with the *Dépit amoureux* and *Sganarelle*.

The office of "tapissier valet de chambre" which had been held by Molière's father, was probably transferred by the latter to his younger son, Jean Poquelin, who exercised it during his elder brothers absence from Paris. Jean Poquelin the younger, died in 1660, and Molière then assumed the office to himself.

On the 20th of February, 1662, Molière married Armande Grésinde-Claire-Elizabeth Béjart, the youngest sister of Madeleine Béjart, and at this time aged about twenty years. Her dowry was ten thousand livres; her widow's portion four thousand. The marriage contract and other documents relating to this period of Molière's life, which were discovered by Beffard, the most able of his early biographers, show clearly that Armande's mother, brother and eldest sister, were present at and consenting to the ceremony, so that Grimarest and several of Molière's early biographers must have been mistaken in saying that Madeleine was opposed to this union, and that it was kept secret for some time.

The affection between Molière and Armande had been sincere from the beginning. Armande was brought up, if not born, in the company; and her wit and manners seem to have secured for her in after-life the tenderness which the poet displayed towards her when a child. Molière's enemies have coupled his name injuriously with those of Madeleine and Geneviève Béjart. There is hardly any evidence in support of such suggestions; but there is abundant proof of his love and respect for his wife.

In 1671 his friends succeeded in bringing about a better understanding between Molière and his wife, who for some time past had rarely met, except on the stage. The reconciliation extended to Baron, the favorite pupil of the great comedian, and the last scenes of Molière's life were brightened by the affec-

tionate devotion of the two people whom he loved best. The year 1672 was nevertheless a sad one; and as it were by an omen of his approaching end, more than one of the ties which bound him with his earlier career were broken. Madeleine Béjart, the companion of his lifelong labors, died in February.

Bowed down by sorrow and pain, weakened by a racking cough which never left him a day's peace, he could not be persuaded to spare himself. Within a few months of his death he wrote his *Malade Imaginaire*, a happy conception, which must have done much to rob his bodily sufferings of their sting. On the 17th of February, 1673, in spite of the dissuasion of his wife and Baron, he played the part of *Argan*, and acted the piece through, though he was very ill. In the evening of the same day, in his house in the Rue Richelieu, he burst a blood-vessel. Before a priest could be brought, Molière was dead. He was buried four days later, almost without the rites of religion, in a church-yard adjoining the Rue Montmartre.

Hipp.
Lélie — Léandre
Célie

THE BLUNDERER; OR, COUNTERPLOTS.

This is a play translated from the Italian, called *Blunderer* or *Counterplot*.* It was first enacted at Lyons, in 1653, and at Paris in 1658, where it obtained a great and well deserved success. It is chiefly based on an Italian comedy written by Nicoli Barbieri, known as *Beltrame*, and called *L'Inavvertito*.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Lélie, son of Pandolfe, acted by La Grange.

Léandre, a young gentleman of good birth.

Anselme, father of Hippolyte, Louis Béjart.

Trufaldin, an old man.

Pandolfe, father of Lélie, Béjart ainé.

Andrès, a supposed gypsy.

Mascarille, a servant to Lélie, Molière.

Ergaste, a friend of Mascarille.†

A Messenger.

Two troops of Masqueraders.

Célie, a slave to Trufaldin, acted by Mlle. De Bric.

Hippolyte, daughter to Anselme, Mlle. Duparc.

SCENE—MESSINA.

* M. Paul Stapfer in his *les Artistes juges et parties* states: "The opinion of Victor Hugo about Molière is very peculiar. According to him, the best written of all the plays of our great comic author, is his first work, *l'Étourdi*. It possesses a brilliancy and a freshness of style which still shine in *le Dépit Amoureux*, but which gradually fade, because Molière yielding unfortunately to other inspirations than his own, enters more and more upon a new way.

† Mascarille is a name invented by Molière, and a diminutive of the Spanish *mascara*, a mask. Some commentators of Molière think that the author who acted this part, may sometimes have played it in a mask, but that is now generally contradicted. Before his time, the usual name of the intriguing man-servant was *Philipin*.

ARGUMENT.

Lelio, a son to Pandolphus is besought by his father to marry Hippolyta, a daughter to Anselmo. Lelio, however, has a passion for Celia, a slave left in pledge with Trufaldin as a security for money advanced to a gypsy tribe. Leander, a young gentleman, has also been captivated by the charms of the beautiful slave. Hippolyta, on the other hand, whose union with Lelio is anxiously desired by her father, Anselmo, is in love with Leander. In order to secure Celia for himself, Lelio calls to his aid his servant Mascarille. The plots which the servant forms, and which the master by his blundering circumvents, constitute the action of the play, which contains little worthy of translation or of notation. The following incidents may serve as a sample for the student who has not time to wade through thirty printed pages: Mascarille, concealing his position as Lelio's Valet, tells Trufaldin that Celia "is well skilled in predicting the future" and he wishes her to say whether his master has any hope of success in a certain love affair. Celia answers modestly, but encouragingly. Just as she is about to give some sly hint to Mascarille, the lover rushes in and tells Trufaldin he sent Mascarille to treat for Lelio. Trufaldin denounces them both and orders Celia to her room. Mascarille is anxious to secure some money for his master, and accordingly plies an old man, Anselmo, with flattery—telling him that a lady is in love with him. Whilst thus cajoling him, he slips Anselmo's purse out of his pocket on to the ground, intending to appropriate it. The blunderer, however, again spoils all, by coming in, picking up the purse and restoring it to Anselmo. There is a peculiar expression in one of these scenes. Mascarille says: "*Je devais au dos avoir mon luminaire.*" "*I should have my light (or eyes) in my back.*"

The servant, not discouraged, then advises the father of Lelio (Pandolphus) to buy the girl of Trufaldin and to send her off, thus curing the son of his folly. But Lelio proves the mar-plot by prevailing upon Trufaldin to keep Celia in the house.

Still another scheme is set on foot, Mascarille sends off Pandolphus to secure an imaginary treasure. Then the sly servant, by circulating a report of his master's death, secures a large payment to be made to Lelio as the heir, by Anselmo. But Pandolphus returns. Anselmo, to get back his money, practises *his* trick—he tells Lelio that by mistake he put some counterfeit coins in the bag, and as soon as he gets it in hand to substitute genuine pieces, he puts all in his pocket. Thus successive schemes for obtaining money and for abducting the prize are all defeated by the Blunderer.

An attempt to carry her off by masks is interrupted by Lelio. A scheme of Mascarille to pass Lelio upon Trufaldin as an Armenian, who has seen the son of Trufaldin, is rendered abortive. Lelio makes the ludicrous joke of putting Turin in Barbary, denounces the Turks as worshipping the sun and moon, and actually tells Celia of the plot in the presence of Trufaldin's god-daughter, who of course exposes it all. The comedy ends with the discovery that Celia is the daughter of Trufaldin; that one Andrès, supposed to be a rival, is the brother of the girl, and she is betrothed to Lelio, whilst Leander is accepted by Hippolyta.

"We shall see some fun if they do not give way," is one of the passages of Molière about which commentators do not agree; the original is, *nous allons voir beau jeu si la Corde ne rompt*. Some maintain that *corde* refers to the tight rope of a rope-dancer; others that *corde* means the string of a bow, as in the phrase *avoir deux cordes à son arc*, to have two strings (resources) to one's bow. Mons. Eugène Despois, in his carefully edited edition of Molière, defends the latter reading.

LE DÉPIT AMOUREUX.

COMÉDIE.

 THE LOVE TIFF.

A COMEDY IN FIVE ACTS.

The original in verse—Played first 1656, at Béziers ; afterwards
in the Louvre.

 DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Éraste, in love with Lucile, . . . Béjart ainé.
 Albert, father to Lucile, . . . Molière.
 Gros-René, servant to Éraste, . . . Du Parc.
 Valère, son to Polidore, . . . Béjart jeune.
 Polidore, father to Valère.
 Mascarille, servant to Valère.
 Métaphraste, a pedant, . . . Du Croisy.
 La Rapière, a bully, . . . De Brie.
 Lucile, daughter to Albert, . . . Mlle. De Brie.
 Ascagne, Albert's daughter in man's clothes.
 Frosine, confidant to Ascagne.
 Marinette, maid to Lucile, . . . Mad. Béjart.

SCENE—PARIS.

ARGUMENT.

Éraste, in love with Lucile, and almost accepted by her is troubled with suspicions lest the apparent favor shown him is only a cover to hide a passion which he fears that Lucile has for a rival, Valère. Valère seems to him too quiet and self-satisfied under the rejection of an offer of marriage. Éraste's servant, Gros-René, is in love with Marinette, Lucile's maid-servant, and, he too has a rival in Valère's servant, Mascarille. Marinette brings Éraste a letter, from her mistress accepting him as a lover, and Gros-René takes the opportunity of becoming betrothed to Marinette. Valère meets Éraste and speaks hopefully of his own prospects. He goads Éraste to show him the letter from Lucile. Valère smiling confidentially, awakens all of Éraste's suspicions. With the intention of making Valère's servant reveal his master's secrets, he feigns to have withdrawn from the rivalry. Mascarille commends his prudence, and assuring him that he has been caressed only for form's sake, tells him that a marriage has already been celebrated secretly between Valère and Lucile. Both Éraste and Gros-René are so stung by this duplicity, that the former tears to pieces the letter from Lucile, and refuses to keep an appointment which Marinette has come to make with him for a meeting with her mistress; while Gros-René following his master's course, casts Marinette off with many objurgations.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

Gros-René. I scarcely need protest against the honor paid to us, but am straight-forward in everything.*

Éraste, a lover, is often buoyed up by false hope. He who is best received is not always the most beloved. The affection a woman displays is often but a veil to cover her passion for another.

* Du Parc the actor who played this part was very stout, hence the allusion in the original "*et suis homme fort rond du tous les manières.*"

When love has been frequently repelled, it frees itself, and wishes to flee from the object it was charmed with ; nor does it break its chain so quietly as to be able to continue at peace.

SCENE II.

Marinette, you really are right ; that is as it should be. A jealous man should never show his suspicions ! All that he gains by it is to do himself harm, and in this manner furthers the designs of his rival.

SCENE III.

Valère. I would never do homage to the most perfect object by whom I could be smitten, if she did not return my passion.

ACT II.

Ascagne is a girl wearing a male dress whom Albert considers as his son. She confesses to her confidant, Frosine, that while listening to Valère's declarations for Lucile, she (Ascagne) has herself fallen in love, and that disguising herself as Lucile, she has been secretly married to Valère. Ascagne, it appears, has been taken into Albert's family and (by a contrivance of Albert's wife) has been held out to the world as his first-born son, in order to preserve an inheritance which would otherwise have fallen upon Valère's father, Polidore ; but Albert, not knowing that the deceit which he has practiced has been augmented by falsifying the sex of the girl, now seeks to have her marry a wife of his choice ; and Valère believing Ascagne to be the brother of his wedded wife, attempts to enlist Ascagne in furthering his interests with Lucile. Meanwhile Lucile receives Éraste's scornful rejection of her proposed meeting, and is with difficulty restrained by Ascagne from accepting Valère out of pique towards Éraste ; at the same time, Albert distressed by the melancholy air of his supposed son, Ascagne endeavors to ascertain the cause of it from the tutor, Metaphrastes, but with no better result than a series of irrelevant and pedantic quotations.

SCENE IV.

Lucile—a heart considers nothing when it is once affronted, but flies to its revenge, and eagerly lays hold of whatever it thinks can minister to its resentment.

Well, well ! let him boast and laugh at us ; he shall not long have cause to triumph ; I will let him see that in a well-balanced mind hatred follows close on slighted favors.

Marinette, another in hopes of matrimony, would have listened to the temptation, but **nescio vos*, quoth I.

SCENE VII.—ALBERT, METAPHRASTE.

Met. Mandatum tuum curo diligenter.†

Alb. Master, I want to.

Met. Master is derived from Magister, it is as though you say “ thrice greater.”

Mct. It is true : filio non potest praeferre nisi filius.

Alb. My father, though he was a very clever man, never taught me anything but my prayers ; and though I have said them daily for fifty years, they are still High Dutch to me.

Met. However, you ought to choose words which are used by the best authors ; *tu vivendo bonos scribendo sequere peritos*, as the saying is.

Alb. Man or devil, will you hear me without disputing ?

Met. That is Quintilian’s rule.

Met. Let me say a few words, I entreat you ; a fool who says nothing, cannot be distinguished from a wise man who holds his tongue.

* These two latin words which were in common use in France during Molière’s time, are taken from the Vulgate, Matthew xxv. 12 : “ Domine, domine, aperi nobis.” At ille respondens ait : “ Amen dico vobis, nescio vos.”

† I hasten to obey your order.

SCENE VIII.


Metaphrastic, [alone]. But, if learned men are not listened to, or if their mouths are forever to be stopped, then the order of events must be changed; the hens in a little time will devour the fox; young children teach old men; little lambs take a delight in pursuing a wolf; fools make laws; women go to battle; judges be tried by criminals, and masters whipped by pupils; and a sick man prescribe for a healthy one.

ACT. III.

Mascarille, having indiscretely revealed the secret marriage to Éraсте and to Polydore, resolves to save himself from punishment by bringing about a meeting between Albert and Polydore. At the interview Albert misunderstands Polydore's allusions to the secret marriage and supposes them to refer to the old misdeed by which he has secured for himself Polydore's wealth. The two are on the verge of parting, each with a separate version of the interview, when a chance word shows Albert that Polydore's son, Valère, has been clandestinely united to Lucile. Albert hurries to his daughter with his reproaches; Polydore hastens to vent his wrath on his son; and the latter refrains from taking summary vengeance on Mascarille for his babbling only by a promise that all will end well. Master and servant go to Albert's house and are confronted with Lucile, who positively denies the marriage and all its circumstances.

ACT IV.

Éraсте, though he repents his rash suspicion, is now determined to break entirely with Lucile. The two meet, and after an amusing return of each others' gifts and a tearing of letters, become partially reconciled. The servants, Gros-René and Marinette, equally enraged at each other, re-enact a like quarrel; but they, too, on the verge of a permanent alienation, condone each others' faults.



SCENE I.

Frosine. Die! Come, come; it is always time enough for that. Death is a remedy ever at hand; we ought to make use of it as late as possible.

SCENE II.

Gros-René. Marinette, too, imitating her mistress, said, with a disdainful sneer: "Begone! you low fellow,"* and then left me; so that your fortune and mine are very much alike.

Gros-René. For, master, people say that woman is an animal hard to be known, and naturally prone to evil; and as an animal is always an animal, and will never be anything but an animal, though it lived for a hundred years, so, without contradiction, a woman is always a woman, and will never be anything but a woman as long as the world endures.†

SCENE IV.

Gros René. (Picking up a bit of straw). To cut off every way of being reconciled, we must break this straw between us; when a straw is broken, it settles an affair between people of honor.‡ Cast none of your sheep's eyes at me; I will be angry.

Marinette. Do not look at me thus; I am too much provoked.

*In the original it is, *beau valet de carreau*.

Litré, in his "Dictionnaire de la langue française" says that this word, which means literally, "knave of Diamonds," was considered an insult, because, in the old packs of cards of the beginning of the seventeenth century, that Knave was called *valet de Chasse*, a hunting servant, a rather menial situation; while the knave of Spades, *valet de pique*, was called *valet de noblesse*, a nobleman's servant; the knave of hearts, *valet de cœur*, *valet de cour*, court servant; and the knave of clubs, *valet de trèfle*, *valet de pied*, foot servant.

† This passage is paraphrased from Erasmus, *Colloquia, familiaria et encomium Moriae*, in which after having called a woman an animal stultum atque ineptum verum ridiculum et Suave, Folly, adds, Quemadmodum juxta Græcorum proverbium, Simia Semper est Simia, etiamsi purpura vestiatur, ita mulier semper mulier est, hoc est stulta, quæcumque personam induxerit.

‡ A wisp of straw, or a stick, was formerly used as a symbol of investiture of a feudal fief. According to some authors, the breaking of the straw or stick was a proof that the vassals renounced their homage; hence the allusion of Molière. The breaking of a staff was also typical of the voluntary or compulsory abandonment of power. Formerly, after the death of the kings of France, the grand maître (master of the household) broke his wand of office over the grave, saying aloud three times, *le roi est mort*, and then *Vive le roi*. Hence, also, most likely, the saying of Prospero, in Shakespeare's "Tempest," Act v. Sec. 1, "I'll break my staff," i. e., I voluntarily abandon my power. Sometimes the breaking of a staff betokened dishonor, as in Shakespeare's Second part of "Henry VI," Act 1, Sec. 2, where Gloster says: "Me thought this staff, mine office-badge in court, was broke in twain."

ACT V.

Valère is preparing to carry off Lucile, whom he supposes to be his wife ; Monsieur de la Rapière has already offered his service as a professional duellist. The secret of Ascagne's birth is revealed in the nick of time. She is indeed the daughter of Albert ; but since it was necessary that the first-born of his house should be a son in order to keep the inheritance in the family, Albert exchanged her for the son of a flower-woman ; that son subsequently dying, Ascagne was taken back by her mother, and disguised in a male dress. Both Polydore and Albert are satisfied ; Valère falls in love with his wife Ascagne, (now called Dorothea) ; Éraste secures Lucile ; and Gros-René is made happy by a wife, Marinette, who promises "to tell him everything."

SCENE I.

Mascarille. Good Heavens! Am I a Roland, master or a Ferragus.*

SCENE III.

La Rapière. If you should have any need for it, my arm is entirely at your service. You know me to be at all times staunch.†

Masc. Why, sir, my dear master, life is so sweet! One can die but once, and it is for such a long time.

Masc. Those people who are so severe and critical before marriage, often degenerate into pacific husbands.

* Roland or Orlando, in Italian, one of Charlemagne's paladins and nephews, is represented as brave, loyal and simple-minded. On the return of Charlemagne from Spain, Roland who commanded the rear guard fell into an ambuscade at Roncesvalles, in the Pyrenees (778), and perished, with the flower of French chivalry. He is the hero of Ariosto's poem, "*Orlando Furioso*." In this same poem Cant. XII is also mentioned Ferragus, or Ferrau, in Italian, a Saracen giant, who dropped his helmet into the river, and vowed he would never wear another till he had won that worn by Orlando; the latter slew him in the only part where he was vulnerable.

† It is thought the introduction of Mons. de la Rapière contains an allusion to the poor noblemen of Lanquedoc, who formerly made a kind of living by being seconds at duels, and whom the Prince de Conti compelled to obey the edicts of Louis XIV against duelling. The *Love-Tiff* was first played in 1656 at Beziers, where the States of Lanquedoc were assembled.

Severe laws were promulgated in the preceding reign against duelling. Louis XIV also published two edicts against it in 1643 and in 1651. The *Love-Tiff* as already noted was performed in 1656.

THE PRETENTIOUS YOUNG LADIES.

Molière began in the Pretentious Young Ladies to paint men and women as they are ; to make living characters and existing manners the ground works of his plays. From that time he abandoned all imitation of Italian or Spanish imbroglios and intrigues.

There is no doubt that aristocratic society attempted about the latter years of the reign of Louis XIII, to amend the coarse and licentious expressions, which during the civil wars had been introduced into literature, as well as into manners. It was praiseworthy of some high born ladies in Parisian Society to endeavor to refine the language and the mind. But there was a great difference between the influence these ladies exercised from 1620 until 1640, and what took place in 1658, the year when Molière returned to Paris. The Hôtel de Rambouillet and the aristocratic drawing-rooms, had then done their work, and done it well ; but they were succeeded by a clique which cared only for what was nicely said, or rather what was out of the common. Instead of using an elegant and refined diction, they employed only a pretentious and conceitedly affected style, which became highly ridiculous ; instead of improving the national idiom they completely spoiled it. Where formerly D'Urfé, Malherbe, Racan, Balzac and Voiture reigned, Chapelain, Scudéry, Ménage and the Abbé Cotin, "the father of the French riddle," ruled in their stead. Moreover every lady in Paris, as well as in the provinces, no matter what her education was, held her

drawing-room where nothing was heard but a ridiculous, exaggerated, and what was worse, a borrowed phraseology. The novels of Madlle de Scudéry became the text-book of the *précieux* and the *précieuses*, for such was the name given to these gentlemen and ladies who set up for wits and thought they displayed exquisite taste, refined ideas, fastidious judgment, and consummate and critical discrimination, whilst they only uttered vapid and blatant nonsense. What other language can be used when we find that they called the sun, *l'aimable éclairant le plus beau du monde, l'époux de la nature*, and that, when speaking of an old gentleman with grey hair, they said not as a joke, but seriously, *il a des quittances d'amour*. A few of their expressions, however, are employed even at the present time, such as, *châtier son style*, to correct one's style; *dépenser une heure*, to spend an hour; *revêtir ses pensées d'expressions nobles*, to clothe one's thought in noble expressions, etc.

In Molière's time it was proverbially said of a woman "*Elle est belle à la chandelle, mais le grand jour gâte tout*." She is beautiful by candle-light, but day-light spoils everything.

The *Précieuses Ridicules* have been partly imitated in "*The Damoiselles à La Mode*, composed and written by Richard Flecknoe, London. Printed for the Author, 1667."

Mrs. Aphra Behn, a voluminous writer of plays, novels, poems and letters, all of a lively and amorous turn, was the widow of a Dutch merchant, and partly occupied the time, not engaged in literary pursuits, in political or gallant intrigues.

In 1682 was performed at the theatre, Dorset Garden, her play, "The False Count or a New Way to Play an Old Game," borrowed from "The Pretentious Young Ladies."

Thomas Shadwell took from the *Précieuses Ridicules* *Mascarille* and *Jodelet*, and freely imitated and united them in the character of La Roch, a sham Count, in his *Bury-Fair*, acted by His Majesty's servants in 1689.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

La Grange	}	Repulsed Lovers,	La Grange.
Du Croisy			
* Gorgibus, a good citizen,			L'Espy.
† The Marquis De Mascarille, valet to La Grange,			Molière.
The Viscount de Jodelet, valet to Du Croisy,			Brécourt.
Almanzor, footman to the Pretentious Young Ladies,			De Brie.
Madelon, daughter to Gorgibus	}	The P. Y. L.,	
Cathos, niece to Gorgibus			
			Mlle. De Brie.
			Mlle. Du Parc.
Marotte, maid to the Pretentious Young Ladies,			Mad. Béjart.
Lucille,	}	Two female neighbors.	
Célimène,			

SCENE—GORGIBUS' HOUSE, PARIS.

ARGUMENT.

La Grange and Du Croisy having in accordance with Gorgibus' suggestion offered marriage to Madelon, his daughter and Cathos, his niece, have been answered only with yawns, a rubbing of the eyes and inquiries about the time of day; because as the ladies explain, the young men "began by proposing marriage," without resorting to the fashionable weapons of sonnets, madrigals, riddles and the like. La Grange and Du Croisy resolve to be revenged for this rudeness. They disguise their valets, Mascarille and Jodelet, the one as a marquis and the other as a viscount, and send them to the young ladies. The

*Gorgibus was the name of certain characters in old comedies. The actor, L'Espy, who played this part had a very loud voice; hence Molière gave him probably this name.

† Mascarille was played by Molière, and has a personality quite distinct from the servant of the same name in the *Blunderer* and the *Love Tiff*.

servants imitating the current affectation of speech, make a deep impression through their conversation about fashionable society and their command of what passed at that time for wit. The ladies are moved to the highest admiration; but their pleasure is soon cut short by the sudden entrance of La Grange and Du Croisy. The pretended noblemen are soundly drubbed by their masters, and Madelon and Cathos not only lose an advantageous marriage, but in addition suffer the chagrin of having mistaken valets for courtiers and men of wit.

SCENE III. GORGIBUS, MAROTTE.

Marotte. Did you call, sir?

Gorg. Where are your mistresses?

Mar. In their room.

Gorg. What are they doing there?

Mar. Making lip salve.

Gorg. There is no end of their salves. Bid them come down.
(Alone). These hussies with their salves have, I think, a mind to ruin me. Everywhere in the house I see nothing but whites of eggs, lac virginal, and a thousand other fooleries I am not acquainted with. Since we have been here they have employed the lard of a dozen hogs at least, and four servants might live everyday on the sheep's trotters they use.

SCENE IV.

Madelon. O, father! Nothing can be more vulgar than what you have just said. I am ashamed to hear you talk in such a manner; you should take some lessons in the elegant way of looking at things.

Gorgibus. I care neither for elegant ways nor songs.*

Madelon. Good Heavens! If everybody was like you a love story would soon be over. What a fine thing it would have been

* The original has a play on words. Madelon says in addressing her father, vous devriez un peu vous faire apprendre le bel air des choses, upon which he answers, je n'ai que faire ni d'air ni de chanson.

if Cyrus had immediately espoused Mandane, and if Aronce had been married all at once to Clélie.*

Madelon. A lover to be agreeable must understand how to utter fine sentiments, to breathe soft, tender and passionate vows; his courtship must be according to rules. In the first place, he should behold the fair one of whom he becomes enamored either at a place of worship, or when out walking, or at some public ceremony, or else he should be introduced to her by a relative or a friend as if by chance, and when he leaves her he should be in a pensive and melancholy mood. For some time, he should conceal his passion from the object of his love, but pay her several visits, in every one of which he ought to introduce some gallant subject to exercise the wits of all the company. When the day comes to make his declaration—which generally should be contrived in some shady garden-walk while the company is at a distance—it should be quickly followed by anger, which is shown by our blushing, and which for a while banishes the lover from our presence. He finds afterwards means to pacify us, to accustom us gradually to hear him depict his passion and to draw from us that confession which causes us so much pain. After that come the adventures, the rivals who thwart mutual inclination, the persecutions of fathers, the jealousies arising without any foundation, complaints, despair, running away, and its consequences. Thus things are carried on in fashionable life, and veritable gallantry cannot dispense with these forms. But to come out point-blank with a proposal of marriage—to make no love but with a marriage-contract—and begin a novel at the wrong end! Once more, father, nothing can be more tradesman-like, and the mere thought of it makes me sick at heart.

Cathos. I could lay a wager they have not even seen the map of the country of *Tenderness*.†

* Cyrus and Mandane are the two principal characters of Mademoiselle de Scudéry's *novelle Artamène ou Grand Cyrus*; Aronce and Clélie of the *novel Clélie*, by the same author.

† In the map of the country of *Tenderness* *Tendre* is bounded on the north by the *dangerous sea*, on the west by the *intimical sea* and on the east by the *lake of indifference*. There are three rivers in *Tendre*. Right in the middle, flows the chief river, *Inclination*, which runs into *Mer Dangereuse*. Two towns are situated on its shores: to the south the frontier-town, *Nouvelle amitié*; higher up, nearly in the middle of the empire, the capitol, *Tendre sur Inclination*. The two other rivers, *Estime* and *Reconnaissance*, fall also into the *Mer Dangereuse*; and on their shores are two large towns, *Tendre Sur Estime* and *Tendre sur Reconnaissance*.

Cathos. To come and pay a visit to the object of their love with a leg without any ornaments, a hat without any feathers, a head with its locks not artistically arranged and a coat that suffers from a paucity of ribbons. Heavens! What lovers are these!

SCENE VII. CATHOS, MADELON, MAROTTE.

Marotte. Here is a footman asks if you are at home, and says his master is coming to see you.

Madelon. Learn, you dunce, to express yourself a little less vulgarly. Say, here is a necessary evil inquiring if it is com-
modious for you to become visible.*

SCENE X.

Cathos. My dear we should call for chairs.

Madelon (to the footman) Convey us hither instantly, the conveniences of conversation.

Mascarille (after having combed † himself and adjusted the rolls of his stockings.‡) Well ladies what do you think of Paris?

Mascarille. As for me, such as you see me, I amuse myself in that way when I am in the humor, and you may find handed about in the fashionable assemblies§ of Paris two hundred songs, as many sonnets, four hundred epigrams, and more than a

* All these and similar sentences were really employed by the *precieuses*.

† It was at that time the custom for men of rank to comb their hair or perriwigs in public.

‡ The rolls (*canons*) were large pieces of linen, often adorned with lace or ribbons, and which were fastened below the breeches, just under the knee.

§ In the original French the word is *ruelle*, which means literally a "small street," a "lane," hence any narrow passage, hence the narrow opening between the wall and the bed. The *Precieuses* at that time received their visitors lying dressed in a bed, which was placed in an alcove and upon a raised platform. Their fashionable friends (*alcovistes*) took their places between the bed and the wall, and thus the name *ruelle* came to be given to all fashionable assemblies. In Dr. John Ash's *New and Complete Dictionary of the English Language*, published in London, 1755, *ruelle* is defined: "a little street, a circle, an assembly at a private house."

thousand madrigals all made by me, without counting riddles and portraits.*

Madelon. I fancy it must be a delightful thing to see one's self in print.

Cathos. Extempore verses are certainly the very touchstone of genius.

Mascarille. Listen, then.

Madelon. We are all ears.

Mascarille :

Oh ! oh ! quite without heed was I,
As harmless you I chanced to spy,
Slyly your eyes,
My heart surprise,
Stop thief ! stop thief ! stop thief ! I cry.†

Mascarille. Did you observe the beginning, oh ! oh ? There is something original in that oh ! oh ! Like the man who all of a sudden thinks about something, oh ! oh ! Taken by surprise, as it were, oh ! oh !

Madelon. Yes. I think that oh ! oh ! admirable.

Mascarille. I will sing you the tune I made to it.

Cathos. Have you learned music ?

Mascarille. I ? Not at all.

Cathos. How can you make a tune, then ?

Masc. People of rank know everything without ever having learned anything.

* This kind of literature, in which one attempted to write a portrait of one's self or of others, was then very much in fashion. La Bruyère and Saint Simon in France, as well as Dryden and Pope in England, have shown what a literary portrait may become in the hands of men of talent.

† Crowne, in his *Sir Courtly Nice*, has also imitated Mascarille's extempore lines as follows :

"As I gazed unaware,
On a face so fair;
Your cruel eye
Lay watching by
To snap my heart,
Which you did w^l such art;
That away w^lt you ran,
Whil'st I look'd on,
To my ruin and grief;
Stop thief ! Stop thief !"

Mascarille. What do you think of my top-knot, sword-knot and rosettes? Do you find them harmonize with my coat?

Cathos. Perfectly.

Mascarille. Do you think my ribbon well chosen?

Madelon. Furiously well. It is real *Perdrigeon*.*

Mascarille. What do you say of my rolls?

Madelon. They look very fashionable.

Mascarille. I may at least boast that they are a quarter of a yard wider than any that have been made.

Madelon. I must own I never saw the elegance of dress carried farther.

Mascarille. Please to fasten the reflection of your smelling faculty upon the gloves.

Madelon. They smell awfully fine.

Cathos. I never inhaled a more delicious perfume.

Mascarille. And this? (*He gives them his powdered wig to smell.*)

Madelon. It has the true quality; it titillates the nerves of the upper region most deliciously.

Masc. You say nothing of my feathers. How do you like them?

Cat. They are frightfully beautiful.

Masc. Do you know that every single one of them cost me a Louis-d'or? But it is my hobby to have generally everything of the very best.

Mad. I assure you that you and I sympathize. I am furiously particular in everything I wear. I cannot endure even stockings unless they are bought at a fashionable shop.†

* *Masc.* (*Crying out suddenly*) O! O! O! gently. Damme ladies, you use me very ill. I have reason to complain of your behavior; it is not fair.

Cat. What is the matter with you?

* *Perdrigeon* was the name of a fashionable linen draper in Paris at that time.

† Without going into details about the phraseology of the *précieuses* of which the ridiculousness has appeared sufficiently in this scene, it will be observed that used adjectives, as "furiously, terribly, awfully, extraordinarily, horribly, greatly" and many more in such a way that they often appear absurd, as "I love you horribly" or "he was greatly small." Such a way of speaking is not unknown even at the present time in England. We sometimes hear, "I like it awfully," "it is awfully jolly."

Masc. What! two at once against my heart! to attack me thus right and left! Ha! This is contrary to the law of nations, the combat is too unequal, and I must cry out "Murder!"

Cat. Well, he does say things in a peculiar way.

Mad. He is a consummate wit.

Cat. You are more afraid than hurt, and your heart cries out before it is even wounded.

Masc. The devil it does! it is wounded all from head to foot.

SCENE XII.

Mascarille Ah, Viscount!

Jodelet. Ah, Marquis! [*Embracing each other.*]

Masc. How glad I am to meet you!

Jod. How happy I am to see you here.

Masc. Embrace me once more, I pray you.*

Madelon, [*to Cathos*]. My dearest, we begin to be known; people of fashion find the way to our house.

Mascarille. Do you know ladies, that in the Viscount you behold one of the heroes of the age. He is a very valiant man.†

Mascarille. Do you remember "Viscount" our taking that half-moon from the enemy at the Siege of Arras.‡

Jodelet. What do you mean by a half-moon? It was a complete full-moon.

Masc. I believe you are right.

* It was then the fashion for young courtiers to embrace each other repeatedly, with exaggerated gestures, uttering all the while loud exclamations.

† In the original *un brave à trois poils*, literally a "brave man with three hairs." This is an allusion to the moustache and pointed beard on the chin, then called *royale*. We have seen the fashion revived in our days by the late emperor of the French, Napoleon III, and his courtiers of course; the *royale* was then called *impériale*.

‡ Turenne compelled the Prince de Condé and the Spanish army to raise the Siege of Arras in 1654.

SGANARELLE; OR, THE SELF-DECEIVED HUSBAND

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

Six months after the brilliant success of the *Précieuses ridicules*, Molière brought out at the *Théâtre du Petit Bourbon*, a new comedy called, *Sganarelle, or the Self-deceived Husband*. It has been said that Molière owed the first idea of this piece to an Italian farce, *Il Ritratto ovvero Arlichino cornuto per opinione*, but as it has never been printed, it is difficult to decide at the present time whether or not this be true. The primary idea of the play is common to many *commedia dell'arte*, whilst Molière has also been inspired by such old authors as Noël Du Fail, Rabelais, those of the *Quinze joyes de mariage*, of the *Cent nouvelles Nouvelles*, and perhaps others.

The plot of *Sganarelle* is ingenious and plausible, every trifle becomes circumstantial evidence, and is received as conclusive proof, both by the husband and wife. The dialogue is sprightly throughout, and the anxious desire of *Sganarelle* to kill his supposed injurer, whilst his cowardice prevents him from executing his valorous design, is extremely ludicrous. The chief aim of our author appears to have been to show how dangerous it is to judge with too much haste. This truth animated by a great deal of humor and wit, drew crowds of spectators for forty nights, though the play was brought out in the summer, and the marriage of the young king kept the court from Paris.

The style is entirely different from that employed in the *Précieuses ridicules*. It is a real and very good specimen of the *style gaulois*, and adapted to the age in which Molière lived. He has often been blamed for not having followed up his success of the *Précieuses ridicules* by a comedy in the same style, but Molière did not want to make fresh enemies.

Sganarelle appears in this piece for the first time, if we except the farce, or rather sketch of the *Médecin volant*, where in reality nothing is developed but everything is in mere outline. But in Sganarelle, Molière has created a character that is his own just as much as Falstaff belongs to Shakespeare, Sancho Panza to Cervantes or Panurge to Rabelais. Whether Sganarelle is a servant, a husband, the father of Lucinde, the brother of Ariste, a guardian, a faggot-maker, a doctor, he always represents the ugly side of human nature.

This play seems to have induced several English playwrights to imitate it. First, we have Sir William D'Avenant's *The Playhouse to be Let*, of which the date of the first performance is uncertain.

The second imitation of *Sganarelle* is "*Tom Essence, or the Modish Wife*," a Comedy as it is acted at the Duke's Theatre, 1677, London, printed by T. M. for W. Cademan, at the *Pope's Head*, in the Lower Walk of the *New Exchange*, in the *Strand*, 1677."

The Perplexed Couple, or Mistake upon Mistake, as it is acted at the New Theatre in Lincolns-Inn-Fields, by the Company of Comedians, acting under Letters Patent granted by King Charles the Second, London. Printed for W. Meares at the *Lamb*, and *J. Brown*, at the *Black Swan* without *Temple Bar*, 1715, is the third imitation of Molière's *Sganarelle*.

The Picture, a Comedy in one act, by J. S. Miller, is founded on Molière, and is the fourth imitation of Sganarelle, London, MDCCXLV

The fifth and best imitation is Arthur Murphy's *All in the Wrong*, a comedy in five acts, first performed during the summer season of 1761, at the Theatre Royal, in Drury Lane.

L'Espy
La Grange
Molière
De Brie
Du Parc
Mlle. Du Parc
Mlle. De Brie
Mad. Bèjart

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Gorgibus, a citizen of Paris,	L'Espy
Lélie, in love with Célie,	La Grange
Sganarelle, a citizen of Paris and the self-deceived	
husband,	Molière
Villebrequin, father to Valère,	De Brie
Gros-René, servant to Lélie,	Du Parc
A Relative of Sganarelle's Wife.	
Célie, daughter of Gorgibus,	Mlle. Du Parc
Sganarelle's Wife,	Mlle. De Brie
Célie's Maid,	Mad. Bèjart

SCENE—A PUBLIC PLACE IN PARIS.

ARGUMENT.

Célie, a daughter of Gorgibus is in love with Lélie, and by her father's consent betrothed to him. In Lélie's absence, Gorgibus urges upon her the hand of Valère, the son of Villebrequin, a wealthy neighbor. She refuses to obey her father's wish; after the latter leaves her, she shows her maid Lélie's picture, and while looking at it, she drops the portrait and faints. The maid's cry for help brings Sganarelle to the scene. He is holding the swooning girl in his arms, when he is observed through a window by his wife. Picking up the picture which Célie has let fall, the wife admires its beauty and bemoans her husband's infatuation for Célie. Sganarelle, having slipped in unperceived, overhears her soliloquy and notes her admiration of the portrait. He accuses her of infidelity; she retorts with a counter accusa-

tion. At the end of a stormy interview, he snatches the picture from her hand and runs away. As he examines it, he is met by L  lie, who urged by a rumor of C  lie's intended marriage, has suddenly returned to Paris. L  lie recognizes his portrait in the hands of a stranger; and Sganarelle seeing the original of the picture before him, orders him "to break off an intrigue which a husband may not approve of." L  lie finds in the words a confirmation of the rumor which announced C  lie's coming marriage. Overpowered by a long journey, and by Sganarelle's intelligence, he is discovered in a fainting condition by Sganarelle's wife. She invites him into her house until he should recover. As he bids the wife adieu, he is perceived by Sganarelle and by C  lie. Sganarelle informs the latter of his wrongs at L  lie's hands, and C  lie finds in the story a proof of her own suspicions. She immediately informs her father that she consents to marry the rich Val  re. Sganarelle now thinks it his duty to avenge himself by slaying L  lie, and in an amusing soliloquy weighs the relative value of life and the vindication of his honor. He decides in favor of the latter. He arms himself cap-a-pie, and finds L  lie at C  lie's house whither the lover has gone to bid his mistress farewell. Sganarelle, as cowardly as he is suspicious, makes passes at L  lie without stating the cause of his resentment; both Sganarelle and C  lie by their conversation strengthen L  lie's mistaken conclusion that C  lie is Sganarelle's wife. Meanwhile, the real wife, has noticed her husband's visit to C  lie's house, and comes to vindicate herself. At this juncture when all is in confusion, C  lie's maid puts a few questions to L  lie, and the entanglement is unravelled. Sganarelle returns to his wife, and C  lie, since Val  re has fortunately been married secretly for several months, is relieved from her rash promise.

SCENE I.

Gorgibus. Can this man, who has twenty thousand golden charms in his pocket to be beloved by you, want any accomplishments? Come, come, let him be what he will, I promise you that with such a sum he is a very worthy gentleman.

Gorgibus. I believe you are not very fond of Valère, but though you do not like him as a lover, you will like him as a husband. The very name of husband endears a man more than is generally supposed, and love is often a consequence of marriage.

SCENE V.

Sganarelle's Wife [*alone*]. He has suddenly left this spot; his flight has disappointed my curiosity; but I doubt no longer that he is unfaithful to me; the little I have seen sufficiently proves it. I am no longer astonished that he returns my modest love with strange coldness; the ungrateful wretch reserves his caresses for others, and starves me in order to feed their pleasures. This is the common way of husbands; they become indifferent; at the beginning they do wonders and seem to be very much in love with us, but the wretches soon grow weary of our fondness. [*Taking up the picture which C  lie had let fall.*] But what a pretty thing has fortune sent me here; the enamel is most beautiful, the workmanship delightful; let me open it.

SCENE VI.

Sganarelle. With whom, I say. . . . I am almost bursting with vexation.*

Sganarelle's Wife. The offender is the person who begins the quarrel.

*The original has: "*j'en cr  ve d'ennuis.*" French word *ennui*, which now only means weariness of mind, signified formerly injury and the vexation or hatred caused thereby; something like the English word "annoy," as in Shakespeare's Richard iii., v. 3:

"Sleep, Richmond, sleep in peace and wake in joy;
Good angels guard thee from the boar's annoy."

SCENE XVII.

Sganarelle [*alone*]. Let us therefore hasten to hunt out this rascal by avenging my dishonor. I will teach you, you rogue, to laugh at my expense and to cheat people without showing them any respect. [After going three or four steps he comes back again.] But, gently if you please, this man looks as if he were very hot-headed and passionate; he may, perhaps heaping one insult upon another, ornament my back as well as he has done my brow.*

SCENE XXIV.

Sganarelle. Therefore remember, never to believe anything even if you should see everything.

* In the original there is a play on words which cannot be rendered in English: *Il pourrait bien . . . charger de bois mon dos, comme il a fait mon front. Bois* means "stick" and "stags antlers."

DON GARCIE DE NAVARRE; OU LE PRINCE JALOUX.

COMÉDIE HÉROÏQUE EN CINQS ACTES.

DON GARCIA OF NAVARRE;

OR,

THE JEALOUS PRINCE.

A HEROIC COMEDY IN FIVE ACTS.

The original in verse—February 4th, 1661.

INTRODUCTION.

Nothing can be more unlike *The Pretentious Young Ladies* or *Sganarelle* than *Molière's Don Garcia of Navarre*. The Théâtre du Palais-Royal had opened on the 20th of January 1661 with *The Love Tiff* and *Sganarelle*, but as the young wife of Louis XIV., Maria Theresa, daughter of Philip IV., King of Spain, had only lately arrived, and as a taste for the Spanish drama appeared to spring up anew in France, Molière thought perhaps that a heroic comedy in that style might meet with some success. Therefore he brought out, on the 4th of February, 1661, his new play of *Don Garcia of Navarre*.

Don Garcia of Navarre met with no favorable reception, though the author played the part of the hero. He withdrew it after five representations. He inserted some parts of this comedy in the *Misanthrope* the *Femmes Savantes*, *Amphitryon*, *Tartuffe*, and *les Fâcheux*, where they produced great effect.

Though it has not gained a place on the French Stage, it nevertheless possesses some fine passages. Molière wished to create a counterpart of Sganarelle, the type of ridiculous jealousy and to delineate passionate jealousy its doubts, fears, perplexities and anxieties, and in this he has succeeded admirably. However noble-minded Don Garcia may be, there rages within his soul a mean passion, which tortures and degrades him incessantly. When at last he is banished from the presence of the fair object of his love, he resolves to brave death by devoting himself to the destruction of her foe, but he is forestalled by his presumed rival Alphonso, who turns out to be the brother of the lady and she receives him once again and forever to her favor. The delineation of all these passions is too fine spun, and too argumentative to please the general public.

Some scenes of this play have been imitated in *The Masquerade*, a comedy acted at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, 1719, London.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Don Garcia, Prince of Navarre, in love with Elvira.

Don Alphonso, Prince of Leon, thought to be Prince of Castile, under the name of Don Silvio.

Don Alvarez, confidant of Don Garcia, in love with Eliza.

Don Lopez, another confidant of Don Garcia, in love with Eliza. *A minor part*

Don Pedro, gentleman usher to Inez.

A Page.

Donna Elvira, Princess of Leon.

Donna Inez, a Countess, in love with Don Silvio, beloved by Mauregat, the usurper of the kingdom of Leon.

Eliza, Confidant to Elvira.

SCENE.—ASTORGA, A CITY OF SPAIN, IN THE KINGDOM OF LEON.

ARGUMENT.

ACT I.

Alphonso, brother of Elvira, has long been kept out of his kingdom of Leon by the intrigues of Maurepat. With the assistance of Garcia, Silvio and others he is about to be re-established in his rights. Garcia is in love with Elvira, and his love is returned, but he is of so jealous a disposition that he suspects her every movement to be made in favor of his rival, Silvio.

SCENE I.

Elvira. How easy it is to perceive the difference between those favors that are bestowed out of mere politeness and such as spring from the heart. The first seem always forced, the latter, alas ! are granted without thinking, like those pure and limpid streams which spontaneously flow from their native sources.

Jealousy is always odious and monstrous, nothing can soften its injurious attacks ; the dearer the object of our love is to us the more deeply we feel its offensive attempts. To see a passionate Prince losing every moment that respect with which love inspires its real votaries, to see him when his whole mind is a prey to jealousy, finding fault either with what I like or dislike, and explaining every look of mine in favor of a rival.

For an enamored heart feels an extreme pleasure Eliza in being under some obligations to the object beloved ; its faint flame becomes stronger and brighter when it thinks it can discharge them by granting some favors.

Eliza. As for me I should think myself very fortunate, if I had a lover who could be jealous ; for his uneasiness would give me satisfaction. That which often vexes me is to see Don Alvarez give himself no concern about me.

ACT II.

Lopez, who plays the part of a minor Iago, flatters Garcia's weakness, and by means of innuendoes inflames his jealousy. In Eliza's apartment the courtier finds a letter which Elvira has just been writing to Garcia. The servant in endeavoring to prevent Lopez from taking it, tears it in two. The mutilated half comes into the hands of Garcia, who detects in it a declaration of love for Silvio. The Prince taxes the lady with her duplicity. Explanations follow; Garcia repents of his jealous suspicion; but Elvira's resentment is not removed.

SCENE V.

Garcia. Madam, to whom have you written since fate led us hither.

Elvira. Why this question and whence this anxiety?

Garcia. Out of pure curiosity, madam, that is all.

Elvira. Curiosity is the daughter of jealousy.

SCENE VI.

Garcia. The less we deserve a happiness which has been promised us, the greater is the difficulty we feel in believing in it. A destiny too full of glory seems unstable and renders us suspicious.

Garcia. A heart that is in love can never offend and finds excuses for whatever love may do.*

ACT III.

Silvio betrothed to Inez, declares his love for Elvira; while the latter is expostulating with him, Garcia appears on the scene, and accuses Elvira of having arranged her meeting with Silvio. She repels his jealous charges, and while she does not declare her feelings for Silvio promises never to marry Garcia.

* Part of the second act of Johnson's *Masquerade* is an imitation of *Don Garcia of Navarre* (Act II, Sc. 5).

SCENE I.

Eliza. An insult from a man we love is doubtless very difficult to bear; but if there be none which makes us sooner angry, so there is none which we sooner pardon. If the man we love is guilty, and throws himself at our feet, he triumphs over the rash outbreak of the greatest anger; so much the more easily, madam, if the offence comes from an excess of love.

* * * * * * * *

Eliza. But how can the jealousy of a lover be an insult to us?

Elvira. Is there one more deserving of our wrath! And since it is with the utmost difficulty we can resolve to confess our love; since the strict honor of our sex at all times opposes such a confession, ought a lover to doubt our avowal, and should he not be punished? Is he not greatly to blame in disbelieving that which is never said, but after a severe struggle with one's self.

SCENE II.

Elvira. Yes, my lord, it is a crime, for first love has so sacred a hold on a lofty mind that it would rather lose greatness and abandon life itself than incline to a second love.

ACT IV.

Donna Inez, persecuted by her relatives to marry Mauregat, escapes from them in male costume and takes refuge with her friend Elvira. Garcia, coming to ask forgiveness for his recent outburst, sees Elvira embrace her friend. He renews his accusations. Elvira, incensed by his repeated offenses, offers him a choice—either to believe her innocent or to have a full explanation and lose her forever. He accepts the latter. Inez is thereupon produced and immediately recognized under her male dress. Rendered desperate by the new folly into which his unreasonable jealousy has lead him, he determines to wipe out his disgrace in the battle that is about to be fought in order to restore Alphonso to the throne.

ACT V.

Alphonso and his party are victorious; but Garcia is outstripped by Silvio in killing Mauregat. Elvira, moved to tenderness by his misfortune, forgives his insults. At the same time, however, she tells him that her brother, at whose disposal her hand must be, will bestow her upon Silvio for his great services. Meanwhile Silvio is discovered to be the long concealed Alphonso. He renews his vows to Inez, and bestows his sister upon Garcia.

SCENE V.

Elvira. Can a man ever be really satisfied when by coercion he obtains what he loves? It is a melancholy advantage; a generous minded lover refuses to be happy upon such conditions.

L'ÉCOLE DES MARIS.
COMÉDIE.

THE SCHOOL FOR HUSBANDS.

A COMEDY IN THREE ACTS.

The original in verse.—June 24th, 1661.

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

The School for Husbands was the first play in the title of which the word "School" was employed to imply that over and above the intention of amusing, the author designed to convey a special lesson to his hearers. We must count the adoption of similar titles by Sheridan and others, amongst the tributes by imitation to Molières genius.

This comedy was played for the first time at Paris on the 24th of June, 1661, and met with great success. It appears that Molière borrowed the primary idea of his comedy from the *Adelphi* of Terence; and from a tale, the third of the third day, in the Decameron of Boccaccio, where a young woman uses her father-confessor as a messenger between herself and her lover. Molières method—the one which establishes his original talent—is this: At the beginning of a play he introduces his principle personages, sets them talking, suffers them to betray their characters as in every-day life—expecting from his hearers that same discernment which he has himself displayed in detecting their peculiarities, imports the germ of a plot in some slight misunderstanding or equivocal act, and leaves all the rest to be affected by the action and reaction of the characters. His plots are thus the plots of nature.

The School for Husbands was directed against one of the special and prominent defects of society in the age and country in which Molière lived. Domestic tyranny was not only rife, but it was manifested in one of its coarsest forms. Sganarelle, though twenty years younger than Ariste, and not quite forty years old, could not govern by moral force; he relied solely on bolts and bars. Physical restraint was the safeguard in which husbands and parents had the greatest confidence, not perceiving that the brain and the heart are always able to prevail against it. This truth Molière took upon himself to preach, and herein he surpasses all his rivals.

Molière probably expresses his own feelings by the mouth of Ariste; for *The School for Husbands* was performed on the 24th of June, 1661, and about eight months later, on the 20th of February, 1662, he married Armande Béjart, being then about double her age. As to Sganarelle in this play, he ceases to be a mere buffoon, as in some of Molière's farces, and becomes the personification of an idea or of a folly which has to be ridiculed.

Otway, in the *Soldier's Fortune*, has borrowed from Molière's *School for Husbands* that part of his play in which Lady Dunse makes her husband the agent for conveying a ring and a letter to her lover.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

* Sganarelle, } Brothers.
 Ariste, }
 Valère, lover to Isabella.
 Ergaste, servant to Valère.
 A Magistrate.
 A Notary.
 Isabella, } Sisters.
 Léonor, }
 Lisette, maid to Isabella.

SCENE—A PUBLIC PLACE IN PARIS.

* This part was played by Molière.

ARGUMENT.

Sganarelle and Ariste are brothers. The former, the younger of the two, is eccentric, given to gruff manners, believing that a woman, in order to be kept faithful, must be watched. Ariste, the elder, is quite the opposite, both in manner and opinion. He maintains that however much the woman's inclination may be forced, the final appeal must be made to the heart. The play develops these opposing tendencies.

ACT I.

At the opening of the play the characters of the two brothers are drawn in a conversation in which Ariste tries to induce Sganarelle to change his manner of dress and of thought. As the brothers are parting, they meet Leonora and Isabella, two sisters. The former has been left a ward to Ariste, the latter to Sganarelle by their father, under the injunction that each guardian should either marry his ward or get some other husband for her. Sganarelle, unmoved by Ariste's plea for the freedom which women should have, insists that constant vigilance can alone preserve their virtue, and accordingly he orders his ward within doors; Ariste on the contrary offers Leonora the largest liberty of action and choice. While Sganarelle is musing upon the corruption of manners, Valère a lover of Isabella as yet unknown to her, attempts to draw Sganarelle into conversation. Valère is gruffly repulsed, but he is consoled by his servant Érgaste with the soothing reflection that "a woman watched is half-won."

SCENE I.

Sganarelle. Would you not I say by your precious nonsense persuade me to adopt the fashions of those young sparks* of

* The original has *vos jeunes muguets*, literally, "your young lillies of the valley," because in former times, according to some annotators, the courtiers wore natural or artificial lillies of the valley in their buttonholes, and perfumed themselves with the essence of that flower.

yours? * * * * those tiny shoes, covered with ribbons, which make you look like feather-legged pigeons, and those large rolls wherein the legs are put every morning, as it were into the stocks and in which we see those gallants straddle about with their legs as wide apart as if they were the beams of a mill.

Ariste. We should always agree with the majority, and never cause ourselves to be stared at. Extremes shock, and a wise man should do with his clothes as with his speech; avoid too much affectation, and without being in too great a hurry, follow whatever change custom introduces.

SCENE II.

Lisette. Our honor is very weak indeed, if it must be perpetually watched. * * * * To take so much trouble in preventing is almost to give us a desire to sin. If I were suspected by my husband, I should have a very good mind to justify his fear.

Ariste. Brother, her words should only make you smile. There is some reason in what she says. Their sex loves to enjoy a little freedom; they are but ill-checked by so much austerity. Suspicious precautions, bolts and bars, make neither wives nor maids virtuous. It is honor which must hold them to their duty, not the severity which we display towards them.

ACT II.

Isabella surmising Valère's affection for her, invents a stratagem by which she is able to communicate with him. Sganarelle has threatened to marry her in eight days; she feigns the greatest pleasure at the prospect and at the same time tells him of a young man, a neighbor, Valère whom she has occasionally seen, and who has given frequent and disagreeable evidences of his passion for her. She induces Sganarelle to carry an equivocal message to the troublesome neighbor, which while it seems to point out Sganarelle as her intended husband, confesses her love for Valère. Not satisfied with this, she brings Sganarelle a letter, sealed like a love-letter, which she says has just been thrown into her window by her too ardent lover. She dissuades the old

man from opening it lest Valère should believe that she herself had broken the seal, an act which her modesty forbade. Convinced by her arguments, Sganarelle carries back the rejected message, as he believes; but is really the bearer of a fervent love-letter from his ward to his rival. Finally, he brings Valère himself into the presence of Isabella, where she again confesses her love for the young neighbor, under the guise of a deep affection for her guardian and future husband. The old man is so pleased with his ward's exemplary behavior that he decides to end her suspense by marrying her on the following day.

ACT III.

When night comes Isabella is more harassed than ever at her approaching union. She begs Sganarelle to let her remain undisturbed until the morning, and resolves to abandon her guardian's protection and to trust her fate to her lover's fidelity. On the point of leaving she is met by Sganarelle. She is confused, but she begs his forbearance. Her confusion arises, she says, on account of an unhappy passion which her sister has conceived for the rejected Valère. Leonora (according to Isabella's report) was determined to act the part of Isabella, and thus secure by her aid an interview with Valère. Sganarelle does not approve of any intrigues in his house, but overjoyed at the downfall of his brother's liberal system, does not object to permitting Leonora to pass out of the place, disguised in Isabella's dress. Thereupon in high glee, he secures a magistrate and a notary, and arousing his brother brings them all to Valère's house. Ariste is astounded and incredulous when the wickedness of Leonora whom he believes to be at a neighbor's house attending a ball, is made known to him. Valère is aroused; he agrees without hesitation to marry the lady who has sought his protection, and whom he insists on calling Isabella. He signs an agreement, and throwing it out of the window requests the brothers to add their signatures. Each does so, satisfied that the matter does not concern him. Meanwhile, Leonora returning from the ball is met by Ariste with reproaches, and soon after, by Isabella with contrite explanations of the last ruse to which she had resorted in order to rid herself of a tyrannical husband.

LES FÂCHEUX.

COMEDIE.

 THE BORES.

A COMEDY IN THREE ACTS.

The original in verse—August 17th, 1661.

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

The Bores is a character-comedy; but the peculiarities taken as the text of the play, instead of being confined to one or two of the leading personages, are exhibited in different forms by a succession of characters, introduced one after the other in rapid course and disappearing after the brief performance of their rôles. The circumstances under which Molière undertook to compose the play explain his resort to the weaker manner of analysis. The Superintendent-General of Finance, Nicolas Fouquet, desiring to entertain the King, Queen and court at his mansion of Vaux-le-Vicomte, asked for a comedy at the hands of the Palais-Royal company, who had discovered the secret of pleasing the Grand Monarque. Molière had but a fortnight's notice, and he was expected, moreover, to accommodate his muse to various prescribed styles of entertainment.

Fouquet wanted a cue for a dance by Beauchamp, for a picture by Lebrun, for stage devices by Torelli. Molière was equal to the emergency. Never, perhaps, was a literary work written to order so worthy of being preserved for future generations. Not only were the intermediate ballets made sufficiently elastic to give scope for the ingenuity of the poet's auxiliaries, but the written scenes themselves were admirably contrived to display all the varied talent of his troupes.

Louis XIV. thought he had discovered in Molière a convenient mouthpiece for his dislikes. The selfish King was no lover of the nobility, and was short-sighted enough not to perceive that the author's attacks on the nobles paved the way for doubts on the divine right of kings themselves. Hence he protected Molière and entrusted to him the care of writing plays for his entertainments. The public did not, however, see *The Bore* until the 4th of November of the same year, and then it met with great success.

The bore is ubiquitous, on the stage as in every-day life. Horace painted him in his famous passage commencing, "*Ibam forte via Sacra*," and the French satirist, Regnier, has depicted him in his eighth satire.

Molière had no doubt seen the Italian farce, *Le Case svaligate ovvero gli Interrompimenti di Pantalone*, which appears to have directly provided him with the thread of his comedy.

PREFACE BY MOLIERE.

Never was any dramatic performance so hurried as this, and it is a thing I believe, quite new, to have a comedy planned, finished, got up and played in a fortnight. I do not say this to boast of an *impromptu* or to pretend to any reputation on that account, but only to prevent certain people who might object

that I have not introduced here all the species of bores who are to be found.

I know that the number of them is great, both at the court and in the city, and that without episodes, I might have composed a comedy of five acts and still have had matter to spare.

There is no one who does not know for what season of rejoicing the piece was composed, and that *fête* made so much noise that it is not necessary to speak of it, but it will not be amiss to say a word or two of the ornaments which have been mixed with the comedy. The design was also to give a ballet, and as there was only a small number of first-rate dancers, it was necessary to separate the entrées of this ballet, and to interpolate them with the acts of the play so that these intervals might give time to the same dancers to appear in different dresses, also to avoid breaking the thread of the piece by these interludes it was deemed advisable to weave the ballet in the best manner one could into the subject, and make but one thing of it and the play. But, as the time was exceedingly short, and the whole was not entirely regulated by the same person, there may be found, perhaps, some parts of the ballet which do not enter so naturally into the play as others do; be that as it may, this is a medley new upon our stage, although one might find some authority in antiquity; but as every one thought it agreeable, it may serve as a specimen for other things which may be concerted more at leisure.

Immediately upon the curtain rising one of the actors, whom you may suppose to be myself, appeared on the stage in an ordinary dress, and addressing the king with the look of a man surprised, made excuses in great disorder for being there alone and wanting both time and actors to give his Majesty the diversion he seemed to expect; at the same time, in the midst of twenty natural cascades, a large shell was disclosed which every one saw, and the agreeable naiad who appeared in it advanced to the front of the stage and with an heroic air pronounced the following verses which Mr. Pelisson had made, and which served as a prologue.

PROLOGUE.

[*The Theatre represents a garden adorned with Termini and several fountains. A naiad coming out of the water in a shell.*]

Mortals, from grots profound I visit you,
Gallia's great Monarch in these scenes to view;
Shall Earth's wide circuit or the wider seas
Produce some novel sight your Prince to please;
Speak He, or wish; to whom nought can be hard,
Whom as a living miracle you all regard.
Fertile in miracles, his reign demands
Wonders at universal Nature's hands,
Sage, young, victorious, valiant, august,
Mild as severe, and powerful as he's just,
His passions and his foes alike to foil
And noblest pleasures join to noblest toil;
His righteous projects ne'er to misapply,
Hear and see all, and act incessantly:
He who can this, can all; he needs but dare,
And heaven in nothing will refuse his prayer.
Let Louis but command, these bounds shall move,
And trees grow vocal as Dodona's grove.
Ye Nymphs and Demi-gods whose presence fills
Their sacred trunks, come forth; so Louis wills;
To please him be our task; I lead the way,
Quit now your ancient forms but for a day,
With borrow'd shape cheat the spectators eye
And to theatric art yourselves apply.

* * * * *

[*The Naiad brings with her for the play, one part of the persons she has summoned to appear, whilst the rest begin a dance to the sound of hautboys, accompanied by violins.*]

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Éraste, in love with Orphise.
Damis, guardian to Orphise.
Acidor, }
Lisandre, } Bores. { Dorante,
Alcandre, } { Caritidès,*
Alcippe, } { Ormin,
La Montaigne, servant to Éraste. { Filinte,
L'Épine, servant to Damis.
La Rivière and two comrades.
Orphise, in love with Éraste.
Orante, } female bores.
Climène, }

SCENE—PARIS.

* Molière himself played probably the parts of Lisandre the dancer, Alcandre the duellist, or Alcippe the gambler, and perhaps all three, with some slight changes in the dress. He also acted Caritidès the pedant, and Dorante the lover of the chase.

ARGUMENT.

Éraste, in love with Orphise, has an appointment to meet her in spite of the jealous watch of her guardian, Damis. The play derives its name from the numerous impertinent interruptions which prevent him from keeping his engagement. The treatment of the subject is well illustrated by the first act which is transcribed almost entire.

ACT I.

SCENE I. ÉRASTE, LA MONTAIGNE.

Éraste. Good Heavens! Under what star am I born, to be perpetually worried by bores? It seems that fate throws them in my way every-where; each day I discover some new specimen. But there is nothing to equal my bore of to-day. I thought I should never get rid of him; a hundred times I cursed the harmless desire, which seized me at dinner-time, to see the play, where thinking to amuse myself, I unhappily was sorely punished for my sins. I must tell you how it happened, for I cannot yet think about it coolly. I was on the stage* in a mood to listen to the piece which I had heard praised by so many.

The actors began; every-one kept silence; when with a great deal of noise and in a ridiculous manner, a man with large rolls entered abruptly, crying out "Hullo, there, a seat directly!" and, disturbing the audience with his uproar, interrupted the play in the finest passage. Heavens! will Frenchmen although so often corrected, never behave themselves like men of common sense? Must we, in a public theatre, show ourselves with our worst faults, and so confirm by our foolish outbursts, what our neighbors every-where say of us? Thus, I spoke; and whilst

* It was the custom for young men of fashion to seat themselves upon the stage. They often crowded it to such an extent, that it was difficult for the actors to move. This custom was abolished only in 1759, when the Count de Lauraguais paid the comedians a considerable sum of money on the condition of not allowing any stranger upon the stage.

I was shrugging my shoulders, the actors attempted to continue their parts. But the man made a fresh disturbance in seating himself, and again crossing the stage with long strides, although he might have been quite comfortable at the wings, he planted the chair full in front, and defying the audience by his broad back, hid the actors from three-fourths of the pit. A murmur arose, at which any one else would have been ashamed; but he, firm and resolute, took no notice of it, and would have remained just as he had placed himself, if to my misfortune, he had not cast his eyes on me. "Ah, Marquis!" he said, taking a seat near me, "How dost thou do?" Let me embrace thee. Immediately my face was covered with blushes that people should see that I was acquainted with such a giddy fellow. I was but slightly known to him for all that; but so it is with these men, who assume an acquaintance on nothing, whose embraces we are obliged to endure when we meet them, and who are so familiar with us as to thou and thee us. He began by asking me a hundred frivolous questions, raising his voice higher than the actors. Every one was cursing him; and in order to check him, I said "I should like to listen to the play." "Hast thou not seen it, Marquis? Oh, on my soul, I think it very funny, and I am no fool in these matters. I know the canons of perfection, and Corneille reads to me all he writes." Thereupon he gave me a summary of the piece, informing me scene after scene of what was about to happen; and when we came to any lines which he knew by heart, he recited them aloud before the actor could say them. It was in vain for me to resist; he continued his recitations, and towards the end arose a good while before the rest. For these fashionable fellows in order to behave gallantly, especially avoid listening to the conclusion. I thanked Heaven, and naturally thought that with the comedy, my misery was ended. But as though this were too good to be expected, my gentleman fastened on me again, recounted his exploits, his uncommon virtues, spoke of his horse, of his love affairs, of his influence at court, and heartily offered me his services. I politely bowed my thanks, all the time devising some way of escape. But, he seeing me eager to depart, said, "Let us leave; every one is gone." And when we were outside, he prevented my going away, by

saying, "Marquis, let us go to the Cours* to show my carriage. It is very well built, and more than one Duke and Peer has ordered a similar from my coach-maker." I thanked him, and the better to get off, told him I was about to give a little entertainment. "Ah, on my life, I shall join it, as one of your friends, and give the go by to the marshal, to whom I was engaged." "My banquet," I said, "is too slight for a gentleman of your rank." "Nay," he replied, "I am a man of no ceremony, and I go simply to have a chat with thee; I vow, I am tired of grand entertainments." "But if you are expected, you will give offence if you stay away." "Thou art joking, Marquis; we all know each other. I pass my time with thee much more pleasantly." I was chiding myself, sad and perplexed at heart at the unlucky result of my excuse, and knew not what to do next to get rid of such a mortal annoyance, when a splendidly built coach, crowded with footmen before and behind, stopped in front of us with a great clatter; from which leaped forth a young man gorgeously dressed; and my bore and he hastening to embrace each other, surprised the passers-by with their furious encounter. Whilst both were plunged in these fits of civilities, I quietly made my exit without a word.

La Montaigne. These annoyances are mingled with the pleasures of life. All goes not, sir, exactly as we wish it. Heaven wills that here below everyone should meet bores, without them man would be too happy.

Ér. But of all my bores the greatest is Damis, guardian of her whom I adore, who dashes every hope she raises, and has brought it to pass that she dares not see me in his presence. I fear I have already passed the hour agreed on; it is in this walk that Orphise promised to be.

La M. The time of an appointment has generally some latitude and is not limited to a second.

Ér. True; but I tremble; my passion makes out of nothing a crime against her whom I love.

* The *Cours* is that part of the Champs-Élysées called *le cours-la-Reine*, because Maria de Medici, the wife of Henry IV had trees planted there. As the theatre finished about seven o'clock in the evening, it was not too late to show a carriage.

La M. If this perfect love which you manifest so well, makes out of nothing a great crime against her whom you love, the pure flame which her heart feels for you on the other hand converts all your crimes into nothing.

Ér. But, in good earnest, do you believe I am beloved by her?

La M. What! Do you still doubt a love that has been tried?

Ér. Ah, it is with difficulty that a heart that truly loves has complete confidence in such a matter. It fears to flatter itself, and, amidst its various cares, what it most wishes is what it least believes. But let us endeavor to discover the delightful creature.

La M. Sir, your necktie is loosened in front.

Ér. No matter.

La M. Let me adjust it, if you please.

Ér. Ugh, you are choking me, blockhead; let it be as it is.

La M. Let me just comb * * * * *

Ér. Was there ever such stupidity! You have almost taken off my ear with a tooth of the comb.

La M. Your rolls * * * * *

Ér. Leave them; you are too particular.

La M. They are quite rumpled.

Ér. I wish them to be so.

La M. At least allow me as a special favor to brush your hat which is covered with dust.

Ér. Brush then, since it must be so.

La M. Will you wear it like that?

Ér. Good Heavens, make haste!

La M. It would be a shame.

Ér. (*After waiting.*) That is enough.

La M. Have a little patience.

Ér. He will be the death of me.

La M. Where could you get all this dirt?

Ér. Do you intend to keep that hat forever?

La M. It is finished.

Ér. Give it me, then.

La M. (*Letting the hat fall.*) Ah!

Ér. There it is on the ground. I am not much better for all your brushing! Plague take you!

La M. Let me give it a couple of rubs to take off * * * * *

Ér. You shall not. The deuce take every servant who dogs your heels, who wearies his master, and does nothing but annoy him by wanting to set himself up as indispensable.

SCENE II. ORPHISE, ALCIDOR, ÉRASTE, LA MONTAIGNE.

[Orphise passes at the foot of the stage ; Alcidor holds her hand.]

Ér. But do I not see Orphise? Yes, it is she who comes. Whither goes she so fast, and what man is that who holds her hand. *(He bows to her as she passes, and she turns her head another way.)*

SCENE III. ÉRASTE, LA MONTAIGNE.

Ér. What! she sees me here before her, and she passes me by, pretending not to know me! What can I think? What do you say? Speak if you will.

La M. I say nothing lest I bore you.

Ér. And so indeed you do, if you say nothing to me whilst I suffer such cruel martyrdom. Give me some answer; I am quite dejected. What am I to think? Say what do you think of it? Tell me your opinion.

La M. Sir, I desire to hold my tongue and not to set up for being indispensable.

Ér. Hang the impertinent fellow! Go and follow them; and see what becomes of them, and do not quit them.

La M. (Returning.) Shall I follow at a distance.

Ér. Yes.

La M. (Returning.) Without their seeing me, or letting it appear that I was sent after them?

Ér. No, you will do much better to let them know that you follow them by my express orders.

La M. (Returning.) Shall I find you here?

Ér. Plague take you. I declare you are the biggest bore in the world.

SCENE IV.

Éraste (Alone.) Ah, how anxious I feel; how I wish I had missed this fatal appointment! I thought I should have found everything favorable; and instead of that my heart is tortured.

SCENE IV. LISANDRE, ÉRASTE.

Lis. I recognized you under these trees from a distance dear Marquis; and I came to you at once. As one of my friends, I must sing you a certain air which I have made for a little Couranto which pleases all the connoisseurs at court, and to which more than a score have already written words. I have wealth, birth, a tolerable employment, and am of some consequence in France; but I would not have failed for all I am worth to compose this air which I am going to let you hear. (*He tries his voice.*) La, la; hum, hum; listen attentively I beg. (*He sings an air of a Couranto.*) Is it not fine?

Ér. Ah!

Lis. This close is pretty. (*He sings the close over again four or five times successively.*) How do you like it?

Ér. Very fine, indeed.

Lis. The steps which I have arranged are no less pleasing, and the figure in particular is wonderfully graceful. (*He sings the words, talks and dances at the same time, and makes Éraste perform the lady's steps.*) Stay, the gentleman crosses thus; then the lady crosses again together; then they separate, and the lady comes there. Do you observe that little touch of a feint? This fleuret?* These coupes† running after the fair one. Back to back, face to face, coming up close to her. (*After finishing.*) What do you think of it, Marquis?

Ér. All these steps are fine.

Lis. For my part, I would not give a fig for your ballet-masters.

* A fleuret was an old step in dancing formed of two half-coupés and two steps on the point of the toes.

† A coupé is a movement in dancing, when one leg is a little bent, and raised from the ground, and with the other a motion is made forward.

SCENE VI.

Éraste (Alone.) Heavens! Must I be compelled daily to endure a hundred fools, because they are men of rank, and must we in politeness, demean ourselves so often to applaud, when they annoy us?

SCENE VII. ÉRASTE, LA MONTAIGNE.

La. M. Sir, Orphise is alone and is coming this way.

Ér. Ah, I feel myself greatly disturbed! I still love the cruel fair one, and my reason bids me hate her.

La. M. Sir, your reason knows not what it would be at, nor yet what power a mistress has over a man's heart. Whatever just cause we may have to be angry with a fair lady, she can set many things to rights by a single word.

Ér. Alas, I must confess it; the sight of her inspires me with respect instead of anger.

SCENE VIII. ORPHISE, ÉRASTE, LA MONTAIGNE.

Orph. Your countenance seems to me anything but cheerful. Can it be my presence, Éraste, which annoys you? What is the matter? What is amiss? What makes you heave those sighs at my appearance?

Ér. Alas! can you ask me, cruel one, what makes me so sad and what will kill me? Is it not malicious to feign ignorance of what you have done to me? the gentleman whose conversation made you pass me just now * * * * *

Orph. (Laughing.) Does that disturb you?

Ér. Do, cruel one, anew insult my misfortune. Certainly, it ill becomes you to jeer at my grief, and by outraging my feelings, ungrateful woman, to take advantage of my weakness for you.

Orph. I really must laugh, and declare that you are very silly to trouble yourself thus. The man of whom you speak, far from being able to please me, is a bore of whom I have succeeded in ridding myself; one of those troublesome and officious fools who will not suffer a lady to be anywhere alone, but come up at once,

with soft speech, offering you a hand against which one rebels. I pretended to be going away in order to hide my intention and he gave me his hand as far as my coach. I soon got rid of him in that way and returned by another gate to come to you.

Ér. Orphise, can I really believe what you say?

In the midst of the reconciliation between the lovers, they are interrupted by Alcandre, who wishes Érase to carry a challenge for him. When Alcandre is dismissed Érase is unable to find Orphise. He sends his servant to seek her.

ACT II.

He awaits the return of La Montaigne, thinking that at length all the bores are gone; he is mistaken. Alcippe detains him with a long account of a wonderful piece of ill-luck in a game of piquet and La Montaigne keeps him on a rack of suspense before delivering to him a message from Orphise appointing a place of meeting. As he walks up and down composing some verses for her, Orante and Climène insist on submitting to his judgment a dispute whether a jealous or a trusting lover is the more desirable. While he is rendering the decision, Orphise comes to the tryst, and seeing him engaged with other ladies refuses to converse with him. He is about to follow her and explain, but is again prevented by another bore, Dorante, who annoys him with a lengthy history of a stag hunt which was completely spoiled by a country bore.

ACT III.

Érase sees Orphise and appeases her anger; but Damis is now turned against him, and commands his ward to marry a man of his own choice on the following day. Orphise has therefore been prevailed upon to see Érase in her own house. He hastens to the rendezvous, but is met by Caritidès, "a Frenchman by birth, a Greek by profession," who desires him to present to the King a petition for the revision of signs and sign-boards, and insists upon reading it to Érase. He is subsequently detained successively by Ormin, who wishes him to call

the King's attention to a scheme for making all the coast of France into famous seaports, and by Filinte, who threatens to accompany him on the ground that Éraсте has had a quarrel and needs a second. Meanwhile Damis, learning of Orphise's appointment, gathers together a number of companions, who threaten to destroy the lover. La Montaigne overhears the conversation, and immediately attacks Damis. In the *melée* that follows, Éraсте comes to the spot, and apparently saves Damis' life. As a reward for his bravery, the guardian consents to the union.

L'ÉCOLE DES FEMMES.
COMÉDIE.

THE SCHOOL FOR WIVES.

A COMEDY IN FIVE ACTS.

The original in verse—December 26th, 1662.

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

The School for Wives, played for the first time in the theatre of the Palais-Royal, on the 26th of December, 1662, was the complement of *The School for Husbands*, which it succeeded at an interval of eighteen months, *The Bores* intervening. The one, no doubt, suggested the other. The central situations of the two have much in common: the arbitrary and jealous lover, to whom circumstances have given almost the authority of a husband; the simple ward, rescued from physical restraint by the unfettered cunning of love. In fact, there is not that contrast of character between the plays which the antithesis of their titles might lead us to expect. The text is not altered; we have

merely another reading of the same text. Arnolphe is a more refined and rational Sganarelle; and if his fault is the same and his catastrophe similar, we do not despise him and rejoice in his misfortune, as we were compelled to do with the tyrant of Isabella. His selfishness is perhaps equally great, but its exhibition does not render him so odious.

The troubles of Sganarelle and Arnolphe are the troubles of jealous husbands in every age, and it would be idle to heap up instances in the predecessors of Molière which may have contributed to form his conceptions. One of those that come N dearest to the type before us is the story about a gentle knight of Hainault, in the forty-first of the *Nouvelles nouvelles du Roi Louis XI.*, reproduced by Scarron in his *Nouvelles tragic-comiques*. Still more suggestive is Scarron's *la Précaution inutile*, partly based upon *The Jealous Man of Estramadura*, by Cervantes, in which there are several situations to which we must consider Molière to have been indebted for his first and second acts.

A connection has been traced between Ariste in this play and the author; the latter was now married, and did not find in marriage the happiness he hoped for. Without wishing to attribute to him all the ridiculous absurdities of Arnolphe, or to suppose that his wife was another Agnès, still we imagine that though he had been married scarcely a year he felt already the necessity of watching over, and if possible of guiding the steps of his youthful spouse. The words which Arnolphe uses when kneeling at the feet of Agnès, show what tempestuous passions must have possessed Molière; and though it is often dangerous to identify a poet with his creations, still there must be always some part, however small, of the individuality of the originator in the character he produces.

As regards Agnès, whose name is the type of a simple artless girl, her character develops with the plot of the comedy. In the first scene, she is an uneducated, ingenuous maiden; but she gradually changes under the influence of love, and becomes earnest, intelligent and even logical.

This comedy was fiercely attacked by several who accused it of being wanting in good taste, sound morality, rules of gram-

mar, and what was more dangerous, of undermining the principles of religion. The second scene of the third act, in which mention is made of "boiling cauldrons," of a soul as "white and spotless as a lily," but "as black as coal" when at fault; of "*The maxims of marriage or the Duties of a wife together with her daily exercise*," gave great offence, and were said to be like the phrases of the catechism or the confessional. A former patron of Molière, the Prince of Conti, who had become a mere devotee, wrote against it in his *Traité de la Comédie et des spectacles*, and in later times, even such men as Fénelon, Jean Jacques Rousseau and Geoffroy, a critic at the beginning of this century, have found much to blame in this comedy; whilst several literary men, Hazlitt amongst the English, and Honoré de Balzac amongst the French consider this play as Molière's masterpiece.

Wycherly in his *Country Wife*, acted probably in 1672 or 1673 has borrowed from Molière's *School for Wives*, the character of Agnès, whom he calls Mrs. Pinchwife; he has also partly imitated Arnolphe as Mr. Pinchwife, and followed the plot of the French play in all the scenes where those two characters are mentioned, and in some where Alithea and Horner appear. Voltaire in his Essay on English Comedy, says of *The Country Wife*: This piece, I admit, is not a school for good morals and manners, but it is really a school for wit and sound *vis comica*.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

- Arnolphe*, *alias* M. De la Souche.
- Chrysalde, friend to Arnolphe.
- (Horace, in love with Agnès.)
- Enrique; brother-in-law of Chrysalde.
- Oronte, father to Horace, and a great friend of Arnolphe.
- Alain, a country fellow, servant to Arnolphe.
- A Notary.
- Agnès, a young, innocent girl, brought up by Arnolphe.
- Georgette, a country woman, servant to Arnolphe.

SCENE—A SQUARE IN A TOWN.

*This part was played by Molière himself.

ARGUMENT.

ACT I.

Arnolphe, an eccentric old man, who, through a freak, has changed his name to De la Souche, has resolved to procure a wife who will be proof against the temptations of the town. He has accordingly taken the young daughter of a country woman, and after educating her privately in the retirement of a convent, has now brought her to the city in order to marry her. He flatters himself that he will not be deceived by any of the subtle devices which women invent to outwit their husbands. The girl who is to be his wife has been purposely kept from the knowledge of all the ways of the world; but the precautions are unavailing; for Horace, a son of Arnolphe's friend, Oronte, comes to pay his respects to Arnolphe, and after borrowing from him a hundred pistoles, tells him (Arnolphe) that he needs it in order to help him gain a girl with whom he has been smitten. Horace, deceived by Arnolphe's change of name, describes the young lady and her guardian; and Arnolphe learns, to his horror, that Agnès, who had been so carefully nurtured for his wife, had, in spite of his watchfulness, given marked encouragement to a strange young man.

ACT II.

Arnolphe resolves to discover how far Agnès has committed herself, and determines to manage the interview so skillfully as to cause her simplicity to divulge her past conduct and future intentions.

SCENE IV.

Arnolphe (Aside.) A certain Greek told the Emperor Augustus as an axiom as useful as it was true, that when any accident puts us in a rage, we should first of all repeat the alphabet; so that in the interval our anger may abate and we may do nothing that we ought not to do.* I have followed his advice in the matter

* The story is in Plutarch, and is told of Athenodorus from Tarsus and Augustus; only the stoic philosopher advised the Roman Emperor never to undertake anything until he had said twenty-four letters to himself. The Emperor was so grateful for this advice that he kept Athenodorus another year, and at last dismissed him with a rich reward, quoting a line from Simonides, imitated by Horace in the second ode of the third book: There is a certain reward even for silence.

of Agnès ; and I have brought her here designedly, under pretence of taking a walk, so that the suspicions of my disordered mind may cunningly lead her to the topic, and by sounding her heart gently find out the truth.

SCENE VI. ARNOLPHE, AGNÈS.

Ar. This is a nice walk.

Ag. Very nice.

Ar. What a fine day.

Ag. Very fine.

Ar. What news ?

Ag. The kitten is dead.

Ar. Pity ! But what then ? We are all mortal, and every one is for himself. Did it rain when I was in the country ?

Ag. No.

Ar. Were you not wearied ?

Ag. I am never wearied.

Ar. What did you do then these nine or ten days ?

Ag. Six shirts and six night-caps also.

Ar. (*After musing.*) The world, dear Agnès, is a strange place. Observe the scandal and how every one gossips. Some of the neighbors have told me that an unknown young man came to the house in my absence ; that you permitted him to see and talk to you. But I did not believe those slandering tongues, and I offered to bet that it was false. * * * *

Ag. Oh Heaven ! do not bet ; you would assuredly lose.

Ar. What ! Is it true that a man * * * *

Ag. Quite true. I declare to you that he was scarcely ever out of the house.

Ar. (*Aside.*) This confession so candidly made at least assures me of her simplicity. (*Aloud.*) But I think, Agnès if my memory is clear, I forbade you to see any one.

Ag. Yes ; but you do not know why I saw him ; you would doubtless have done as much.

Ar. Possibly ; but tell me how it was.

Ag. It was very wonderful, and hard to believe. I was on the balcony working in the open air, when I saw a handsome young man passing close to me under the trees, who seeing me look at him, immediately bowed very respectfully. I, not to be rude, made him a curtsy; and when he repeated it for the third time, I answered it directly with a third curtsy; so that if night had not fallen just then, I should have kept on continually in that way; not wishing to yield, and have the vexation of his thinking me less civil than himself.

Ar. Very good.

Ag. Next day, being at the door, an old woman accosted me and said to me something like this: "My child, may Heaven bless you; you must know that you have wounded a heart which is to-day driven to complain."

Ar. (*Aside.*) Oh, tool of Satan! damnable wretch!

Ag. "Have I wounded any one?" I answered quite astonished; "Yes," she said, "wounded," "you have indeed wounded a gentlemen. It is he whom you saw yesterday from the balcony." "Alas!" said I, "what could have been the cause? Did I without thinking let anything fall on him?" "No," replied she, "it was your eyes which gave the fatal blow; from their glances came all the injury. He requests only the pleasure of seeing and conversing with you. Your eyes alone can prevent his ruin, and cure the disease they have caused." "Oh, gladly," said I, "and since it is so, he may come to see me here as often as he likes."

Ar. (*Aside.*) Oh, cursed witch! poisoner of souls! may hell reward your charitable tricks.

Ag. That is how he came to see me. Now tell me frankly, if I was not right?

Ar. (*Aside.*) All this comes from an innocent soul; I fear that the rascal in his bold passion has carried the matter somewhat beyond a joke.

Ag. What ails you? I think you are a little angry; was there anything wrong in what I told you?

Ar. But what did he do when he was alone with you?

Ag. He swore that he loved me with an unequalled passion,

and said the prettiest words possible ; things that nothing can ever equal, the sweetness of which charms me whenever I hear him speak, and moves I know not what within me.

Ar. (Aside.) Oh, sad inquiry into a fatal mystery, in which the inquirer alone suffers all the pain. *(Aloud.)* Besides all these speeches, all these pretty compliments, did he not also bestow a few caresses on you ?

Ag. Oh, so many ! He took my hands and my arms and was never tired kissing them.

Ar. (Aside.) By the kindness of Heaven, I am cheaply out of it. May I be blessed, if I fall into such a mistake again. *(Aloud.)* Pooh, that is the result of your innocence, Agnès. I shall say no more about it. What is done is done. I know that by flattering you, the gallant only wishes to deceive you, and to laugh at you afterwards.

Ag. Oh, no ! He told me so more than a score of times.

Ar. Ah ! you do not know that he is not to be believed. But, now learn that to accept caskets, and to listen to the nonsense of these handsome fops, to allow them languidly to kiss your hands and charm your heart is a mortal sin, and one of the greatest that can be committed.

Ag. A sin, do you say ; and why pray ?

Ar. Why ? the reason is the absolute law that Heaven is incensed by such doings.

Ag. Incensed ! But why should it be incensed ? Ah, it is so sweet and agreeable ! How strange is the joy one feels from all this ; up to this time I was ignorant of these things.

Ar. But they must be enjoyed in an honest manner, and their sin should be taken away by marriage.

Ag. Is it no longer a sin when one is married ?

Ar. No.

Ag. Then please marry me quickly.

Ar. If you wish it, I wish it also ; I have returned hither for the purpose of marrying you.

Ag. Oh, how greatly I am obliged to you, and what satisfaction I shall have with him.

Ar. With whom ?

Ag. With * * * him there * * *

Ar. Him there ! I am not speaking of him there. You are a little quick in selecting a husband. In a word, it is some one else whom I have ready for you ; and as for that gentleman, when he comes to the house, you will by way of compliment, just shut the door in his face, throw a stone out of the window when he knocks, and oblige him in good earnest never to appear again.

ACT III.

Arnolphe, having observed Agnès faithfully perform the duty just enjoined, thinks it necessary to instruct his future wife on her responsibilities.

SCENE II.—ARNOLPHE, AGNÈS.

Ar. (Seated.) Agnès, put your work down, and listen to me. Raise your head a little and turn your face round. (*Putting his finger on his forehead.*) There, look at me here while I speak, and take good note of even the smallest word. I am going to wed you, Agnès ; you ought to bless your stars a hundred times a day, to think of your former low estate, and at the same time to wonder at my goodness in raising you from a poor country girl to the honorable rank of a wife of a man who has shunned all trammels, and whose heart has refused to a score of women, well-fitted to please, the honor which he intends to confer on you. Marriage, Agnès, is no joke. The position of a wife calls for strict duties. I do not mean to exalt you to that position in order that you may be free and take your ease. Your sex is formed for dependence. Omnipotence goes with the beard. Though there are two halves in the connection, yet these two halves are by no means equal. The one half is supreme, the other subordinate. Remember, Agnès, that in making you a part of myself, I give my honor into your hands, which honor is fragile and easily damaged ; that it will not do to trifle in such a matter, and that there are boiling cauldrons in hell into which wives who live wickedly are thrown forever—

more. I am not telling you a parcel of stories; you ought to let these lessons sink into your heart. If you practice them sincerely and take care not to flirt, your soul will ever be white and spotless as a lily; but if you stain your honor, it will become as black as coal. Here in my pocket I have an important document, which will teach you the duties of a wife. I do not know the author, but it is some good soul or other; and I desire that this shall be your only study. [*Rises.*] Stay! Let me see if you can read it fairly.

Agnès now reads from "*The Maxims of Marriage; or, the Duties of a Wife, together with her daily exercise*," the following maxims among others:

"She who is honorably wed should remember, notwithstanding the fashion now-a-days, that the man who marries does not take a wife for anyone but himself."

"She must firmly refuse presents from men, for in these days nothing is given for nothing."

"She must not venture on public promenades nor picnics."

Arnolphe gives the book to Agnès to finish by herself, and is reflecting upon his power to mould her as his wife when he is interrupted by Horace. The young man comes to tell his confidant the progress of the love affair. He has been unfortunate, but there is some mitigation of his ill-luck.

"Love," says Horace, "renders the dullest soul fit for anything, and gives wit to the most simple. Yes, this last miracle is surprising, for the stone or pebble which Agnès threw fell at my feet, with a letter. I greatly admire this note, chiming in with the significance of her words and the casting of the stone. Does not love know how to sharpen the understanding?"

ACT IV.

Arnolphe dismisses the notary who has been brought to prepare the marriage contract, and gives his servants Alain and Georgette instructions how to receive Horace when he comes. The master acting the part of the young man is infinitely pleased with their readiness in casting him out-of-doors. The lesson completed, Horace seeks his father's friend to tell him of another

meeting he has had with Agnès and of an appointment he has with her for that evening. Arnolphe immediately orders his servants to be on hand with cudgels and give the intruder a sound thrashing. Meanwhile Chrysalde advises Arnolphe not to be too much nettled if his wife should have a lover, but to make the best of adverse circumstances.

SCENE VIII.

Chrysalde. As fortune gives us a wife, I say that we should act as we do when we gamble with dice, when if you do not get what you want, you must be shrewd and good-tempered, to amend your luck by good management.*

ACT V.

Alain and Georgette obey their master's injunctions so strictly, that they fear Horace is dead. In the midst of Arnolphe's reproaches, Horace meets him. He is not much hurt. Falling at the first onslaught of the servants, he simulated death, and thus escaped. Agnès hearing the cries, has come out of the house and is now prepared to trust her honor into his hands. He asks Arnolphe as his confidant and friend to give the lady a resting place and concealment in his house for a day or too until the marriage ceremony is performed. Arnolphe consents readily, and Agnès (not recognizing him), is placed under his protection. When Horace is gone, Arnolphe makes himself known to Agnès, and loads her with reproaches for her ingratitude.

SCENE IV.—ARNOLPHE, AGNÈS.

Ag. Why do you scold me?

Ar. Of a truth, I do wrong.

* This is from Terence's *Adelphi*, Act IV. Sc. 8, where he says: Life is a game where dice are employed. If we do not get the chance we need, the science of the player ought to correct fate. It may perhaps not be unnecessary to hint that the whole of Chrysalde's speeches are meant ironically, and are an imitation of the ancient *fabliaux* and of Rabelais.

Ag. I am not conscious of harm in all that I have ~~done~~ done.

Ar. To run after a gallant, is not that an infamous thing?

Ag. He is one who says he wishes to marry me. I followed your directions; you have taught me, that we ought to marry in order to avoid sin.

Her answer to both reproaches and entreaties is: "All you say does not touch my heart, Horace could do more with a couple of words."

Arnolphe orders her to be shut up in her room. In the meantime, Oronte, Horace's father comes to the city in order to hasten his son's marriage with a wife of the father's choice. Horace does not know who she is, but he hastens to Arnolphe in deep distress and implores his assistance. Oronte, Chrysalde and Enrique the father of the wife whom Oronte intends for his son, come to Arnolphe. The latter approves of the design. The young man should be cured of his fancy. Horace surprised at this sudden change of front on the part of his confidant, learns how silly he has bestowed his mistress, when a chance word reveals to him that M. de la Souche, Arnolphe and the guardian of Agnès are one and the same person. Arnolphe having thus outwitted Horace, releases Agnès from her imprisonment, and prepares to take his departure with her. The sight of Agnès hurries the explanation that Enrique and Chrysalde were about to make. She is the daughter of Enrique and Angelica, Chrysalde's sister, by a secret marriage, and on account of her parents misfortunes, was placed with the woman from whom Agnès was taken by Arnolphe; she is the unknown bride whom Oronte has selected for his son.

LA CRITIQUE DE L'ÉCOLE DES FÉMMES

COMÉDIE.

THE SCHOOL FOR WIVES CRITICISED.

A COMEDY IN ONE ACT.

The Original in Prose—June 1st, 1663.

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

The School for Wives Criticised was first brought out at the theatre of the Palais-Royal on the 1st of June, 1663. It can scarcely be called a play, for it is entirely destitute of action. It is simply a reported conversation of "friends in council;" but we cannot be surprised that it had a temporary success on the stage. It was acted as a pendant to *The School for Wives*, and the two were played together, with much profit to the company, thirty-two successive times. Molière, in the preface to *The School for Wives*, mentions that the idea of writing *The School for Wives Criticised* was suggested to him by a person of quality, who it is said was the Abbé Dubuisson, the *grand introducteur des ruelles*, or in other words, the master of ceremonies to the *précieuses*. Our author had also just been inscribed on the list of pensions which Louis XIV allowed to eminent literary men, for a sum of a thousand *livres*. The happy idea of criticism adopted by Molière in this piece has been caught at by many subsequent French writers. But in none of these is the subject so ably treated as by Molière, who did not scruple to attack the different cabals leagued against him. Climène is an example of a prude, and is a preliminary study for Philaminte of the *Femmes Savantes*. The Marquis represents the "noble patron" who judges of a play before he has seen it. Lysidas is the envious pedant who "damns with faint praise," who wishes everything

measured according to the rules of Cocker's Arithmetic. Dorante is the man of sense.

A few nights after the play was produced it was reported that Lysidas was meant for Boursault, the ridiculous Marquis for the Duke de la Feuillade, whilst it was said that the abbé d'Aubignac was also laughed at; but as Molière himself states in *The School for Wives Criticised*: "All the ridiculous delineations which are drawn on the stage should be looked on by everyone without annoyance. They are *public* mirrors in which we must never pretend to see ourselves." Boursault believed, or affected to believe, that Molière intended to portray him, and hence replied in the *Portrait du Peintre*, which was performed at the hôtel de Bourgogne. Tradition mentions that the Duke de la Feuillade took other means to avenge himself. He one day met Molière in one of the galleries of the Palace of Versailles. Pretending to be very polite and courteous, he ran towards him smiling, and whilst embracing him and rubbing all the while the actor's face against the metal-worked buttons of his coat, he shouted out, "Cream-tart! Molière, Cream-tart!" It is said that Louis XIV banished the Duke from the court for some time for this offence, and that he ordered Molière to take anew vengeance upon his enemies. There can be no doubt about the order, for Molière states so expressly in *The Impromptu of Versailles*.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

The Marquis.

Dorante, or The Chevalier.

Lysidas, a poet.

Galopin, a lackey.

Urania.

*Eliza.

Climène.

SCENE—PARIS IN THE HOUSE OF URANIA.

* Eliza is the first part created by Molière's wife, who had only been married about fifteen months. Our author always wrote for his wife parts, in which sharp sayings, caustic wit and a certain amount of coquetry are to be found. Madame Molière begins as Eliza and ends as Célimène, in *The Misanthrope*.

ARGUMENT.

Urania and her cousin Eliza are awaiting guests at Urania's house. One by one, the various characters of the dialogue are announced, and a discussion follows in which *The School for Wives* is attacked by Climène, the Marquis, Lysidas and (ironically) by Eliza. It is defended by Urania and Dorante.

SCENE I.

Eliza. Talking of your nonsensical people, will you not rid me of your troublesome Marquis? Do you think that I can hold out forever against his everlasting quips?

Urania. It is the language of fashion and they make merry over it at Court.

Eliza. So much the worse for those who do. A fine thing to introduce into the conversation of the Louvre, their stale *double entendres*, raked together from the kennels of the markets and of the place Maubert! A pretty style of jesting for courtiers, and for a man to display his wit by coming up to you and saying, "Madame, you are in the place Royal; every one sees you three leagues from Paris, for every one is pleased to see you;" because Bonneuil is a village three leagues off.* Is it not very gallant and very witty? And ought they not to be proud for having hit upon such pretty puns?

SCENE III. CLIMÈNE, URANIA, ELIZA, GALOPIN.

Ur. How long you have been * * * *

Cl. Oh! for Heaven's sake my dear, make them bring me a chair immediately.

Ur. (To Galopin). An arm-chair here, quick!

Cl. Oh, good Heaven!

Ur. What can be the matter?

Cl. I can bear it no longer.

* There is a pun in the original which cannot be translated: *chacun vous voit de bon ail* means "every one is pleased to see you," but Bonneuil is also a village three leagues from Paris.

Ur. What ails you?

Cl. I am going to faint.

Ur. Have you got the vapors?

Cl. No.

Ur. Shall I unlace you?

Cl. Oh Lord! No.—Oh!

Ur. What is your ailment, then? When did it seize you?

Cl. Above three hours ago; and I brought it from the Palais Royal.

Ur. How?

Cl. I have just seen as a punishment for my sins, that villainous rhapsody, *The School for Wives*. I feel still a twinge from the fainting fit it gave me; I believe I shall not be myself again for a fortnight.

Can a virtuous person find anything pleasant in a piece which keeps her modesty in continual alarm, and sullies the imagination at every turn?

SCENE VI.—DORANTE, THE MARQUIS, CLIMÈNE, ELIZA, URANIA.

Dor. Pray do not move, and do not break off your conversation. You are on a subject which for four days has been the common talk of Paris, and never was anything more amusing than the various judgments which are passed upon it. For indeed I have heard this play condemned by some for the very things that others most praise.

Ur. The Marquis speaks very ill of it.

Mar. It is true. I think it detestable, detestable, egad! to the last degree detestable, what you may call detestable.

Dor. And I dear Marquis, think the judgment detestable.

Mar. How, Chevalier, do you mean to vindicate this play?

Dor. Yes, I do mean to vindicate it.

Mar. Egad, I warrant it to be detestable.

Dor. That guarantee would not be accepted in the city,*
But, Marquis for what reason pray, is this comedy as you
describe it?

Mar. Why detestable?

Dor. Ay.

Mar. It is detestable, because it is detestable.

Dor. After that there is not a word to be said; the cause is
ended. But still, instruct us and tell us its faults.

Mar. How can I? I did not so much as give myself the
trouble to listen to it. But yet I assure you I never saw any-
thing so wretched, as I hope to be saved, and Dorilas who sat
opposite me, was of my mind.

Dor. The authority is weighty, and you are well backed.

Mar. You have only to mark the continual bursts of laughter
from the pit. I wish no more to prove its utter worthlessness.

Dor. You are then Marquis, one of the grand gentlemen who
will not allow the pit to have common sense, and who would be
vexed to join in their laugh, though it were at the best thing
conceivable? Pray note, Marquis, and your friends as well, that
common sense has no fixed place at a theatre; that the difference
between half a louis and fifteen sous makes none whatever in the
matter of good taste; that whether we sit or stand we may pass
a bad judgment, and that in short speaking generally, I would
place considerable reliance on the applause of the pit, because
among those who go there, many are capable of judging a
piece according to rule, whilst others judge it as they ought,
allowing themselves to be guided by circumstances, having
neither a blind prejudice, nor an affected complaisance, nor a
rediculous refinement.

SCENE VII.—LYSIDAS, CLIMÈNE, URANIA, ELIZA, DORANTE,
THE MARQUIS.

Lys. Madam, I am rather late, but I was obliged to read my
piece at the house of the Marchioness of whom I spoke to you;

* The original has *la caution n'est pas bourgeoise*, a saying which owes its origin
to the ancient custom of giving a certain number of the chief citizens of a town as
hostages to a conqueror; hence it came to mean a security, as good as that of any
well-known townsman.

the praise bestowed on it kept me an hour longer than I anticipated.

El. Praise has great charm to delay an author.

Ur. But pray, once more please to sit down, we are engaged on a subject which I shall be glad we shall pursue.

Lys. Upon what, Madam?

Ur. On the subject of *The School for Wives*.

Lys. Ah-h!

Dor. What do you think of it?

Lys. I have nothing to say on that head, you know that amongst us authors, we must speak of each other's work with great circumspection.

It is not my wont to find fault. I am very indulgent to the works of other people. But, indeed, all the jokes in this comedy are to my mind a little insipid.

Dor. The court did not think so.

Lys. Ah, sir, the court?

Dor. Be assured, Mr. Lysidas, that courtiers have as good eyes as other people; that folks who wear Venice lace and feathers may be as acute as those who wear a bob-wig and a little all-round cravat; that the grand test of all your plays is the judgment of the Court; that you must study its taste in order to find the art of success; that there is no place where decisions are so just; and that not to speak of all the learned men to be found there, a style of wit is created amongst them, by sheer natural common sense and the intercourse of people of fashion, which beyond question, judges more delicately of things than all the rusty learning of pedants.*

El. Courage, Mr. Lysidas; we are undone if you give way.

Lys. What, sir! when the protasis, the epitasis, the peripetia.

Dor. Nay, Mr. Lysidas, you overwhelm us with your fine words. Pray, do not seem so learned. Humanize your discourse

* Compare Dryden's *Defence of the Epilogue* in which he states: "Whence is it that our conversation is so much refined? I must freely and without flattery ascribe it to the Court; and in it particularly to the king, whose example gives a law to it." Sir Walter Scott in a note on these words, remarks, "this passage, though complimentary to Charles, contains much sober truth."

a little and speak intelligibly. Do you fancy a Greek word gives more weight to your arguments? And do you not think it would look as well to say "the exposition of the subject," as the "protasis;" "the progress of the plot," as the "epitasis;" "the crowning incident," as the "peripetia."

SCENE LAST. CLIMÈNE, URANIA, ELIZA, DORANTE, MARQUIS
LYSIDAS, GALOPIN.

Gal. Madam, supper is ready.

Dor. Ah! This ~~is~~ just what we wanted for an ending, and we can find nothing more natural.

Ur. The comedy cannot end better; we shall do well to stop here.

L'IMPROMPTU DE VERSAILLES.

COMÉDIE.

THE IMPROMPTU OF VERSAILLES.

A COMEDY IN ONE ACT.

The original in prose—October 14th, 1663.

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

In the delightful *Impromptu de Versailles*, which was performed for the first time at Versailles, during some part of the month of October, 1663, Molière hit round freely and pleasantly

at all the world, himself included; but the principal object which he had in its conception was to retaliate upon his critics, and in particular upon his rivals of the hôtel de Bourgogne. *The School for Wives Criticised* had by its keen satire exasperated that part of Parisian society which had been loudest in its cavils at Molière's genius and success; and they who had felt the directness of his blows thirsted for revenge. The rival company, eager to pay their satirist in his own coin, and anticipating a run upon a play which would hold the poet up to ridicule, commissioned a young and unknown writer, Edme Boursault to supply them with a new comedy, and the result was *The Painter's Portrait*, in which *The School for Wives* is one of the staple subjects for ridicule. This piece, which was not represented until the last week in October, was well attended and still more applauded; but its merits were not such as to bring lasting fame to its author. There can, however, be no doubt that Molière was hit rather harder by it than would appear by the dignified manner in which he rejoins—or rather declines to rejoin—to it in the *Impromptu*. (It has been said that Molière and his company were sent for by the King to Versailles, and that Louis commanded his favorite comic dramatist to reply to his critics, for which purpose he placed the Court theatre at his disposal. Molière found the task a difficult one, having only a few days in which to execute the commission; but he cannot be held to have done anything unworthy of his fame in the bright and sparkling Impromptu. It satisfied the King; and, as a reply to Boursault's play, was acted on the 4th of November at the theatre of the Palais-Royal and subsequently for three weeks, with considerable effect in bringing Molière's rivals back to their senses. It must have astonished the court to see, on the rising of the curtain, Molière and his troupe not disguised, but in everyday apparel, with their ordinary countenances, all quarrelling among themselves, grumbling at the manager and author, preparing for a rehearsal, and behaving as if there was no public before them, and, above all, such a courtly public as was to be found in the Salles des Comédies at Versailles. But the fiction that the King was not present and should not come for a couple of hours saved appearances.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Molière, a ridiculous Marquis,

Brécourt, a man of quality.

La Grange, a ridiculous Marquis.

Du Croisy, a poet.

La Thorillière, a fidgetty Marquis.

Béjart, a busybody.

Four Busybodies.

* Mademoiselle Duparc, a ceremonious Marchioness.

Mademoiselle Béjart, a prude.

Mademoiselle Debrie, a sage coquette.

Mademoiselle Molière, a satirical wit.

Mademoiselle Du Croisy, a whining plague.

Mademoiselle Hervé, a conceited chambermaid.

SCENE.—VERSAILLES, IN THE KING'S ANTECHAMBER.

ARGUMENT.

Molierè has received an order from the King to reply to the criticisms of those who found fault with *The School for Wives*, and *The School for Wives Criticised*. The time for the execution of the commission has been so short, that though Molierè has completed the play, the company has not had time to prepare it. *The Impromptu* opens with the murmurs of the actors against performing their parts, for a rehearsal of which they have been called together two hours before the performance. The rehearsal at length begins, but it advances only far enough to allow Molierè to make several clever hits against his adversaries, and to show that his policy towards them is that of a dignified silence, when the King hearing of the company's embarrassment graciously excuses it from performing the play that night.

* The title Madame was at that time used only for ladies of noble birth; that of Mademoiselle for ladies even when married of a lower rank in life.

SCENE I.—MOLIERE, BRÉCOURT, LA GRANGE, DU CROISY, MAD.
DUPARC, MAD. BÉJART, MAD. DEBRIE, MAD. MOLIERÈ,
MAD. DU CROISY, MAD. HERVÉ.

Mol. (*Alone, speaking to his fellow actors behind the scenes.*)
Come ladies and gentlemen is this delay meant for a joke? Are
you never coming? Plague take the people! I say, Brécourt!

Brécourt. (*Behind*) What?

Mol. La Grange!

La. Gr. (*Behind*) What is it?

Mol. Du Croisy!

Du C. (*Behind*) Who calls?

Mol. Mademoiselle Duparc!

Mad. Dup. (*Behind*) Well?

Mol. Mademoiselle Béjart!

Mad. Béj. (*Behind*) What is the matter?

Mol. Mademoiselle Debric!

Mad. Deb. (*Behind*) What do you want?

Mol. Mademoiselle Du Croisy!

Mad. Du C. (*Behind*) Whatever is it?

Mol. Mademoiselle Hervé!

Mad. Hervé. (*Behind*) I am coming!

Mol. I think I shall go mad with these people: Listen to
me! (*Enter Brécourt, La Grange, Du Croisy.*) Deuce take me!
Gentlemen will you drive me out of my wits to-day?

Bré. What would you have us do? We do not know our
parts, and you will drive *us* out of our wits, if you force us to
play in this style.

Mol. Oh, what an awkward team to drive are actors. (*Enter
Mesdemoiselles Béjart, Duparc, Debric, Molière, Du Croisy, and
Hervé.*)

Mad. Béj. Well, here we are. What do you mean to do?

Mad. Dup. What is your idea?

Mad. Deb. What is to be done?

Mol. Pray, let us take our positions; and since you are ready dressed, and the King will not come for a couple of hours, let us employ the time in rehearsing our piece, and see how we are to play our parts.

La Gr. How are we to play what we do not know?

Mad Dup. As for me, I declare that I do not remember a word of my part.

Mad. Deb. I am sure I will have to be prompted from beginning to end.

Mad Béj. And I just mean to hold mine in my hand.

Mad. Mol. So do I.

Mad. Her. For my part, I have not much to say.

Mad Du C. Nor I either; but for all that, I would not promise not to make a slip.

Du C. I would give ten pistoles to be out of it.

Bré. I would stand a score of good blows with a whip to be the same I assure you.

Mol. You are all just disgusted at having parts that do not please you, what would you do if you were in my place, I should like to know.

LE MARRIAGE FORCÉ
COMEDIE.

THE FORCED MARRIAGE.

COMEDY IN ONE ACT.

The original in prose—January 29th, 1664.

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

The Forced Marriage is described as a *Comédie-ballet*, and was due to the request made to Molière by Louis XIV for an entertainment in the manner of *The Bores*, in which a genuine comedy should be combined with a ballet, and wherein the Court itself might figure on the stage. Even Louis did not disdain to show himself amongst his courtiers on special occasions of this kind, submitting himself to the directions of the dancing masters, who held no contemptible position at the Court of the *Grand Monarque*. Molière had received from the royal grace a pension of a thousand livres, and he thus had more than one inducement to do his best for the young king's pleasure. It was on the 29th of January, 1664, in the drawing room of the queen-mother, at the Louvre, that *The Forced Marriage* was first produced. Louis, then in his twenty-sixth year, figured as one of the gipsies in the ballet. The play had three acts with entrées, and as the King danced in it, it was called the *Ballet du Roi*. The Comedy-ballet was subsequently brought out at the Palais Royal at great expense, and had a run of thirteen days.

The Comedy supplies us with yet another of those senile galants whom the poet delights to paint; though in one of his preceding comedies, *The School for Husbands*, the deceived galant Sganarelle is twenty years younger than the wise Ariste, who is not betrayed. The comic element in *The Forced Marriage*

springs, not only from the incongruity of the amorous old suitor, and the coquettish young girl, but also from the fact that the butt of the piece regrets his engagement before marriage, yet he is nevertheless forced into it. The idea, at all events up to the eve of the catastrophe had been worked out by Rabelais, whom Molière follows with considerable closeness. In the ninth chapter of the third book of the older writer's work, "Panurge asketh counsel of Pantagruel whether he should marry; yea or nay?" Pantagruel (the Geronimo of the play) gives his advice in the same complaisant manner as Sganarelle's crony. "Then do not marry;" "Then marry."

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sganarelle.*

Geronimo.

Alcantor, father to Dorimène.

Alcidas, brother to Dorimène.

Lycaste, in love with Dorimène.

Panrace, an Aristotelian Philosopher.

Marphurius, a Pyrrhonian Philosopher.

Dorimène, a young coquette, betrothed to Sganarelle.

Two Gipsies.

THE SCENE IS IN A PUBLIC PLACE.

ARGUMENT.

Sganarelle, an old man, is betrothed to Dorimène, who confesses that she marries him only for his wealth. The play shows the advice which Sganarelle received on the subject of his marriage and how ultimately he was forced into the union.

SCENE II—SGANARELLE, GERONIMO.

Sgan. Ah, Geronimo, well met. I was going to your house to look for you.

Ger. And why, pray?

* Molière played the part of Sganarelle.

Sgan. To tell you of something I have in my mind, and ask your advice about it.

Ger. Very willingly; I am glad we have met; we can speak here at our ease.

Sgan. The business is about something of importance which has been proposed to me. It is well to do nothing without the advice of one's friends. I wish to have your opinion whether I shall do well to marry.

Ger. Who? You?

Sgan. Yes, I myself. What is your advice on the subject?

Ger. First of all, I beg you to tell me one thing.

Sgan. What is that?

Ger. How old do you think you may be now?

Sgan. I?

Ger. Yes.

Sgan. Why really I do not know, but I am in very good health.

Ger. What! do you not know your age within a year or two?

Sgan. No. Who thinks about his age?

Ger. Hem! Just tell me please how old you were when we first became acquainted?

Sgan. Oh! I was only twenty then.

Ger. How long were we together at Rome?

Sgan. Eight years.

Ger. How long did you stay in England?

Sgan. Seven years.

Ger. And in Holland where you went next?

Sgan. Five years and a half.

Ger. How long is it since you returned?

Sgan. I came back in "fifty-two."

Ger. "From "fifty-two" to "sixty-four" makes twelve years. I think five years in Holland makes seventeen; seven years in England makes twenty-four; eight years for our stay in Rome make thirty-two; and twenty your age when we became ac-

quainted, make just fifty-two years. So, Sganarelle, according to your own confession, you are in about your fifty-second or fifty-third year.

Sgan. Who? I? I cannot be.

Ger. By Jove, the reckoning is exact; and so I must tell you candidly, and as a friend, as you made me promise, that marriage is hardly in your line. It is a thing about which young people ought to think very seriously before they engage in it; but persons at your time of life ought not to think of it at all. If, as some say, marriage is the greatest of all follies, I know of nothing more ridiculous than to commit this folly at a season when you ought to be most prudent. To be brief, I shall tell you my idea in a few words. I advise you not to dream of marriage.

Sgan. And I tell you in return, that I am resolved to marry; and that I shall not be silly in marrying the girl I am after.

Ger. Oh, that is another thing. You never told me that.

Sgan. I like the girl; I love her with all my heart.

Ger. You love her with all your heart?

Sgan. Undoubtedly; and I have asked her of her father.

Ger. You have asked her?

Sgan. Yes. The marriage is to take place this evening; and I have plighted my troth.

Ger. Oh! marry her then, I have not another word to say.

Sgan. I am indeed delighted that you give me this advice as a true friend.

Ger. And pray who is the lady whom you are going to marry?

Sgan. Dorimène.

Ger. Young Dorimène, that gay, well-dressed girl?

Sgan. Yes.

Ger. Alcantor's daughter?

Sgan. The very same.

Ger. And the sister of Alcidas, who presumes to carry a sword.

Sgan. That is the girl.

Ger. My goodness!

Sgan. What have you to say to it?

Ger. A good match. Make haste and get married.

Sgan. Have I not made an excellent choice.

Ger. No doubt of it. Ah, you are well matched! Lose no time about it.

SCENE III.

Sgan. (Alone.) This marriage ought to be a happy one, for it pleases every one. All laugh to whom I mention it. I declare I am the happiest of men.

SCENE IV—DORIMÈNE, SGANARELLE.

Dor. (Speaking to a page who holds up her train.) Mind youngster, hold up my train properly and do not be playing your tricks.

Sgan. (Going up to her.) Where are you going, pretty darling, my wife that is to be?

Dor. I am going to make a few purchases.

Sgan. Well, my dear, both of us are going to be happy now. Are you not glad of this marriage, my lovely pet?

Dor. Immensely glad, I assure you. For indeed my father has kept me hitherto in most grievous subjection, I have wished a hundred times that he would get me a husband, so that I might quickly escape from the durance in which I have been kept by him, and be able to do as I pleased. Thank Heaven, you luckily came in the way; I mean henceforth to give myself up to pleasure, and make up finely for the time I have lost. As you are a well-bred man, and know the world, I think we shall get on wonderfully well together and that you will not be one of those bothering husbands who wish their wives to live like owls.* I confess that would not suit me. Solitude drives me mad. I like gambling, visiting, assemblies, entertainments, promenades.

*The original has *loup-garou*, were-wolf, a warlock who in the form of a wolf roamed about devouring men, and whose hide was said to be bullet-proof. It is curious that the French and Germans have a wolf to frighten timorous people and the English a bugbear.

In fact all kinds of pleasure. You must be overjoyed to have a wife like me. We shall never have a difference; I shall not constrain your actions, and I hope that you will not constrain mine. But what is the matter? A change has come over you.

Sgan. I am taken with a sudden pain in my head.

Dor. That is a malady which attacks many people in these days; but our marriage will remove all that. Good-bye.

SCENE V—SGANARELLE, GERONIMO.

Sgan. Within the last few moments I have had some slight scruples as to marriage. I dreamt I was in a ship on a rough sea and that * * * *

Ger. Sganarelle, I have a little business on hand which will not let me stay to hear you. I do not understand dreams; and, as to arguments upon marriage, you have for neighbors a couple of scholars of philosophers who are just the men to tell you all that can be said on the subject.

SCENE VI—PANCRACE, SGANARELLE.

Pan. (*Speaking to somebody within and not seeing Sganarelle.*) Go, you are an impertinent fellow, my friend, a man ignorant of all method and order, who ought to be expelled the Republic of letters.

Sgan. Ah, capital, here is one of them in the nick of time.

Pan. (*As before, and not seeing Sganarelle.*) Yes, I shall maintain it on strong grounds; I will prove it you out of Aristotle, the philosopher of philosophers, that you are *ignorans*, *ignorantissimus*, *ignorantificans* and *ignorantificatus*, in all imaginable cases and moods.

Sgan. May I * * * *

Pan. (*As before.*) Yes, I shall defend this proposition *pugnis et calcibus, unguibus et rostro**

Sgan. Mr. Aristotle, may I ask what has put you in such a rage?

Pan. The best possible reason.

*With fists and feet, and nails and beak.

Sgan. But what?

Pan. Is it not a horrible thing, a thing crying for the vengeance of Heaven to allow any one to say in public "the form of a hat."

Sgan. How?

Pan. I maintain that we ought to say, "the figure of a hat," and not the "form;" forasmuch as there is this difference between the form and the figure that the form is the external disposition of animate bodies and the figure is the external disposition of inanimate bodies; and since the hat is an inanimate body, we ought to say "the figure of a hat" and not "the form." (*Turning again to the side by which he entered.*) Yes, ignoramus that you are, that is the manner in which you ought to express yourself, and these are Aristotle's own terms in his chapter on *Qualities*.

Sgan. (*Aside.*) I thought we were all undone. (*To Pan-crace.*) Master Doctor, think no more of this. I * * * *

Pan. I am in such a rage that I do not know what I am doing.

Sgan. Leave the form and the hat in peace. I have something to tell you. I am come to consult you on an affair that perplexes me. I intend to take a wife to keep me company at home; but I am rather afraid of—you know what—the disgrace for which no one pities a man. What is your advice in the matter?

Pan. Rather than admit that we ought to say "the form of a hat," I would admit that *datur vacuum in rerum natura*,* and that I am a mere ass.

Sgan. Well, let it pass; and be at the pains to listen to me.

Pan. I will. What do you wish to say to me?

Sgan. I wish to speak to you of something.

Pan. And what tongue would you use with me?

Sgan. What tongue?

Pan. Ay.

* Literally "a vacuum exists in the nature of things." The peripatetic school denied the existence of a vacuum.

Sgan. Zounds! the tongue I have in my mouth. I do not think I shall go and borrow my neighbor's.

Pan. I ask what idiom, what language?

Sgan. French, French, French!

Pan. Ah, French!

Sgan. Quite so.

Pan. Then go to the other side; for this ear is set apart for the learned and foreign languages, and the other is for the vulgar and mother tongue.

Sgan. (*Aside.*) One must employ many ceremonies with this sort of people.

Pan. What do you desire?

Sgan. To consult you in a little difficulty.

Pan. Unfold, then, your thought, for I cannot divine it.

Sgan. That is just what I wish to do; but you will not listen to me.

Pan. I listen to you; speak.

Sgan. I say, then, Doctor, that * * * * *

Pan. But, above all, be brief.

Sgan. I will.

Pan. Avoid prolixity.

Sgan. Oh, sir * * * *

Pan. Contract your discourse into a laconic apothegm.

Sgan. I—

Pan. No diffuseness nor circumlocution. (*Sganarelle in his vexation at being unable to speak, picks up a stone to throw at the Doctor's head.*) Eh! What, are you flying in a passion instead of explaining yourself? Go along; you are more impertinent than the fellow who would have it that one ought to say, "the form of a hat."

SCENE VII.

Sganarelle. (*Alone.*) The devil take these scholars who will never listen to people. I must go and find the other one. Soho, there!

SCENE VIII—MARPHURIUS, SGANARELLE.

Mar. What do you want with me, Mr. Sganarelle?

Sgan. Doctor, I have need of your advice in a little matter of business, and that is why I have come to you. (*Aside.*) Ah! this is all right. This gentleman lets people speak.

Mar. Mr. Sganarelle, pray change this mode of speaking, our philosophy enjoins us not to enunciate a positive proposition, but to speak of everything dubiously, and always to suspend our judgment. For this reason, you should not say I am come, but it seems that I am come.

Sgan. Seems?

Mar. Yes.

Sgan. Upon my word! No doubt it seems, because it is so.

Mar. That does not follow; it might seem and yet not be true.

Sgan. How? Is it not true that I am come?

Mar. That is questionable, and we must doubt everything.

Sgan. I am come to tell you that I wish to marry.

Mar. I know nothing of this.

Sgan. I tell it you.

Mar. It may be so.

Sgan. The girl whom I intend to marry is very young and very lovely.

Mar. It is not impossible.

Sgan. Shall I do well or ill to marry her?

Mar. The one or the other.

Sgan. Shall I do well?

Mar. As it may chance.

Sgan. Shall I do ill?

Mar. Just as it happens.

Sgan. What would you do if you were in my place?

Mar. I do not know.

Sgan. What do you advise me to do.

Mar. Whatever you please.

Sgan. I shall go mad.

Mar. I wash my hands of it.

Sgan. Devil take the dreamer.

Mar. As it may be.

Sgan. (*Aside.*) Plague take the rascal ! I'll make you change your tune, mad hang-dog of a philosopher. (*Beats him.*)

Mar. Ugh ! I shall go and complain to a magistrate of this beating.

Sgan. I wash my hands of it.

Mar. I have marks on my body.

Sgan. It may be so.

Mar. You know it was you who did it.

Sgan. It is not impossible.

Mar. I will get a summons against you.

Sgan. I know nothing about it.

Mar. And you will be convicted.

Sgan. As it may be.

Mar. Leave me alone for that.

Sganarelle now consults some gipsies in the all important matter, but with no better success. He also meets Dorimène with her lover, Lycaste, and hears her say that she is marrying Sganarelle for his money, in the expectation of his speedy death. He is disgusted with the match, and seeks an interview with Alcantor, in order to break the engagement.

SCENE XIV—ALCANTOR, SGANARELLE.

Sgan. Mr. Alcantor, I am obliged for the honor you do me, but I declare to you that I will not marry.

Al. Not marry you say ?

Sgan. Yes, not marry.

Al. And why ?

Sgan. Why ? Because I feel I am not fit for marriage.

Al. Hark ye ! Everyone to his liking. I am not the man to force anyone. You shall hear from me presently.

SCENE XVI—ALCIDAS, SGANARELLE.

Alcid. (*In a mild and complaisant tone.*) Sir, your most obedient servant.

Sgan. Sir, I am entirely yours.

Alcid. My father has told me sir, that you came to withdraw your promise to marry my sister.

Sgan. Yes sir, it is with regret ; but * * *

Alcid. Oh ! sir, there is no harm in that.

Sgan. I am extremely sorry, I assure you, and I could wish
* * *

Alcid. That is nothing I tell you. (*Offers Sganarelle two swords.*) Sir, have the goodness to choose one of these swords.

Sgan. One of these swords ?

Alcid. Yes, if you please.

Sgan. For what ?

Alcid. Sir, as you refuse to marry my sister, after giving your word, I think you will not take amiss the little compliment I have paid you.

Sgan. How ?

Alcid. Let us be quick about it, sir ; I have a little business on hand.

Sgan. I have no mind for this, I tell you.

Alcid. You will not fight ?

Sgan. I will not, upon my soul.

Alcid. You mean it.

Sgan. I mean it.

Alcid. (*Giving him a few blows with his cane.*) At least, sir, you cannot complain ; you see I do things by rule. (*Again offering the swords.*) Come sir, do things like a gentleman, before I pull your ears.

Sgan. What, are you determined ?

Alcid. Sir, I force no one ; but you must either fight or marry my sister.

Sgan. Sir, I assure you I cannot do either.

Alcid. Really?

Sgan. Really.

Alcid. By your leave then * * * (*Beats him again.*)

Sgan. Oh, oh, oh!

Alcid. Sir, I infinitely regret to be obliged to treat you thus; but if you please, I shall not stop until you have promised to marry my sister. (*Raises his cane.*)

Sgan. Well, then, I will marry, I will marry!

SCENE XVII—ALCANTOR, DORIMÈNE, ALCIDAS, SGANARELLE.

Alc. Sir, here is her hand; you have only to give her yours. Heaven be praised! I have got rid of her, it is for you henceforth to take charge of her character. Let us make merry, and celebrate this happy marriage.

LA PRINCESSE D'ÉLIDE

COMÉDIE-BALLET.

THE PRINCESS OF ELIS.

A COMEDY-BALLET IN FIVE ACTS.

The original partly in prose and partly in verse—May 8th, 1664.

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

In the month of May, 1664, Louis XIV entertained the Queen-mother, Anne of Austria, and his own wife, Maria Theresa,* with a brilliant and sumptuous fête at Versailles. It began on the 7th and lasted a whole week. The Duke de Saint-Aignan was commissioned to superintend the arrangements; and the plan he adopted was suggested by the materials he discovered in the 6th and 7th cantos of Ariosto's epic poem, Orlando Furioso, which describes the sojourn of Rogero in the isle and palace of the

* i. e. Maria de la Trinité, his second wife.

enchantress, Alcina. The king was Rogero, whilst the princes and courtiers personified the other characters mentioned in the poem.

In this fête the second day was distinguished by the representation of *The Princess of Elis*, and subsequent days saw the production of *The Bores*, *The Forced Marriage*, and the first three acts of *Tartuffe*. For their services on this occasion, Molière's troupe received the sum of 4,000 livres.

The Princess of Elis, a comedy-ballet, was intended to represent the struggle between the affections of the male and female sex—a struggle in which victory often remains with the one who seems the furthest from obtaining it. Shakespeare has also attempted to sketch the strife in *Much ado about Nothing*, in *As you like It*, and in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

Molière composed this comedy-ballet at the special request of the king; and it was conceived in a romantic vein suitable to the character of the fête. It must be admitted that Molière mingled a good deal of water with his wine, in order to please the fastidious palates of the courtiers. He borrowed his subject from Moreto's Spanish Comedy, *El Desden con el Desden* (Scorn for Scorn.) The idea is pretty, and there is abundant room for the development of plot and passion; but the genius of the adapter was cramped, and *The Princess of Elis* is certainly not one of his happiest efforts.

Though copied by Miller and Hyde the play has nothing worthy of quotation.

PERSONAGES IN THE COMEDY.

- Iphitas, father to the Princess of Elis.
- Euryalus, Prince of Ithaca.
- Aristomenes, Prince of Messena.
- Theocles, Prince of Pylos.
- Arbates, governor to the Prince of Ithaca.
- Lycas, attendant on Iphitas.
- Moron, the Princess' fool.
- The Princess of Elis.
- Cynthia, Cousin to the Princess.
- Phyllis, attendant on the Princess.

ARGUMENT.

A hunt has been prepared by Iphitas, the prince of Elis. He is desirous that the Princess, his daughter, should think of marriage to which she has been very much averse. The princes of Ithaca, Messena and Pylos are invited, her father supposing that one of these might please his daughter. The Prince of Ithaca is much in love with the Princess who returns his passion; but each strives to appear indifferent.

The princes of Messena and Pylos are in character very different from the Prince of Ithaca. The Princess professes, like Diana, to love only the chase and the forests; and when the Prince of Messena wished to mention the service he had rendered her by rescuing her from a huge boar which had attacked her, she told him that without diminishing her gratitude, she considered his assistance so much the less considerable, as she, unaided, had killed many as furious, and might perhaps have overcome that beast.

IN THE SECOND ACT.

The Prince of Ithaca and the Princess have a conversation about a chariot race which was in preparation. She has ere this told one of the princesses, her relatives, that the insensibility of the Prince of Ithaca was disagreeable to her; that, although she did not wish to love anyone, it was very sad to see that he loved nothing; that she had resolved not to go to the races, but now she would go, in order to triumph over the Prince. Advised by Moron, who knew well the heart of the Princess, the more the Prince pretended to be insensible, the more the Princess resolves to win his affections. The Princes of Messena and Pylos take their leave to prepare for the races, and speak of the expectation they have of being conquerors in order to please her. The Prince of Ithaca, on the contrary, tells her that, having never been in love with anything, he is going to seek the prize for his own satisfaction. This makes the Princess all the more anxious to subdue a heart, already sufficiently subdued, but which knows how to disguise its sentiments.

IN THE FOURTH ACT.

The Princess of Elis, hoping by a stratagem to discover the sentiments of the Prince of Ithaca, confides to him that she loves the Prince of Messena. Instead of seeming concerned at it, he gives her tit for tat, and tells her that he is enamored of the Princess, her relative, and that he will demand her in marriage of the King, her father. At this unexpected news, the Princess of Elis loses all her firmness, and although she tries to restrain herself before him, yet as soon as he is gone she earnestly entreats her cousin not to listen favorably to this prince and never to marry him.

IN THE FIFTH ACT.

The Princess seeks her father and, casting herself at his feet, asks him, as the greatest favor she could ever receive, that the Prince of Ithaca might not marry the Princess Aglanta. This he solemnly promises her; but he tells her that if she does not wish him to belong to another she should take him herself. She answers "that the Prince does not desire it," but in such a passionate manner that it was easy to see the sentiments of her heart. Then the Prince, who has overheard this, abandoning all disguise, avows his love, and the Princess gives him her hand.

DON JUAN; OU, LE FESTIN DE PIERRE
COMÉDIE.

DON JUAN; OR, THE FEAST WITH THE STATUE.

A COMEDY IN FIVE ACTS.

The original in prose—February 15th, 1665.

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

After Molière had written *Tartuffe*, he found it impossible to get permission to play it; all his attempts were in vain; the

clerical party was too strong for him ; he therefore resolved to play a counterpart to it in *Don Juan, or the Feast with the Statue*. This play was acted for the first time on the 15th of February, 1665. It contains more severe attacks upon hypocrisy than does even *Tartuffe*. It depicts the hero as a man, who rich, noble, powerful and bold, respects neither Heaven nor earth, and knows no bounds to the gratification of his passions. He has excellent manners, but abominable principles ; he is a "whited sepulchre" and abuses the privilege of nobility without acknowledging its obligations or its duties. Molière sketches no longer the nobleman as ridiculous, but makes him terrible, and shows that his exaggerated hatred of cant leads to the commission of the greatest immoralities and to Atheism. After the commission of many crimes ; after having insulted his father, and openly flaunted the most skeptical doctrines, Don Juan turns hypocrite ; for hypocrisy is the climax of all vices. But Molière has not made the hero coarse or ribald ; his language is always well chosen ; and although his morality may be offensive, his manners are never so. And yet this play made far less sensation than *Tartuffe*, and its representations were never forbidden. The reason of this is simple ; *Don Juan* attacked an abstract idea, but *Tartuffe* satirized a particular class, "the unco guid."

This drama came originally from Spain.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Don Juan, son to Don Louis.

Don Carlos, } brothers to Donna Elvira.
Don Alonzo, }

Don Louis, father to Don Juan.

The Statue of the Commander.*

Guzman, gentleman usher to Donna Elvira.

M. Dimanche, a tradesman.

*A commander was a member of the military religious order of the Knights of Malta or of any other similar order, who by virtue of long and meritorious services had the control of a manor with lands and tenements appertaining thereto, part of the proceeds of which had to be used for the benefit of that order and part for himself. Such a manor was called a commandery or preceptory.

Sganarelle,* } servants to Don Juan.
Violette, }
Ragotin, }

Pierrot, a countryman.

La Rameé, a swashbuckler.

A poor man.

Don Juan's followers.

Don Carlos' and Don Alonzo's followers.

A ghost.

Donna Elvira, wife to Don Juan.

Charlotte, } country women.
Mathurine, }

ACT I.

SCENE I. (A PALACE.) SGANARELLE, GUZMAN.

Sgan. (*With a snuff box in his hand.*) Whatever Aristotle and all the philosophers may say, nothing can be compared to tobacco;† all respectable men are very fond of it, and he who lives without tobacco deserves not to live. It not only enlivens and clears a man's brains, but it also teaches him to be virtuous; through it one learns to become a respectable man. Do you not see plainly, as soon as we take it how affable we become with every one, and how delighted we are to give right and left wherever we are. We do not even wait until it is asked for, but we forestall people's wishes; so true it is that tobacco inspires all those who take it with sentiments of honor and virtue. But enough of this; let us rather resume our discourse. So then dear Guzman, Donna Elvira your mistress, being surprised at our departure is come after us, and my master has touched her heart so intensely that you say she cannot exist without coming here in search of him. Between ourselves do you wish me to tell you my thoughts? I am afraid her love will be ill-repaid, that

*Molière played this part.

†Tobacco had been in use for more than a century. It was introduced into France in the year 1560, by Jean Nicot, lord of Villemain ambassador of Francis II at the Court of Madrid, who made a present of it to the Queen, Catherine de Medici; hence its first name was in French *Herbe de la Reine* or *Nicotiane*.

her journey to this city will produce little fruit. Ah! poor Guzman, my good friend, believe me you do not know yet what sort of man Don Juan is.

Guz. Truly I do not know what sort of man he may be if he has acted so treacherously towards us. I do not understand how, after so much love and impatience shown, such homage urged upon us, such vows, sighs and tears, so many passionate letters, such ardent protestations and repeated oaths, such transports in short, and such outbursts, forcing even in his passion the sacred obstacle of a nunnery, in order to get Donna Elvira in his power, I do not understand I say how after all this he should have the heart to break his word.

Sgan. I have no great difficulty in understanding this; I tell you between ourselves that Don Juan, my master, is one of the greatest scoundrels on earth, a madman, a dog, a demon, a Turk, a heretic, who believes neither in Heaven, hell nor devil, who passes his life like a regular brute beast, one of Epicurus' swine, a true Sardanapalus, who shuts his ears against all Christian remonstrances. You tell me he has married your mistress; if I were to tell you the names of all those whom he has married in different places, I would not have finished until night.*

SCENE II—DON JUAN, SGANARELLE.

Sgan. I believe, without wronging you, that you have some new love affair in your head.

D. Ju. Do you think so.

Sgan. Yes.

D. Ju. Upon my word, you are not mistaken, and I must confess another object has driven Elvira from my thoughts.

Sgan. I must frankly tell you that I do not approve of your goings on, and that I think it very wicked to make love to everyone as you do.

*Molière has not given a list of the different wives of Don Juan, to be found in the Italian piece which he has freely followed, and also in several other plays of that time. Perhaps he thought the idea too hackneyed. In Mozart's opera, *Don Giovanni*, the list of *mille e tre* conquests of the hero as sung by Leporello beginning *Madamini il catalogo e questo, Delle belle ch' amo il padron mio* produces a great and admirable effect.

D. Ju. Constancy is fit only for fools. The advantage of being first met with ought not to rob others of the just pretensions which they all have upon our hearts. It is an affair between Heaven and me, and I can very well settle it without your troubling yourself about it.

Sgan. Upon my word, sir, I have always heard it said that to jest about Heaven is wicked jesting. Learn from me, who am a servant, that Heaven sooner or later punishes the impious; that a wicked life leads to a wicked death; that libertines* never come to a good end.

In scene III, Donna Elvira, who has followed Don Juan, seeks him out. She demands the reason of his sudden departure. Don Juan refers her to Sganarelle, who explains by the words:

“Madam, the conqueror, Alexander, and the other worlds are the cause of our departure.”

She upbraids him and leaves with the threat of the vengeance of an injured woman.

ACT II.

ARGUMENT.

Don Juan, in executing another enterprise, has his boat cap-sized at sea, and is saved from drowning by Pierrot, who is in love with Charlotte. Don Juan rewards him by captivating Charlotte through a promise of marriage. But he has already been plying his art with Mathurine. Each countrywoman claims him for her promised husband and insists upon a decision on the spot.

*The French word *libertin* had formerly not only the signification which it has in our days, but meant also a free-thinker; and was often said of a man or woman who did not like to submit to the ordinary rules and regulations of society. Libertine was also formerly applied in English “to certain heretical sects and intended to mark the licentious liberty of their creeds and forms.” Says Trench, in his select glossary, “a striking evidence of the extreme likelihood that he who has no restraints on his belief will ere long have none on his life.”

SCENE V—MATHURINE, CHARLOTTE, DON JUAN, SGANARELLE.

Math. We must have it decided.

Char. Yes, Mathurine ; I will have the gentleman show you your mistake.*

Math. Yes, Catharine I will have the gentleman make you look foolish.

Char. Decide the quarrel, sir, if you please.

Math. Satisfy us, sir.

Char. You shall see.

Math. And you shall see too.

Char. (*To Don Juan.*) Speak.

Math. (*To Don Juan.*) Speak.

D. Ju. What would you have me say ? You both maintain that I have promised to marry you. Does not each of you know the whole business without any necessity for me giving more explanations ? Why should you oblige me to repeat what I have said ? Has not the person to whom I really gave the promise sufficient reason within herself to laugh at what the others says ; and ought she to trouble herself, provided I keep my promise ? all the speeches do not forward affairs ; we must act and not talk, and facts prove more than words. Therefore, that is the only way, in which I shall satisfy you, and when I marry, you shall see which of you two has my heart. (*Aside to Mathurine.*) Let her believe what she will. (*Aside to Charlotte.*) Let her flatter herself in her own imagination. (*Aside to Mathurine.*) I adore you. (*Aside to Charlotte.*) I am entirely yours. (*Aside to Mathurine.*) All faces are ugly in comparison with yours. (*Aside to Charlotte.*) When a man has once seen you he cannot bear to look at others. (*Aloud to both.*) I have some trifling message to deliver ; I shall be back again in a quarter of an hour.

* The original has, *Je veux que monsieur vous montre votre bec jaune*, literally "I will that the gentleman should show you your yellow beak."

ACT III.

ARGUMENT.

Don Juan, hearing that a dozen men are in pursuit of him, flies in disguise. In a forest he sees three robbers attacking one man; he saves the latter, who is Don Carlos, the brother of Elvira, and who is now with his brother Don Alonzo and their retinue seeking Don Juan to slay him. When Don Alonzo arrives and recognizes Don Juan, the brother insists upon avenging his sister's wrong, but Don Carlos intercedes and Don Juan's life is spared. Don Juan and Sganarelle now continue their journey and come to a magnificent tomb.

SCENE VI—DON JUAN, SGANARELLE.

D. Ju. What splendid edifice do I see amongst those trees?

Sgan. Do you not know it?

D. Ju. No, indeed.

Sgan. Why! it is the tomb which the commander ordered to be built when you killed him.

D. Ju. Ha! You are right. I did not know that it was hereabout. Everyone says it is wonderfully well-done, and the statue of the Commander as well. I have a mind to go in and see it.

Sgan. Do not go there, sir!

D. Ju. Why not?

Sgan. It is not courteous to go to pay a visit to a man whom you have killed.

D. Ju. On the contrary, I intend to be courteous by paying him a visit, which he ought to receive politely if he is anything of a gentleman. Come, let us go in. (*The tomb opens and discovers a splendid mausoleum, and the statue of the commander.*)

Sgan. Here is the statue of the Commander.

D. Ju. Zounds! He looks very well in the dress of a Roman Emperor!

Sgan. Upon my word sir, it is very well made. It seems as if he were alive and were going to speak. He looks at us in such a manner that he might frighten me if I were quite alone. I do not think he likes to see us.

D. Ju. He would do wrong; and it would be an unhandsome reception of the honor I do him. Ask him if he will come to take supper with me.

Sgan. That is a thing he has no occasion for, I believe.

D. Ju. Ask him, I say.

Sgan. You are jesting. It would be madness to go and speak to a statue.

D. Ju. Do what I bid you.

Sgan. How ridiculous! Mr. Commander * * * (*Aside.*) I laugh at my folly, but my master makes me do it. (*Aloud.*) Mr. Commander, my master Don Juan, asks whether you will do him the honor to come to take supper with him. (*The statue nods its head.*) Ah!

D. Ju. What is the matter? What ails you? Tell me; will you speak?

Sgan. (*Nodding his head like the statue.*) The statue * *

D. Ju. Well, what do you mean, villain?

Sgan. I say that the statue * * * *

D. Ju. Well! What of the statue? speak! or I will break every bone in your body.

Sgan. The statue made a sign to me.

D. Ju. Plague take the rascal!

Sgan. I tell you it made a sign to me; there is nothing more true. Go and speak to him yourself, then you will see. Perhaps.
* * *

D. Ju. Come, rogue, come. I will convict you clearly of cowardice. Observe. Will his excellency the Commander come to take supper with me. (*The statue nods his head again.*)

Sgan. I would not take ten pistoles to see it again. Well, sir.

D. Ju. Come, let us begone.

Sgan. (*Alone.*) These are your free thinkers who believe in nothing.

ACT IV.

SCENE I—DON JUAN, SGANARELLE, RAGOTIN.

D. Juan. (*To Sganarelle*). Be it as it will; let us
It is but a trifle, and we may have been deceived by a fa
or surprised by some giddiness, which disturbed our sig

Sgan. Ah! sir, do not try to deny what we see with
eyes. Nothing can be more certain than that nod; I
doubt that Heaven offended by your way of living, has
this miracle to convince you, and to reclaim you from

D. Ju. Harkee. If you bother me any more with yo
ish morality, if you say another word on that subject
call one of the servants, send for a strong switch, have y
down by three or four men, and give you a thousand
Do you understand me? *

Sgan. Very well, sir, perfectly well. You explain
clearly; that is one good thing in you, that you never
roundabout way; you express yourself with wonderful pla

Don Juan orders his supper to be brought, but before
be obeyed, he is visited by M. Dimanche, a dunning tra
whom he politely prevents from alluding to the busines
call. Don Louis also visits his son, and remonstrates v
upon his disgraceful course, and Donna Elvira veiled, c
tell him that her dream is over, that she is about to ret

D. Ju. Yes, upon my word, we must reform. Twenty or thirty years more of this life, and then we shall consider about it.

Sgan. Oh!

D. Ju. What do you say to that?

Sgan. Nothing. Here comes supper. (*He takes a bit from one of the dishes that was brought in, and puts it into his mouth.*)

D. Ju. Methinks you have a swollen cheek; what is the matter with it? Speak. What have you in your mouth.

Sgan. Nothing.

D. Ju. Show it to me. Zounds! He has got a swelling in his cheek. Quick! A lance to open it. The poor fellow cannot stand this any longer, and this abscess may choke him. Wait! see it is quite ripe. Ha! you rascal!

Sgan. Upon my word, sir, I wished to see whether your cook had not put in too much pepper or salt.

D. Ju. Come, sit down there and eat. I have some business for you as soon as I have finished supper. I perceive you are hungry.

Sgan. (*Sitting down at the table.*) I should think so, sir; I have not eaten anything since this morning. Taste that, it is very good. (*Ragotin takes Sganarelle's plate away as soon as he has not anything upon it to eat.*) My plate, my plate! Gently if you please. Ods boddikins! my mannikin, how nimble you are in giving clean plates. I say, little la Violette, you are not very handy in giving a man something to drink. (*Whilst la Violette gives Sganarelle something to drink, Ragotin again takes away his plate.*)

D. Ju. Who can it be who knocks in such a manner.

Sgan. Who the deuce comes to disturb us at our meal?

D. Ju. I wish to take my supper at least in peace; let no one, therefore come in.

Sgan. Let me alone, I shall go to the door myself.

D. Ju. (*Seeing Sganarelle return frightened.*) What ails you? What is the matter?

Sgan. (*Nodding his head as the statue did.*) The * * * is there.

D. Ju. Let us go and see, and let us show that nothing can move me.

Sgan. Ah! poor Sganarelle, where will you hide yourself?

SCENE XII—DON JUAN, THE STATUE OF THE COMMANDER,
SGANARELLE, LA VIOLETTE, RAGOTIN,

D. Ju. (*To his servants.*) A chair and a plate here. Quick!
(*Don Juan and the statue sit down at the table.*) (*To Sganarelle.*)
Come, sit down.

Sgan. Sir, I have lost my appetite.

D. Ju. Sit down here, I say. Give me something to drink.
The Commander's health, Sganarelle. Give him some wine.

Sgan. Sir, I am not thirsty.

D. Ju. Drink, and sing a song to entertain the Commander.

Sgan. I have got a cold, sir.

D. Ju. No matter. Begin. (*To his servants.*) You, there,
come and sing along with him.

Statue. It is enough, Don Juan. I invite you to come and
take supper with me to-morrow. Will you be so bold?

D. Ju. Yes. Sganarelle alone shall accompany me.

Sgan. I thank you; to-morrow is a fast day with me.

D. Ju. (*To Sganarelle.*) Take a light.

Statue. No need of light for those whom Heaven guides.

ACT V.

Don Juan has hitherto been swayed only by his passions and his love of debauchery. When he finds himself everywhere detested, when his creditors become importunate, when even his father has cursed and disinherited him, and when he imagines that the shadow of a man he has killed pursues him, the only way left open to him is that of falsehood. His conversation, not his character, becomes hypocritical. He affects to have changed

his mode of life and on the strength of his protestations, he is reinstated in his father's esteem; he refuses to give Don Carlos the satisfaction the latter demands, because Heaven is directly opposed to it. He makes Sganarelle his confidant, and while explaining to his servant his reasons for assuming "the privileged vice—hypocrisy," he saterizes scathingly the manners of the day. At last the time appointed for the supper with the Statue arrives.

SCENE VI—THE STATUE OF THE COMMANDER, DON JUAN,
SGANARELLE.

Stat. Stay, Don Juan. You gave me your word yesterday that you would come and sup with me.

D. Ju. Yes. Where shall we go.

Stat. Give me your hand.

D. Ju. Here it is.

Stat. A terrible death is the consequence of persistency in sin, and when the mercy of Heaven is refused, its thunders appear.

D. Ju. Oh, Heavens! what do I feel? An inward flame devours me, I can bear it no longer, and my whole body is on fire. Oh! (*Loud claps of thunder are heard; great flashes of lightning fall upon Don Juan. The earth opens and swallows him up; flames burst out on the very spot where he went down.*)

SCENE VII.

Sganarelle. (Alone.) Alas! my wages! my wages! Everyone is satisfied by his death. Offended Heaven, violated laws, families dishonored, all are satisfied. I alone am unhappy. My wages, my wages, my wages *

*This exclamation of Sganarella about his wages gave great offence. People considered that a man who could remain cool and collected in the presence of such a miracle, was nothing better than an infidel, and that instead of shouting for his wages, he would have done better to remain dumb as struck by a religious terror. Molière had to leave out the exclamation "my wages." But, a few years later, it was allowed to pass without any remarks, when put into the mouth of Arlequin in a stupid farce by a certain actor, Rosimond.

L'AMOUR MÉDECIN,
COMÉDIE.

LOVE IS THE BEST DOCTOR.

A COMEDY IN THREE ACTS.

The Original in Prose—September 15th, 1665.

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

On the 15th of September, 1665, was represented at Versailles, an impromptu comedy. "interspersed with tunes, symphonies, singing and dancing," called *Love is the Best Doctor*, in which Molière most strenuously attacked the faculty of medicine.

According to the preface, it was "sketched, written off, learned and acted in five days." It was three times represented at Versailles, and played for the first time in Paris on the 22d of September, 1665, when it was acted twenty-six times consecutively.

Lacy and several English dramatists have borrowed or imitated Molière's comedy.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

In the Prologue—Comedy, Music, The Ballet—(*dancing.*)

IN THE COMEDY.

Sganarelle, father to Lucinde.

Clitandre, in love with Lucinde.

M. Guillaume, dealer in hangings.

M. Josse, goldsmith.

M. Tomès, physician.

M. Desfonandrès, physician.

M. Macroton, physician.

M. Bahis, physician.

M. Filerin, “

A Notary.

Champagne, Sganarelle's servant.

Lucinde, Sganarelle's daughter.

Aminta, Sganarelle's neighbor.

Lucretia, Sganarelle's niece.

Lisette, maid to Lucinde.

IN THE BALLET.

Champagne, Sganarelle's servant dancing.

Four physicians, dancing.

A quack, singing.

Trivelins and Scaramouches,* dancing in the suit of the quack.

Third Entry.—Comedy, Music, The Ballet, Sport, Laughter and Pleasures. (*Dancing*.)

Scene.—Paris in one of the rooms of Sganarelle's House.

ACT I.

ARGUMENT.

After a prologue, in which comedy, music and the ballet express their wish to provide pleasure for the king, Sganarelle begins the play with the remark : “What a strange thing is life, and well may we say with a great ancient philosopher that he who has much land has also strife;† and misfortune seldom comes alone. I had a wife and she is dead.” But it is not his wife, but his land in connection with his daughter Lucinde that gives Sganarelle trouble. He takes counsel of Aminta, Lucretia, Guillaume and Josse concerning Lucinde's melancholy. He hears their advice, which is given in character with each one's occupation, and rejects their counsel as not being disinterested. He sees his daughter coming and inquires of her what is the

* In Italian a skirmish is called *scarramuccia*; hence perhaps the name.

† It was not an ancient philosopher who said this. It is simply a wise saw of the middle ages, common to the French and Italians *qui terre a, guerre a* and *chi compra terra, compra guerra*.

cause of her indisposition, but when in answer to his questions, she admits that she is in love and wishes to be married, he pretends not to hear, and even Lisette's shouting the same solution to him does not succeed in conveying the idea to the avaricious father, who, in order to keep his wealth to himself has determined that his daughter shall not marry. Lisette detects the trick and prepares to circumvent it. She returns to Sganarelle in a short time, announcing the sudden illness of Lucinde. Sganarelle, greatly alarmed, sends the servant for some doctors and bids her bring a lot of them.

The interlude shows Champagne, Sganarelle's servant, dancing and knocking at the doors of four physicians. The four physicians dance into Sganarelle's house.

ACT II.

Scene II. Sganarelle, Lisette, MM. Tomès, Desfonandrès, Macroton, Bahis.

Sgan. Well, gentlemen?

M. To. We have examined the patient sufficiently and undoubtedly there is a great deal of impurity in her system.

But * * * * * We are going to consult together.

Sgan. Come, hand some chairs.

Lis. (To *M. Tomès*.) Ah! sir, are you with them.

Sgan. (To Lisette.) How do you know this gentleman?

Lis. From having seen him the other day at a dear friend's of your niece.

M. To. How is her coachman?

Lis. Very well indeed. He is dead.

M. To. Dead?

Lis. Yes.

M. To. That cannot be.

Lis. I know not whether it can be or not; but I know well enough that it is.

M. To. He cannot be dead I tell you.

Lis. And I tell you, that he is dead and buried.

M. To. You are mistaken.

Lis. I have seen him.

M. To. It is impossible. Hippocrates says that these diseases end only on the fourteenth or twenty-first day ; and he has been ill only six.

Lis. Hippocrates may say what he likes ; but the coachman is dead.

Sgan. Peace ! chatter-box. Come let us leave this room. Gentlemen, I pray you to consult carefully. Although it is not the custom to pay beforehand, yet for fear I should forget it, and to have done with it, here is * * * * * (He hands them some money, and each one receiving it makes a different gesture. Exit Sganarelli and Lisette.)

SCENE III.

(The doctors sit down and begin to cough.)

M. Des. Paris is marvellously large and one has to take long journeys when business is a little brisk.

M. To. I am glad to say that I have a wonderful mule for that ; and that one would hardly believe what a deal of ground he takes me over daily.

M. Des. I have got an astonishing horse, and it is an indefatigable animal.

M. To. Do you know the ground my mule has been over to-day ? I have been first close by the arsenal ; from the arsenal to the end of Faubourg Saint-Germain ; from the Faubourg Saint-Germain to the lower part of the Marais ; from the lower part of the Marais to the Porte Saint Honoré ; from the Porte Saint Honoré to the Faubourg Saint Jacques ; from the Faubourg Saint Jacques to the Porte de Richelieu ; from the Porte de Richelieu here, and from here I have still to go to the Place Royale.

M. Des. My horse has done all that to-day ; and besides I have been to see a patient at Ruel.

M. To. But, by the bye, which side do you take in the quarrel between the two physicians Theophrastus and Artemius? For it is a matter that divides our profession.

M. Des. I? I am for Artemius.

M. To. So am I. It is true that his advice killed the patient, as we have experienced, and that Theophrastus' was certainly much better; but the latter is wrong in the circumstances, and ought not to have been of a different opinion from his senior. What do you say?

M. Des. Certainly. We ought at all times to preserve the professional etiquette whatever may happen.

M. To. For my part I am exceedingly strict on that subject among my friends. The other day three of us were called in to consult with an outsider,* but I stopped the whole affair and would hold no consultation, unless things were conducted according to etiquette. The people of the house did what they could and the case grew worse; but I would not give way and the patient bravely died during the contention.

M. Des. It is highly proper to teach people how to behave, and to show them their inexperience.†

M. To. A dead man is but a dead man and of very little consequence; but professional etiquette neglected does great harm to the whole body of physicians.

SCENE IV—ENTER SGANARELLE.

Sgan. Gentlemen, my daughter is growing worse, and I beg you to tell me quickly what you have decided on.

M. To. (*To M. Desfonandrès.*) The word is with you, sir.

M. Des. No, sir; it is for you to speak, if you please.

M. To. You are jesting.

M. Des. I shall not speak first.

M. To. Sir?

M. Des. Sir?

* A physician who had not taken his degree in Paris was called an outsider, *un médecin de dehors*.

†The original has *leur montrer leur bec jaune*.

Sgan. For mercy's sake, gentlemen, drop these ceremonies, and consider that matters are urgent. (*They all four speak at the same time.*)

M. To. Your daughter's complaint * * * * *

M. Des. The opinion of all these gentlemen * * * *

M. Mac. After hav-ing care-fully con-sidered * * * *

M. Ba. In order to deduce * * * *

Sgan. Ah, gentlemen, one at a time, pray. * * * *

M. To. Sir, we have duly argued on your daughter's complaint, and my own opinion is that it proceeds from overheating of the blood; consequently, I would have her bled as soon as possible.

M. Des. And I say that her illness arises from a putrification of humors, caused by a too great repletion; consequently, I would have her given an emetic.

M. To. I maintain that an emetic will kill her.

M. Des. And I, that bleeding will be the death of her.

M. To. It is like you to set up for a clever man!

M. Des. Yes, it is like me; and I can at least cope with you in all kinds of knowledge.

M. To. Do you recollect the man you killed a few days ago?

M. Des. Do you recollect the lady you sent to the other world three days ago?

M. To. (*To Sganarelle.*) I have given you my opinion.

M. Des. (*To Sganarelle.*) I have told you what I think.

M. To. If you do not have your daughter bled directly she is a dead woman. (*Exit.*)

M. Des. If you have her bled she will not be alive a quarter of an hour afterwards. (*Exit.*)

SCENE V—SGANARELLE, MM. MACROTON, BAHIS.

Sgan. Which of the two am I to believe? And who can decide amidst such conflicting opinions? Gentlemen, I beseech you to guide me, and tell me dispassionately the best means of relieving my daughter.

M. Mac. (*Drawling out his words.*) Sir, in these kind-of-ca-ses, one must pro-ceed ve-ry care-ful-ly and do no-thing in-con-sid-er-ately, as the say-ing is; the more so, as the mis-takes one may make, ac-cord-ing to our master, Hip-pocrates, have the most fa-tal con-se-quences.

M. Ba. (*Jerking out his words hastily.*) That is true enough, one must take great care what one does, for this is not child's play; and when a mistake has been made, it is not easy to rec-tify it nor make good what one has spoilt: *experimentum pericu-losum.*

Sgan. One moves like a tortoise, while the other gallops like a post horse. (*Aside.*)

M. Mac. Yes, sir; to come to the fact, I find that your daughter has a chro-nic dis-ease, to which she will succumb if re-lief be not given to her, the more as the symp-toms give in-dic-ations of e-mit-ting fu-lig-in-ous and mor-dic-ant ex-hal-a-tions which ir-rit-ate the cer-eb-ral mem-branes, and the va-pors which in Greek we call at-mos, are caused by pu-trid, te-na-cious and con-glu-tin-ous humors which have ag-glom-er-at-ed.

M. Ba. And as these humors were engendered by a long succession of time they have become hardened, and have as-sumed those malignant fumes that arise towards the region of the brain.

M. Mac. Con-se-quent-ly, in or-der to with-draw, to de-tach, to loos-en, to ex-pel these said humors, a ve-ry strong purg-a-tive is ne-ces-sa-ry. But first of all, I think it is as well, and it will not cause any in-con-ven-i-ence, to employ some little an-o-dyne med-i-cines, that is to say, small e-mol-li-ents, re-fresh-ing ju-leps and syr-ups, which may be mixed with her bar-ley wa-ter.

M. Ba. After that we will come to the others and to the bleeding, which we shall repeat if necessary.

M. Mac. We do not say that your daugh-ter may not die for all this; but you will at least have the satis-fac-tion of having done something, and the con-so-la-tion of know-ing that she died according to rule.

M. Ba. It is better to die according to rule than to recover in violation of it.

M. Mac. We have sin-cere-ly told you our op-in-ions.

M. Ba. And we have spoken to you as to our own brother.

Sgan. (*To M. Macroton, drawing out his words.*) I am humbly ob-lig-ed to you.

(*To M. Bahis, sputtering.*) And I am very much obliged to you for the trouble you have taken.

SCENE VI.

Sganarelle. (*Alone.*) Here I am a little more in the dark than I was before.* Zounds! I have got an idea; I will buy some Orvietan, and I will make her take it. Orvietan is a kind of remedy that has done a good deal of good to many. Soho!

ACT III.

The doctors, at the suggestion of Dr. Filerin, and on the enumeration by him of the foibles of humanity which make doctors esteemed, settle their difficulties. Meanwhile Lisette has completed her scheme.

SCENE III—CLITANDRE (*Disguised as a Physician,*) LISETTE.

Clit. Well, Lisette, what do you think of my disguise? Do you think I can trick the good man in these clothes? Do I look all right thus?

Lis. It could not be better; and I have been waiting impatiently for you. Heaven has given me the most humane disposition in the world, and I cannot bear to see two lovers sigh for each other without entertaining a charitable tenderness towards them, and an ardent wish to relieve the ills which they are suffering. I mean, no matter at what cost, to free Lucinde from the tyranny to which she is subjected, and to confide her to your care. Just wait here a little; I shall come back to fetch you. (*Clitandre retires to the far end of the stage.*)

*The result of the consultation of physicians is the same for Sganarelle as in the *Phormio* (II, 4.) of Terence, the result of the consultation of the lawyers, Cratinus, Hegio, Crito. Demiphon, after hearing it, cries out, *Incertior sum multo quam dudum*—I am much more uncertain than before.

SCENE IV—SGANARELLE, LISETTE.

Lis. Hurrah! Hurrah! sir.

Sgan. What is the matter?

Lis. Rejoice!

Sgan. At what?

Lis. Rejoice, I say.

Sgan. Tell me what it is about, and then I shall rejoice, perhaps.

Lis. No. I wish you to rejoice first. I wish you to sing and dance.

Sgan. On what grounds?

Lis. On my bare word.

Sgan. Be it so. (*He sings and dances.*) La, lera, la, la, lera, la. What the deuce!

Lis. Your daughter is cured, sir!

Sgan. My daughter is cured?

Lis. Yes. I have brought you a doctor, but a doctor of importance who works wonderful cures, and who laughs at the other physicians.

Sgan. Where is he?

Lis. I shall bring him in.

Sgan. It remains to be seen whether he will do more than the others.

SCENE V.

(*Enter Clitandre, disguised.*)

Lis. (*Leading Clitandre.*) Here he is.

Sgan. The doctor has not much beard as yet.

Lis. Knowledge is not measured by the beard, and his skill does not lie in his chin.

Clit. (*Feeling Sganarelle's pulse.*) Your daughter is very ill, sir.

Sgan. You can tell that here?

Clit. Yes, by the sympathy that exists between father and daughter.

SCENE VI—(*Enter Lucinde.*)

Lis. (*To Clitandre.*) Sir, here is a chair near (*To Sganarelle.*) Come let us leave them to themselves.

Sgan. Why so? I wish to remain here.

Lis. Are you jesting? We must leave them. A doctor has a hundred things to ask which it is not decent for a man to hear. (*Sganarelle and Lisette retire.*)

Clit. (*Softly to Lucinde.*) Ah! lady, how little do I know how to begin my discourse. As long as I spoke to you only with my eyes, it seemed to me that I had a hundred things to say, and now my joy prevents my utterance.

Luc. I may say the same, and I feel like you, thrills of joy which prevent me from speaking.

Clit. Ah! Madam, how happy should I be, if it were true that you feel all I do. But may I at least believe, dear lady, that I owe to you the idea of this happy scheme, which enables me to enjoy your presence.

Luc. If you do not altogether owe the thought to me, you are at any rate my debtor, for having gladly approved of the proposal.

Sgan. (*To Lisette.*) It seems to me that he talks very close to her.

Lis. He is studying her physiognomy and all the features of her face.

Clitandre (*To Lucinde.*) Will you be constant, dear lady, in all these favors you are bestowing on me?

Luc. But you, will you be firm in the resolution you have taken.

Clit. Ah! Madam, till death. I desire nothing so much as to be yours; and I shall prove it to you.

Sgan. (*To Clitandre.*) Well! how does our patient? She seems a little more cheerful.

Clit. That is because I have already tried upon her one of

the remedies which my art teaches me. My custom is to cure the mind before the body. The whole of her complaint arises only from a disordered imagination, from a desire of being married. As for myself, I think nothing more extravagant and ridiculous than this hankering after marriage.

Sgan. (*Aside.*) A clever fellow this!

Clit. And I have, and always shall have a frightful dislike for it.

Sgan. (*Aside.*) A great doctor this!

Clit. But as we must humor the imagination of our patients, I have told her that I came here to solicit her hand from you. Suddenly her countenance changed, her complexion cleared, her eyes became animated, and if you will leave her a few days in this error, you will see that we shall cure her.

Sgan. Indeed, I do not mind.

Clit. After that we shall apply other means to cure her of her fancy.

Sgan. Yes, that will do very well. Listen! my girl, this gentleman wishes to marry you, and I have told him that I give my consent.

Luc. Alas! Can it be possible?

Sgan. Of course.

Luc. But really in earnest?

Sgan. Certainly.

Luc. (*To Clitandre.*) What, you wish to be my husband?

Clit. Yes, madam.

Luc. And my father consents to it.

Sgan. Yes, my child.

Luc. Ah! how happy I am, if this be true.

Clit. Do not doubt it madam. My love for you, and my ardent wish to be your husband, do not date from to-day. I came only for this. I acted the physician only to get near to you, and the more easily to obtain what I desire.

Luc. These are signs of a very tender love, and I am fully sensible of them.

Sgan. (*Aside.*) Oh, poor silly girl! silly girl, silly girl!

Luc. You do consent then, father to give me this gentleman for a husband?

Sgan. Yes, certainly. Come, give me your hand; give me yours, also, sir, for a moment.

Clit. But, sir * * *

Sgan. (*With suppressed laughter.*) No, no, it is * * * to satisfy her mind. Take it. That is over.

Clit. Accept as a pledge of my faith, this ring which I give you. (*Softly to Sganarelle.*) It is a constellated ring, which cures aberrations of the mind.

Luc. Let us draw up the contract, so that nothing may be wanting.

Clit. I have no objections, Madam. (*Softly to Sganarelle.*) I will bring the fellow who writes my prescriptions, and will make her believe he is a notary.

Sgan. Just so.

Clit. Hulloo! send up the notary I have brought with me.

Luc. What! You brought a notary with you.

Clit. Yes, madam.

Luc. I am glad of that.

Sgan. Oh, the poor silly girl! the silly girl!

SCENE VII.

(*Enter the Notary.*) (*Clitandre speaks softly to him.*)

Sgan. (*To the Notary.*) Yes, sir, you are to draw up a contract for these two people. Write (*To Lucinde*) we are making the contract. (*To the Notary.*) I give her twenty thousand crowns as a portion. Write that down.

Luc. I am much obliged to you, dear father.

Not. That is done. You have only to sign it.

Sgan. That is a quickly drawn contract.

Clit. (*To Sganarelle.*) But at least, Sir * * *

Sgan. No, no. I tell you. Do we not all know * * *

(*To the Notary.*) Come, hand him the pen to sign. (*To Lucinde.*) Come you, sign now, sign, sign. Well, I shall sign presently.

Luc. No, no, I will have the contract in my own hands.

Sgan. Well! there now. (*After having signed.*) Are you satisfied?

Luc. Better than you can imagine.

Sgan. That is all right then, that is all right.

Clit. I have not only had the precaution to bring a notary; I have also brought singers, musicians and dancers to celebrate the feast and for our enjoyment. Let them come in. They are people I always have with me and whom I daily make use of to calm by their harmony and dancing, the troubles of the mind.

SCENE VIII—COMEDY, THE BALLET, MUSIC.

Together--Without our aid all humankind
Would soon become unhealthy.
We are indeed the best of all physicians.

Comedy--Would you dispel by easy means
Splenetic fumes that man is heir to
Avoid Hippocrates and come to us.

Together--Without our aid all humankind
Would soon become unhealthy.
We are indeed the best of all physicians.

(*While the Sports, Laughter and Pleasures are dancing together Clitandre leads Lucinde away.*)

SCENE IX

Sgan. A pleasant way of curing people this! But where are my daughter and the doctor?

Lis. They are going to finish the remaining part of the marriage.

Sgan. What do you mean by the marriage?

Lis. The fact is, Sir, you have been cleverly done; and the joke you thought to play remains a truth.

Sgan. The devil it does! (*He wishes to rush after Clitandre and Lucinde, the dancers restrain him.*) Let me go, let me go, I tell you. (*The dancers still keep hold of him.*) Again. (*They wish to make him dance by force.*) Plague take you all!

LE MISANTHROPE

COMÉDIE.

THE MISANTHROPE.

A COMEDY IN FIVE ACTS.

The original in verse — June 4th, 1666.

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

The Misanthrope, Molière's masterpiece, according to Voltaire, was first acted on the 4th of June, 1666, at the Theatre of the Palais Royal, and in spite of what has generally been believed was no complete failure; for it was represented twenty-one consecutive times.

The subject of a misanthrope has been treated at all times and in all literatures.

An attempt has been made to draw a parallel between Molière's *Misanthrope* and Shakespeare's *Timon of Athens*. Though the nature of their subject may appear at first glance similar, nothing could be more opposite than these two personages. Timon becomes a misanthrope through sentiment and experience, for he has been shamefully abandoned by his pseudo-friends when in poverty, and hence his savage onslaughts on society, but Alceste was born splenetic. It is doubtful whether Molière would have been allowed the same latitude by Louis XIV as Shakespeare was by Elizabeth who never took the slightest notice of his attacks upon her father, Henry VIII.

The celebrated morose philosopher, Jean Jacques Rousseau, in a letter to D'Alembert, advances the following objection to Molière's play ; " Alceste is a sincere, estimable, honest man and the author makes him simply ridiculous."

Fénélon in his *Lettre sur l'Éloquence* also attacks Molière because he says he " has a * * * fault which many clever people forgive in him, but which I do not, namely : that he has made vice graceful and virtue severely ridiculous and odious."

Prescott in his *Biographical and Critical Miscellanies* has a very good essay on Molière, in which he says ; " We are now arrived at that period of Molière's career when he composed his *Misanthrope*, a play which some critics have esteemed his masterpiece, and which all concur in admiring as one of the noblest productions of the modern drama. Its literary execution, too, of paramount importance in the eyes of a French critic, is more nicely elaborated than in any other of the pieces of Molière, if we except the *Tartuffe*, and its didactic dialogue displays a maturity of thought equal to what is to be found in the best satires of Boileau."

Goethe, in his *Conversations with Eckermann* (1825) says : " Molière is so great that one is astonished anew every time one reads him. He is a man by himself ; his pieces border on tragedy ; they are apprehensive, and no one has the courage to imitate them." And in 1827, the great German says : " *The Misanthrope* which I read over and over again as one of my most favorite pieces, is repugnant to him (*Schlegel*.)" " It is not to be denied" continues he " that Schlegel knows a great deal, and one is almost terrified at his extraordinary attainments and his extensive reading. But this is not enough. All the learning in the world is still no judgment."

Part of *The Misanthrope* has been borrowed by Wycherly for *The Plain Dealer*.

Walter Scott in his *Essay on the Drama* says : " *The Plain Dealer* is indeed imitated from Molière."

Lord Macaulay in his essay on the *Comic Dramatists of the Restoration* was of the same opinion.

Voltaire imitated *The Plain Dealer* in a five act comedy in verse, called *La Prude*.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Alceste, in love with Célimène.*

Philinte, his friend.

Oronte, in love with Célimène.

Célimène, beloved by Alceste.

Éliante, her cousin.

Arsinoé, Célimène's friend.

Alceste, }
Clitandre, } Marquises.

Basque, servant to Célimène.

Dubois, servant to Alceste.

An Officer of the Maréchaussée.†

SCENE—AT PARIS IN CÉLIMÈNE'S HOUSE.

ACT I.

SCENE I—PHILINTE, ALCESTE.

Alc. I cannot bear so base a method which your fashionable people generally affect; there is nothing I detest so much as the contortions of these great time and lip servers, these affable dispensers of meaningless embraces, those obliging utterers of empty words who vie with every one in civilities, and treat the man of worth and the fop alike. What good does it do if a man heaps endearments on you, vows that he is your friend, that he believes in you, is full of zeal for you, esteems and loves you, and lauds you to the skies, when he rushes to do the same to the first rapsallion he meets. Preference must be based on esteem, and to esteem everyone is to esteem no one. The friend of all mankind is no friend of mine. Whether at court or in town, I behold nothing but what provokes my spleen. I become melancholy and deeply grieved to see men behave to each other as they do. Everywhere I find nothing but base flattery, injustice, self-interest, deceit, roguery. I cannot bear it any longer; I am furious; and my intention is to break with all mankind.

* This part was played by Molière himself.

† The *maréchaussée* was a kind of mounted police doing formerly the same duty as the *gendarmérie* does now.

Phil. Nay, seriously, leave off these vagaries. As plain-speaking has such charms for you, I shall tell you frankly that this complaint of yours is as good as a play, wherever you go; and that all these invectives against the manners of the age make you a laughing stock to many people.

Alc. All men are so odious to me, that I should be sorry to appear rational in their eyes.

Phil. Shall all poor mortals without exception be included in this aversion? There are some even in the age in which we live. * * *

Alc. No, they are all alike; and I hate all men; some because they are wicked and mischievous, others because they lend themselves to the wicked and have not that healthy contempt with which vice ought to inspire all virtuous minds. You can see how unjustly and excessively complacent people are to that bare-faced scoundrel with whom I am at law. You may plainly perceive the traitor through his mask; he is well-known everywhere in his true colors. Yet whatever dishonorable epithets may be launched against him everywhere, no one defends his wretched honor. Call him a rogue, an infamous wretch, a confounded scoundrel if you like, all the world will say "yea," and no one contradicts you. But for all that, his bowing and scraping are welcome everywhere. He is received, smiled upon, and wriggles himself into all kinds of society; and if any appointment is to be obtained by intriguing he will carry the day over a man of the greatest worth.

Phil. Great Heaven! Let us torment ourselves a little less about the vices of our age and be a little more lenient to human nature. Upon my word you would do well to keep silence. Rail a little less at your opponent and attend a little more to your suit.

Alc. That I shall not do; that is settled long ago.

Phil. But whom then do you expect to solicit for you.

Alc. Reason, my just right, equity.

Phil. Shall you not pay a visit to any of the judges.

Alc. No; is my cause unjust or dubious?

Phil. I am agreed on that ; but you know what harm intrigues do and * * *

Alc. No. I am resolved not to stir a step. I am either right or wrong.

Phil. Do not trust to that.

Alc. I shall not budge an inch.

Phil. But after all * * *

Alc. I shall see by this trial whether men have sufficient impudence, are wicked villianous and perverse enough to do me this injustice in the face of the whole world.

Phil. What a strange fellow ! I am astonished that appearing to be at war with the whole human race, you yet, notwithstanding everything that can render it odious to you, have found aught to charm your eyes. And what surprises me still more is the strange choice your heart has made. The sincere Éliante has a liking for you ; the prude Arsinoé looks with favor upon you, yet your heart does not respond to their passion ; whilst you wear the chains of Célimène who sports with you, and whose coquettish humor and malicious wit seem to accord so well with the manner of the times. How comes it that hating these things as mortally as you do, you endure so much of them in that lady ?

Alc. Not so. The love I feel for this young widow, does not make me blind to her faults, and notwithstanding the great passion with which she has inspired me, I am the first to see, as well as to condemn them. In spite of all, she makes me love her. Her charms conquer everything, and no doubt my sincere love will purify her heart from the vices of our times.

Phil. Had I but to choose, her cousin Éleante would have all my love. Her heart which values yours, is stable and sincere ; and this more compatible choice, would have suited you better.

Alc. It is true ; my good sense tells me so every day ; but good sense does not always rule love.

SCENE II—(*Enter Oronte.*)

Oron. (*To Alceste.*) I came to tell you most sincerely, that I have conceived the greatest regard for you, and that for a long time, this regard has inspired me with a wish to be reckoned among your friends. (*All this time Alceste has been musing, and seems not to be aware that Oronte is addressing him. He looks up only when Oronte says to him :—*) It is to you, if you please, that this speech is addressed.

Alc. To me, sir?

Oron. May Heaven strike me dead, if I lie, and to convince you on this spot of my feelings, allow me, sir, to embrace you with all my heart, and to solicit a place in your friendship. Your hand, if you please. Will you promise me your friendship?

Alc. Sir, you do me too much honor, but friendship is a sacred thing;* and to lavish it on every occasion is surely to profane it. Judgment and choice should preside at such a compact.

Oron. Upon my word! this is wisely said; and I esteem you all the more for it. I am yours in every emergency, and as you are a man of brilliant parts, and to inaugurate our charming amity, I come to read you a sonnet which I made a little while ago, and to know whether it be good enough for publicity.

Alc. I am not fit, sir, to decide such a matter. You will therefore excuse me.

Oron. Why so?

Alc. I have the failing of being a little more sincere in those things than is necessary.

Oron. The very thing I ask.

Alc. If that be the case, I am perfectly willing.

Oron. Sonnet * * * It is a sonnet * * * Hope * * * it is to a lady who flattered my passion with some hope. Hope * * * They are not long, pompous, verses, but mild tender and melting little lines. (*At every one of these interruptions,*

* The original has *l'amitié demande un peu plus de mystère*, friendship demands a little more mystery.

he looks at Alceste.) Besides you must know I was only a quarter of an hour in composing it.

Alc. Let us hear, sir ; the time signifies nothing.

Oron. (Reads.) Hope, it is true, oft gives relief,
Rocks for a while our tedious pain ;
But what a poor advantage, Phillis,
When naught remains, and all is gone.

Phil. In what pretty terms these thoughts are put.

Alc. How now, you vile flatterer, you praise this rubbish.
(Aside.)

Oron. If I must wait eternally,
My passion driven to extremes
Will fly to death ;
Your tender cures cannot prevent this,
Fair Philis, aye, we're in despair,
When we must hope forever.

Phil. The conclusion is pretty, amorous, admirable.

Oron. (To Philinte.) You flatter me ; and you are under the impression perhaps * * *

Phil. No, I am not flattering at all.

Alc. (Softly and aside.) What else are you doing you wretch ?

Oron. (To Alceste.) But for you, you know our agreement.
Speak to me, I pray in all sincerity.

Alc. These matters, sir, are always more or less delicate, and every one is fond of being praised for his wit. But, in the anxiety to show their productions, people are frequently exposed to act a very foolish part.

Oron. Do you wish to convey to me by this, that I am wrong in desiring * * *

Alc. Candidly, you had better put it in your closet. You have been following bad models, and your expressions are not at all natural. Pray, what is *Rocks for a while our tedious pain* ? And what—*When naught remains and all is gone*. And what—*Phillis, aye we're in despair when we must hope forever* ?

This figurative style that people are so vain of, is beside all good taste and truth.

Oron. I maintain that my verses are very good.

Alc. Doubtless you have your reasons for thinking them so ; but you will allow me to have mine, which with your permission will remain independent.

Oron. You are mighty positive ; and this great sufficiency
* * *

Phil. Pray seek some one else to flatter you and not me.

Oron. But, my little sir, drop this haughty tone.

Alc. In truth, my big sir, I shall do what I like.

Phil. (*Coming between them.*) Stop, gentlemen, that is carrying the matter too far. Cease, I pray.

Oron. Ah ! I am wrong, I confess ; and I leave the field to you. I am your servant, sir, most heartily.

Alc. And I, sir, am your most humble servant.

ACT II.

SCENE I—ALCESTE, CÉLIMÈNE.

Alc. Will you have me speak candidly to you, madam. Well, then, I am very much dissatisfied with your behavior. Sooner or later, a rupture is unavoidable ; and if I were to promise the contrary a thousand times, I should not be able to bear this any longer.

Cél. Oh ! I see. It is to quarrel with me that you wished to conduct me home.

Alc. I do not quarrel. But your disposition, madam, is too ready to give any first-comer an entrance into your heart. Too many admirers beset you, and my temper cannot put up with that.

Cél. Am I to blame for having too many admirers ? Can I prevent people from thinking me amiable ? And am I to take a stick to drive them away, when they endeavor by tender means to visit me.

Alc. No, madam, there is no need for a stick, but only a heart less yielding and less melting at their love tales. I am aware that your good-looks accompany you, go where you will ; but

your reception retains those whom your eyes attract ; and that gentleness, accorded to those who surrender their arms, finishes on their hearts the sway which your charms began. Tell me at least, madam, by what good fortune Clitandre has the happiness of pleasing you so mightily ? Is it by the long nail on his little finger that he has acquired the esteem which you display for him ? Are you like the rest of the fashionable world, fascinated by the dazzling merit of his fair wig ? Is it by the attraction of his huge *ding-dave** that he has conquered your heart ?

CLIT. You are getting jealous of the whole world.

AM. As for me whom you accuse of too much jealousy, what have I more than any of them, madam, pray.

CLIT. The happiness of knowing that you are beloved.

AM. And what grounds has my love-sick heart for believing

CLIT. I think that, as I have taken the trouble to tell you so, my unavowal ought to satisfy you.

AM. But who will assure me that you may not say as much of everybody else perhaps ?

CLIT. Certainly, for a lover, this is a pretty amorous speech, if you make me out a very nice lady.

AM. Grounds ! why do I love you so ? Ah ! if ever I get heart sick out of your hands, I shall bless heaven for this rare good fortune. I make no secret of it. I do all that is possible to tear my unfortunate attachment from my heart ; but hitherto my efforts have been of no avail, and it is for my sins that I love you thus.

AM. Your method, however, is entirely new, for you love only to quarrel with them ; it is in peevish expressions that your feelings vent themselves ; no one ever saw such a thing before. (*Enter Basque.*) What is the matter ?

CLIT. A man is below.

AM. Very well ! bid him come up. (*Enter Basque.*)

CLIT. Clitandre is here too, madam.

* The *ding-dave* was a huge pair of breeches introduced into France by a certain adventurer, who was called the *Rheingraf*.

Alc. Exactly so. (*Wishes to go.*)

Cél. Where are you running to.

Alc. I am going.

Cél. Stay.

Alc. For what?

Cél. Stay.

Alc. I cannot.

Cél. I wish it.

Alc. I will not. These conversations only weary me, and it is too bad of you to wish me to endure them.

Cél. I wish it, I wish it.

Alc. No, it is impossible.

Cél. Very well, then ; go, begone ; you can do as you like.

SCENE V.

(*Enter Éliante, Philinte, Acaste, Clitandre.*)

Cél. (*To Alceste.*) You are not gone.

Alc. No, but I am determined, madam, to have you make up your mind either for them or me.

Acaste. Egad ! talk of absurd people ! Just now, one of the most tedious ones has annoyed me. That reasoner Damon kept me, if you please, for a full hour in the broiling sun, away from my Sedan chair.

Cél. There is no sense at all in his tittle-tattle, and all that we hear is but noise.

El. (*To Philinte.*) This beginning is not bad, and the conversation takes a sufficiently disagreeable turn against our neighbors.

Clit. Timante too is another original.

Cél. He is a complete mystery from top to toe, who throws upon you in passing a bewildered glance, and who without having anything to do is always busy. Of the merest mole-hill he makes a mountain, and whispers everything in your ear, even to a "good day."

Acaste. And Gérard, madam.

Cél. That tiresome story-teller ! He never comes down from ~~from~~ his nobleman's pedestal ; he continually mixes with the best society, and never quotes anybody of minor rank than a Duke, Prince or Princess. Rank is his hobby, and his conversation is of nothing but horses, carriages and dogs. He *thee's* and *thou's* persons of the highest standing, and the word *sir*, is quite obsolete with him.

Clit. It is said that he is on the best of terms with Bélise.

Cél. Poor silly woman and the dreariest company ; when she comes to visit me, I suffer martyrdom. Her calls unbearable enough are prolonged to an insufferable length ; and you may consult the clock, or yawn twenty times, but she stirs no more than a log of wood.

Acaste. What think you of Adraste ?

Cél. Oh, what excessive pride ! He is a man positively puffed out with conceit. His self-importance is never satisfied with the court, against which he inveighs daily ; and whenever an office, a place or a living is bestowed on another, he is sure to think himself unjustly treated.

Clit. But young Cléon, whom the most respectable people go to see, what say you of him ?

Cél. That to his cook, he owes this distinction ; and to his table that people pay visits.

Él. He takes pains to provide the most dainty dishes.

Cél. True, but I should be very glad if he would not dish up himself. His foolish person is a very bad dish, which to my thinking spoils every entertainment which he gives.

Phil. His uncle Damis is very much esteemed ; what say you of him, madam ?

Cél. He is one of my friends.

Phil. I think a perfect gentleman, and sensible enough.

Cél. True, but he pretends to too much wit which annoys me. He is always upon stilts, and in all his conversations one sees him laboring to say smart things. Even in conversations he finds something to cavil at ; the subjects are too trivial for his condescension ; and with arms crossed on his breast, he looks

down from the height of his intellect with pity on what everyone says.

Acaste. Drat it! His very picture.

Clit. (*To Célimène.*) You have an admirable knack of portraying people to the life.

Alc. Capital, go on, my fine courtly friends. You spare no one, and every one will have his turn. Nevertheless, let but one of those persons appear, and we shall see you rush to meet him, offer him your hand, and with a flattering kiss give weight to your protestations of being his servant.

Clit. Why this to us? If what is said, offends you, the reproach must be addressed to this lady.

Alc. No, gadzooks! It concerns you; for your assenting smiles drew from her wit all these slanderous remarks.

Cél. And is not this gentleman bound to contradict. Other peoples sentiments can never suit him. He combats his own sentiments as soon as he hears them from other folk's lips.

Alc. In short, madam, the laughers are on your side, and you may launch your satire at me.

Clit. As for myself, I do not know; but I openly acknowledge that hitherto I have thought this lady faultless.

Acaste. I see that she is endowed with charms and attractions; but the faults which she has have not struck me.

Alc. So much the more have they struck me; and far from appearing blind she knows that I take care to reproach her with them. The more we love any one the less we ought to flatter her. And I maintain that * * *

Cél. Let us drop the subject and take a turn or two in the gallery. What! are you going, gentlemen?

Clit and Acaste. No, no, madam.

Alc. The fear of their departure troubles you very much. Go when you like, gentlemen; but I tell you beforehand that I shall not leave until you leave.

Acaste. Unless this displeases this lady I have nothing to call me elsewhere the whole day.

Clit. I, provided I am present when the king retires, have no other matter to call me away.

Cël. (*To Alceste.*) You only joke, I fancy.

Alc. Not at all. We shall soon see whether it is I of whom you wish to get rid.

SCENE VI—(*Enter Basque.*)

Bas. There is a man down stairs who wishes to speak to you on business that cannot be postponed.

Alc. Tell him that I have no such urgent business.

Bas. He wears a jacket with large plaited skirts embroidered with gold.

Cël. (*To Alceste.*) Go and see who it is, or else let him come in.

SCENE VII.

(*Entre Guard of the Maréchaussée.*)

Alc. (*Going to meet the guard.*) What may be your pleasure? Come in, sir.

Guard. I would have a few words privately with you, sir.

Alc. You may speak aloud, sir, so as to let me know.

Guard. The Marshalls of France, whose commands I obey, hereby summon you to appear before them immediately, sir.

Alc. Whom? Me, sir?

Guard. Yourself.

Alc. And for what?

Phil. It is that ridiculous affair between you and Oronte. (*To Alceste.*)

Cël. (*To Philinte.*) What do you mean?

Phil. Oronte and he have been insulting each other just now about some trifling verses which he did not like, and the Marshalls wish to nip the affair in the bud.

Alc. How will they settle this between us? Will the edict of these gentlemen oblige me to approve of the verses which are the cause of our quarrel? I will not retract what I have said;

I think them abominable. (*To Clitandre and Acaste, who are laughing.*) Hang it! gentlemen, I did not think I was so amusing.

Cél. Go quickly whither you are wanted.

Alc. I am going, madam, but I shall come back here to finish our discussion.

ACT III.

SCENE I—CLITANDRE, ACASTE.

Clit. Shall we two, Marquis, to adjust our love affairs, make a compact together? Whenever one of us shall be able to show a certain proof of having the greater share in Célimène's heart, the other shall leave the field free to the supposed conqueror, and by that means rid him of an obstinate rival.

Acaste. Egad! you please me with these words, and I agree to that from the bottom of my heart. But, hush!

SCENE II—(*Entre Célimène.*)

Cél. What! here still?

Clit. Love, madam, detains us.

Cél. I hear a carriage below. Do you know whose it is?

Clit. No.

SCENE III—(*Enter Basque.*)

Bas. Arsinoé, madam is coming up to see you.

Cél. What does the woman want with me?

Bas. Éliante is down stairs talking to her.

Cél. What is she thinking about, and what brings her here?

Acaste. She has everywhere the reputation of being a consummate prude, and her fervent zeal * * *

Cél. Psha, downright humbug. In her inmost soul, she is as worldly as any; and her every nerve is strained to attract some one, without being successful however. She can only look with envious eyes on the accepted lovers of others; and in her wretched condition, forsaken by all, she is forever railing against the blindness of the age.

SCENE IV—(*Enter Arsinoë.*)

Cël. Ah! What happy chance brings you here, madam? I was really getting uneasy about you.

Ars. I have come to give you some advice as a matter of duty.

Cël. How very glad I am to see you!

(*Exeunt Clitandre and Acaste laughing.*)

Cël. Shall we sit down?

Ars. It is not necessary. I come to prove to you by an advice which closely touches your reputation, the friendship which I feel for you. Yesterday, I was with some people of rare virtue, where the conversation turned upon you. Your gallantry and the noise it makes, were criticised rather more freely and more severely than I could have wished. You can easily imagine whose part I took. I did all I could to defend you. I exonerated you, and vouched for the purity of your heart. But you know there are things in life which one cannot well defend, although one may have the greatest wish to do so; and I was at last obliged to confess that the way in which you lived did you some harm.

Cël. Madam, I have a great many thanks to return you. Such counsel lays me under an obligation. As I see you prove yourself my friend, by acquainting me with the stories that are current of me, I shall follow so nice an example, by informing you what is said of you. In a house the other day where I paid a visit, I met some people of exemplary merit, who while talking of the proper duties of a well spent life, turned the topic of conversation upon you, madam. There your prudishness and your too fervent zeal, were not at all cited as a good example. Your mincings and mouthings at the slightest shadows of indecency, which an innocent, though ambiguous word may convey, your frequent lectures, and acrid censures on things which are pure and harmless. All this, if I may speak frankly to you, madam, was blamed unanimously. What is the good, said they, of this modest mien and this prudent exterior, which is belied by all the rest. She says her prayers with the utmost

exactness, but she beats her servants and pays them no wages ; she displays great fervor in every place of devotion, but she paints and wishes to appear handsome. As for me, I undertook your defence against everyone, and positively assured them that it was nothing but scandal ; but the general opinion went against me, and they came to the conclusion that you would do well to concern yourself less about the actions of others, and take a little more pains with your own.

Ars. To whatever we may be exposed when we reprove, I did not expect this retort, madam, and by its very sting, I see how my sincere advice has hurt your feelings.

Cél. On the contrary, madam ; and, if we were reasonable, these mutual counsels would become customary. It depends entirely upon you, whether we shall continue this trustworthy practice with equal zeal, and whether we shall take great care to tell each other between ourselves what we hear, you of me, I of you.


Ars. Ah ! madam, I can hear nothing said of you. It is in me, that people find so much to reprove.

Cél. There is a time for gallantry ; there is one also for prudishness. One may out of policy, take to it when youthful attractions have faded away. It sometimes serves to hide the vexatious ravages of time. I do not say that I shall not follow your example one of these days. Those things come with old age ; but twenty, as every one knows, is not the age to play the prude.

Ars. You certainly pride yourself on a very small advantage, and you boast terribly of your age. Whatever difference there may be between your years and mine, there is no occasion to make a tremendous fuss about it ; and I am at a loss to know, madam, why you should get so angry, and what makes you goad me in this manner.

Cél. And I, madam, am at an equal loss to know why one hears you inveigh so bitterly against me everywhere. Must I always suffer for your vexations ? Can I help it, if people refuse to pay you any attentions ?

Ars. Alas ! And do you think that I would trouble myself



about this crowd of lovers of which you are so vain, and that it is not very easy to judge at what price they may be attracted nowadays. People are not blinded by those empty pretences. If I were at all envious about your conquests, I dare say, that I might manage like other people, and be under no restraint.

Cél. Do have some then, madam, and let us see you try it ; endeavor to please by this extraordinary secret ; and without
* * *

Ars. Let us break off this conversation, madam, it might excite too much both your temper and mine ; and I would have already taken my leave, had I not been obliged to wait for my carriage.

Cél. Please stay as long as you like, and do not hurry yourself on that account, madam ; but instead of wearying you any longer with my presence, I am going to give you some more pleasant company. This gentleman who comes very opportunely will better supply my place in entertaining you.*

SCENE VI—(*Enter Alceste.*)

Cél. Alceste, I have to write a few lines which I cannot well delay. Please stay with this lady ; she will all the more easily excuse my rudeness.

SCENE VII—ALCESTE, ARSINOÉ.

Ars. You see I am left by her to entertain you until my coach comes round. She could have devised no more charming treat for me than such a conversation. I could wish that the court, with a real regard to your merits, would do more justice

* One of the commentators of Molière, M. Auger, has justly observed how admirably Célimène and Arsinoé vent their malignity under the pretext of doing their duty as friends. Both are equally bad ; both hate and insult each other ; but yet, although their feelings and situations are the same, Molière shows with a master-hand the difference between them. The prude Arsinoé is bitter and angry in her speech ; the coquette Célimène jocular and calm ; the first getting into a rage is wholly off her guard, and exposes herself to the most terrible blows ; the second, keeping cool, preserves all her advantages and makes the best possible use of them. The reason of it is that the one is of a certain age and uncertain charms, whilst the other is in the flower of her youth and beauty ; the one is a hypocrite whose mask has been snatched off, the other is a rather impudent young woman whose faults are obvious.

to your deserts. You have reason to complain; and it vexes me to see that, day by day, nothing is done for you.

Alc. And what should I do when I got there, madam? My disposition rather prompts me to keep away from it. Heaven, when ushering me into the world, did not give me a mind suited for the atmosphere of a court. He who has not the gift of concealing his thoughts ought not to stay long in those places. When not at court one has not, doubtless, that standing and the advantage of those honorable titles which it bestows now-a-days; but, on the other hand, one has not the vexation of playing the silly fool. One has not to bear a thousand galling rebuffs; one is not, as it were, forced to praise the verses of mister so-and-so, to laud madam such-and-such, and to put up with the whims of some ingenious marquis.*

Ars. Since you wish it, let us drop the subject of the court; but I cannot help grieving for your attachment. For all Céli-mène is my friend, I do not hesitate to call her unworthy of possessing the heart of a man of honor, and hers only pretends to respond to yours.

Alc. Whatever may be openly said on this subject is not half so annoying as hints thrown out, and I for one would prefer to be plainly told that only which could be clearly proved.

Ars. Very well, and that is sufficient; I can fully enlighten you upon this subject. Only have the kindness to escort me as far as my house, and I will give you undeniable proof of the faithlessness of your fair one's heart,† and if after that you can find charms in anyone else, we will perhaps find you some consolation.

ACT IV.

SCENE I—ÉLIANTE, PHILINTE.

Phil. Never have I seen so obstinate a mind, nor a reconciliation more difficult to effect. In vain was Alceste tried on

* This is the only direct attack Molière ever made against the Court.

† The original has a bad play on words, or rather on the antithesis of thought, as shown in the sentence: *Je vous ferai voir une preuve fidèle, de l'infidélité du cœur de votre belle.* This was quite in the taste of the times.

all sides ; he would still maintain his opinion ; and never, I believe, has a more curious dispute engaged the attention of those gentlemen. "No, gentlemen," exclaimed he, "I will not retract, and I shall agree with you on every point except on this one. At what is Oronte offended ? And with what does he reproach me ? Does it reflect upon his honor that he cannot write well ? I shall praise, if you wish, his mode of living, his lavishness, his skill in riding, in fencing, in dancing ; but as to praising his verses, I am his humble servant." In short, all the modification they could, with difficulty, obtain from him was to say, in what he thought a much gentler tone, "I am sorry, sir, to be so difficult to please ; and out of regard for you, I could wish, with all my heart, to have found your sonnet a little better." And they compelled them to settle this dispute quickly with an embrace.

Él. He is very eccentric in his doings, but I must confess that I think a great deal of him.

Phil. As for me, the more I see of him, the more I am amazed at that passion to which his whole heart is given up. I cannot conceive how with a disposition like his, he has taken it into his head to love at all, and still less can I understand how your cousin happens to be the person to whom his feelings are inclined. To tell you the truth if he were of my mind, he would bestow his affections elsewhere ; and by a better choice, we should see him, madam, profit by the kind feelings which your heart evinces for him.

Él. As for me, I do not mince matters, and I think that in such cases we ought to act with sincerity. I do not run counter to his tender feelings ; on the contrary I feel interested in them, and if it depended on me only, I would unite him to the object of his love. But if as it may happen in love affairs, his affections should receive a check, and if Célimène should respond to the love of any one else, I could easily be prevailed upon to listen to his addresses.

Phil. Nor do I from my side oppose myself, madam, to the tender feelings you entertain for him. But if by the union of these two, you should be prevented from accepting his attentions,

all mine would endeavor to gain that great favor which your kind feelings offer to him; only too happy, madam, to have them transferred to myself, if his heart could not respond to yours.

Él. You are in the humor to jest, Philinte.

In scene II Alceste enraged at the discovery of Célimène's treachery offers himself to Éliante in revenge. Éliante sets the offer aside with the remark that the injury may not be as great as he thinks.

SCENE III—CÉLIMÈNE, ALCESTE.

Alc. (*Aside.*) Grant, Heaven, that I may control my temper.

Cél. (*Aside.*) Ah! (*To Alceste.*) What is all this trouble I see you in, and what mean those long-drawn sighs and those black looks which you cast at me?

Alc. That all the wickedness of which a heart is capable is not to be compared to your perfidy; that neither fate, hell, nor heaven in its wrath ever produced anything so wicked as you are.

Cél. These are certainly pretty compliments, which I admire very much.

Alc. Do not jest; this is no time for laughing. Blush, rather; you have cause to do so; and I have undeniable proofs of your treachery.

Cél. Whence comes I pray such passion? Speak! Have you lost your senses?

Alc. Ah! How double-faced she is. Cast your eyes here and recognize your writing. This picked-up note is sufficient to confound you.

Cél. And this is the cause of your perturbation of spirits?

Alc. You do not blush on beholding this writing.

Cél. And why should I blush?

Alc. What! you add boldness to craft! Will you disown this note because it bears no name?

Cél. Why should I disown it, since I wrote it.

Alc. And you can look at it without becoming confused at the crime of which its style accuses you?

Cil. You are in truth a very eccentric man.

Alc. What! you thus outbrave this convincing proof! And the contents so full of tenderness for Oronte need have nothing in them to outrage me or to shame you?

Cil. Oronte! Who told you that this letter is for him?

Alc. The people who put it in my hands this day. But I will even suppose it is for some one else. Has my heart any less cause to complain of yours? Will you, in fact, be less guilty towards me?

Cil. But if it is a woman to whom this letter is addressed, how can it hurt you, or what is there culpable in it?

Alc. Hem! The prevarication is ingenious, and the course excellent. I must own that I did not expect this turn, and nothing but that was wanting to convince me. Do you dare to have recourse to such palpable tricks? Do you think people entirely destitute of common sense? Reconcile, if you can, to hide your deceit, what I am about to read * * *

Cil. It does not suit me to do so. I think it ridiculous that you should take so much upon yourself, and tell me to my face what you have the daring to say to me!

Alc. No, no; without flying into a passion, take a little trouble to explain these terms.

Cil. No, I shall do nothing of the kind, and it matters very little to me what you think upon the subject.

Alc. I pray you show me, and I shall be satisfied, if this letter can be explained as meant for a woman.

Cil. Not at all. It is for Oronte; and I will have you believe it. I accept all his attentions gladly; I admire what he says, I like him; and I shall agree to whatever you please. Do as you like and act as you think proper; let nothing hinder you and do not harass me any longer.

Alc. (*Aside.*) Heavens! Can anything more cruel be conceived. Yet my heart is still sufficiently mean not to be able to break the bonds that hold it fast, and not arm itself with a gener-

ous contempt for the ungrateful object of which it is too much enamored. (*To Célimène.*) Perfidious woman, you know well how to take advantage against myself of my great weakness. At any rate endeavor to appear faithful, and I shall strive to believe you such.

Cél. Bah, you are mad with your jealous frenzies, and do not deserve the love I have for you. I should much like to know what could compel me to stoop for you to the baseness of dissembling; and why if my heart were disposed towards another, I should not say so candidly. Since it is with the utmost difficulty that we can resolve to confess our love, since the strict honor of our sex, hostile to our passion, strongly opposes such a confession, ought a lover who sees such an obstacle overcome for his sake, doubt with impunity our avowal. I am silly and vexed with my own simplicity in still preserving the least kindness for you. I ought to place my affections elsewhere and give you just cause for complaint.

Alc. Ah! You traitress!

Cél. No, you do not love me as you ought to love.

Alc. Indeed, nothing is to be compared to my exceeding love; and, in its eagerness to show itself to the whole world it even goes so far as to form wishes against you. Yes, I could wish that no one thought you handsome, that you were reduced to a miserable existence; that Heaven at your birth had bestowed upon you nothing; that you had no rank, no nobility, no wealth, so that I might openly proffer my heart; and thus make amends to you for the injustice of such a lot; and that this very day, I might have the joy and the glory of seeing you owe everything to my love.

Cél. This is wishing me well in a strange way. But here comes Monsieur Dubois curiously decked out.

Alc. It seems that fate, whatever I may do, has sworn to prevent my having a conversation with you. Allow me to see you again, madam, before the end of the day.

ACT V.—SCENE I.

Alc. I tell you my mind is made up about it.

Phil. But whatever this blow may be does it compel you
* * *

Alc. You may talk and argue till doomsday if you like, nothing can divert me from what I have said. The age we live in is too perverse, and I am determined to withdraw altogether from intercourse with the world. What! When honor, probity, decency, and the laws are all against my adversary; when the equity of my claim is everywhere cried up; when my mind is at rest as to the justice of my cause. I meanwhile see myself betrayed by the issue. What! I have justice on my side, and I lose my case. He obtains even a decree of court to crown his villainy. And not content with the wrong he is doing me, there is abroad in society an abominable book, of which the very reading is to be condemned, a book that deserves the utmost severity and of which the scoundrel has the impudence to proclaim me the author. Sdeath! To think that mankind is made thus! The thirst for fame induces them to do such things! This is the good faith, the virtuous zeal, the justice and the honor to be found amongst them! Let us begone! It is too much to endure the vexations they are devising. You shall never see me again as long as I live. Allow me without any more words to wait for Célimène. She must consent to the plan that brings me here. I shall see whether her heart has any love for me; and this very hour will prove it to me. (*Exit Philinte; Alceste retires.*)

SCENE II—CÉLIMÈNE, ORONTE, ALCESTE.

Oron. Yes, madam, it remains for you to consider whether by ties so dear you will make me wholly yours. If the ardour of my affection has been able to move your feelings, you ought not to hesitate to allow me to see it; and the proof after all, which I ask of you is not to allow Alceste to wait upon you any longer; to sacrifice him to my love, and in short, to banish him from your house this very day.

Cil. But why are you so incensed against him; you, whom I have so often heard speak of his merits?

Oron. There is no need, madam, of these explanations; the

question is what are your feelings? Please to choose between the one and the other ; my resolution depends entirely on yours.

Alc. (Coming out of his corner.) Yes, this gentleman is right, madam ; you must make your choice. His request agrees perfectly with mine. I am equally eager, and the same anxiety brings me here.

Cél. Good Heavens! How out of place is this persistence and how very unreasonable you both show yourselves! It is not that I do not know whom to prefer, nor is it my heart that wavers. It is not at all in doubt between you two ; and nothing could be more quickly accomplished than the choice of my affections. But to tell the truth, I feel too much confused to pronounce such an avowal before you. I will be judged by Éliante who is just coming.

SCENE III—(*Enter Éliante and Philinte.*)

Cél. Good cousin, I am persecuted here by people who have concerted to do so. They both demand with the same warmth that I should declare whom my heart has chosen, and that by a decision which I must give before their very faces, I should forbid one of them to tease me any more with his attentions. Say, has ever such a thing been done?

Él. Pray do not consult me upon such a matter. You may perhaps address yourself to the wrong person, for I am decidedly for people who speak their mind.

SCENE IV—(*Enter Arsinoé, Acaste, Clitandre.*)

Acaste. (To Célimène.) We have both come by your leave, madam, to clear up a certain little matter with you.

Clit. (To Oronte and Alceste.) Your presence happens fortunately, gentlemen ; for this affair concerns you also.

Ars. (To Célimène.) No doubt you are surprised at seeing me here, madam ; but these gentlemen are the cause of my intrusion. They both came to see me and complained of a proceeding which I could not have credited. I have too high an opinion of your kindness of heart ever to believe you capable of

such a crime; my eyes even have refused to give credence to their strongest proofs, and in my friendship, forgetting trivial disagreements, I have been induced to accompany them here, to hear you refute this slander.

Acaste. Yes, madam, let us see, with composure, how you will manage to bear this out. This letter has been written by you to Clitandre.

Clit. And this tender epistle you have addressed to Acaste.

Acaste. (*To Oronte and Alceste.*) This writing is not altogether unknown to you, gentlemen, and I have no doubt that her kindness has before now made you familiar with her hand. But this is well worth the trouble of reading.*

"You are a strange man to condemn my liveliness of spirits, and to reproach me that I am never so merry as when I am not with you. Nothing could be more unjust; and if you do not come very soon to ask my pardon for this offence I shall never forgive you as long as I live. Our great hulking booby of a Viscount"† * * * He ought to have been here. "Our great hulking booby of a Viscount, with whom you began your complaints, is a man who would not at all suit me; and ever since I watched him for full three-quarters of an hour spitting in a well to make circles in the water, I never could have a good opinion of him. As for the little Marquis" * * * that is for myself, ladies and gentlemen, be it said without the slightest vanity. * * * "As for the little Marquis, who held my hand yesterday for a long while, I think there is nothing so diminutive as his whole person, and his whole merit consists in his sword and his cloak. As to the man with the green shoulder knot" * * * (*To Alceste.*) It is your turn now, sir. * * "As to the man with the green shoulder-knot, he amuses me sometimes with his bluntness and his splenetic behavior, but there are hundreds of times when I think him the greatest bore in the world. Respecting the man with the big waistcoat." * * * (*To Oronte.*) This is your share * * * "Respect-

* Acaste reads the letter written to Clitandre; and Clitandre, the one written to Acaste.

† It has been said that "the great hulking booby of a Viscount" was intended for the Count de Guiche, and that madame, the wife of Louis XIV's brother, wished the description to be omitted, but the King told Molière to leave it in.

ing the man with the big waistcoat, who has thought fit to set up as a wit, and wishes to be an author in spite of everyone, I cannot even take the trouble to listen to what he says; and his prose bores me just as much as his poetry. Take it, then, for granted that I do not always enjoy myself as much as you think; and that I wish for you more than I care to say, amongst all the entertainments to which I am dragged, and that the presence of those we love is an excellent relish to our pleasures."

Clit. Now, for myself:

"Your Clitandre, whom you mention to me, and who has always such a quantity of soft expressions at his command, is the last man for whom I could feel any affection. He must be crazed in persuading himself that I love him; and you are so, too, in believing that I do not love you. You had better exchange your fancies for his, and come to me as often as you can to help me in bearing the annoyance of being pestered by him." This shows the model of a lovely character, madam; and I need not tell what to call it. It is enough; we shall both show this admirable sketch of your heart everywhere and to everybody.

Acaste. I might also say something; and the subject is tempting; but I deem you beneath my anger; and I will show you that little marquises can find worthier hearts than yours to console themselves. (*Exit Clitandre and Acaste.*)

SCENE V.

Oron. What! am I to be pulled to pieces in this fashion, after all you have written to me. Bah, I have been too great a dupe, but I shall be so no longer. (*To Alceste.*) Sir, I shall no longer be an obstacle to your flame, and you may settle matters with this lady as soon as you please. (*Exit Oronte and Arsinoë.*)

SCENE VII.

Alc. (*To Célimène.*) Well! I have held my tongue, notwithstanding all I have seen, and I have let everyone have his say before me. Have I controlled myself long enough, and will you now allow me * * *

Cél. Yes, you may say what you like ; you are justified when you complain, and you may reproach me with anything you please. I confess that I am in the wrong and overwhelmed with confusion, I do not seek by an idle excuse to palliate my fault. The anger of others I have despised ; but I admit my guilt towards you. In short, you have cause to hate me. Do so, I consent to it.

Alc. But can I do so you traitress ? Can I thus get the better of all my tenderness for you. (*To Éliante and Philinte.*) You see what an unworthy passion can do. (*To Célimène.*) Yes, perfidious creature, I am willing to forget your crimes. I can find in my heart an excuse for all your doings, and hide them under the name of a weakness into which the vices of the age betrayed your youth, provided your heart will second the design which I have formed of avoiding all human creatures, and that you are determined to follow me without delay into the solitude in which I have made a vow to pass my days. It is by that alone, that in everyone's opinion you can repair the harm done by your letters, and that, after the scandal which every noble heart must abhor, it may still be possible for me to love you.

Cél. What ! I renounce the world before I grow old, and bury myself in your wilderness !

Alc. If your affection respond to mine, what need the rest of the world signify to you. Am I not sufficient to you ?

Cél. Solitude is frightful to a widow of twenty. I do not feel my mind sufficiently grand and strong to adopt such a plan. If the gift of my hand can satisfy your wishes, I might be induced to tie such bonds ; and marriage * * *

Alc. No. My heart loathes you now, and this refusal alone effects more than all the rest. As you are not disposed in those sweet ties to find all in all in me as I would find all in all in you, begone ; I refuse your offer, and this much-felt outrage frees me forever from your unworthy toils. (*Exit Célimène.*)

SCENE VIII.

Alc. (*To Éliante.*) Madam, your beauty is adorned by a hundred virtues ; and I never saw anything in you but what was sin-

cere. For a long while I thought very highly of you ; but allow me to esteem you thus forever, and suffer my heart in its various troubles, not to offer itself for the honor of your acceptance. I feel too unworthy, and begin to perceive that Heaven did not intend me for the marriage bond ; that the homage of only the remainder of a heart unworthy of you would be below your merit, and that in short * * *

Él. You may pursue this thought. I am not at all embarrassed with my hand ; and here is your friend, who, without giving me much trouble, might accept it, if I asked him.

Phil. Ah ! madam, I ask for nothing better than that honor, and I could sacrifice my life and soul for it.

Alc. May you in order to taste true contentment preserve forever such feelings towards each other. Deceived on all sides, overwhelmed with injustice, I will fly from an abyss where vice is triumphant, and seek out some small secluded nook on earth where one may enjoy the freedom of being an honest man.

Phil. Come, madam, let us leave nothing untried to deter him from the design on which his heart is set.

LE MÉDECIN MALGRÉ LUI,
COMÉDIE.

THE PHYSICIAN IN SPITE OF HIMSELF.

A COMEDY IN THREE ACTS.

The Original in Prose—August 6th, 1666.

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

The Physician in Spite of Himself, was played for the first time on the 6th of August, 1666, according to Molière's invariable

rule by which he always produced a farcical work which made people laugh, after a serious one which had caused people to reflect. The plot of this play was not entirely new; it existed probably in outline in the Italian *Comedia dell'arte*, and was found among the stories related by the troubadours and trouvères. *The Physician in Spite of Himself* consists of two different parts, each drawn from a different source. There is first the idea of a clodhopper, whose wife is angry at him. She accordingly represents her husband to be a skillful physician, whose zeal has to be stimulated by the stick. Secondly, there is the idea of a girl who feigns to be dumb, but who recovers speech, and abuses it in such a manner, that every one wishes her to be speechless.

It has been well said by Boileau that "in the smallest farces of Molière, there are some admirable touches that may vainly be sought in the finest pieces of other comic authors." *The Physician in Spite of Himself* is a proof of this.

The play has been imitated by Lacy in *The Dumb Lady or the Farrier made a Physician*, (1672); by Mrs. Centlivre in *Love's Contributions*, (1703); by Henry Fielding in a "ballad farce" called *The Mock Doctor or the Dumb Lady Cured*, (1732); and by George Wood in *The Irish Doctor or the Dumb Lady Cured*, (1844.)

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Géronte, father to Lucinde.

Leandre, Lucinde's lover.

Sganarelle, husband to Martine.*

M. Roberts, Sganarelle's neighbor.

Lucas, husband to Jacqueline.

Valère, Géronte's servant.†

Thibaut,
Perrin, his son, } peasants.

Lucinde, Géronte's daughter.

Martine, Sganarelle's wife.

Jacqueline, nurse at Géronte's and Lucas' wife.

* The part was played by Molière himself.

† The original has *domestique*, which in the seventeenth century meant a steward, a secretary, a trustworthy man.

ACT I.

SCENE I—THE SCENE REPRESENTS A FOREST.

(*Sganarelle, Martine appearing on the stage quarrelling.*)

Sgan. No; I tell you that I will do nothing of the kind, and that it is for me to speak and to be master.

Mart. And I tell you that I will have you to live as I like, and that I am not married to you to put up with your vagaries.

Sgan. Oh! what a nuisance it is to have a wife! and Aristotle is perfectly right in saying that a woman is worse than a demon.*

Mart. Look at Master Clever with his silly Aristotle, and do you mean to tell me, you sot, that things can always go on so.

Sgan. Wife, let us proceed gently, if you please.

Mart. That, I am to bear forever with your insolence and debauchery.

Sgan. Do not let us get into a passion, wife.

Mart. And that I do not know the way to bring you back to your duty?

Sgan. Wife, you know that I am not very patient and that my arm is somewhat heavy.

Mart. I laugh at your threats.

Sgan. My sweet wife, my pet, your skin is itching as usual.

Mart. I will let you see that I am not afraid of you.

Sgan. My dearest rib, you have set your heart upon a thrashing.†

Mart. Do you think I am frightened at your talk?

Sgan. Sweet object of my affections, I shall box your ears for you.

Mart. Sot that you are!

Sgan. I shall thrash you.

* It would be difficult to give the passage in Aristotle where such a thing is stated.

† The original has, vous avez envie de me dérober quelque chose, you wish to rob me of something, meaning of course "of a box on the ear."

Mart. Walking wine-cask!

Sgan. I shall pummel you.

Mart. Infamous wretch!

Sgan. I shall curry your skin for you.

Mart. Wretch! villian! deceiver! cur! scoundrel! gallows-bird! churl! rogue! scamp! thief!

Sgan. You will have it, will you? (*Takes a stick and beats her.*)

Mart. (*Shrieking.*) Help! help! help! help!

Sgan. That is the real way of quieting you.

SCENE II—(*Enter M. Roberts.*)

M. Rob. Hulloo, hulloo, hulloo! Fie! What is this! What a disgraceful thing? Plague take the scamp to beat his wife so.

Mart. (*Her arms akimbo, speaks to M. Roberts, and makes him draw back; at last she gives him a slap on the face.*) And I like him to beat me, I do.

M. Rob. If that is the case I consent with all my heart.

Mart. What are you interfering with?

M. Rob. I am wrong.

Mart. Is it any of your business?

M. Rob. You are right.

Mart. Just look at this jackanapes, who wishes to hinder husbands from beating their wives!

M. Rob. I apologize.

Mart. What have you got to say to it?

M. Rob. Nothing.

Mart. Is it for you to poke your nose into it?

M. Rob. No.

Mart. Mind your own business.

M. Rob. I shall not say another word.

Mart. It pleases me to be beaten.

M. Rob. Agreed.

Mart. It does not hurt you.

M. Rob. That is true.

Mart. And you are an ass to interfere with what does not concern you.

M. Rob. Neighbor, I ask your pardon with all my heart. Go on; thrash and beat your wife as much as you like; I shall help you, if you wish it. (*He goes towards Sganarelle, who also speaks to him, makes him draw back, beats him with the stick he has been using and puts him to flight.*)

Sgan. I do not wish it.

M. Rob. Ah! that is a different thing.

Sgan. I will beat her, if I like; and I will not beat her if I not like.

M. Rob. Very good.

Sgan. She is my wife and not yours.

M. Rob. Undoubtedly.

Sgan. It is not for you to order me about.

M. Rob. Just so.

Sgan. I do not want your help.

M. Rob. Exactly so.

Sgan. And it is like your impertinence to meddle with other people's business. Remember that Cicero says that between the tree and the finger, you should not put the bark.* (*He drives him away then comes back to his wife, and says to her squeezing her hand.*)

SCENE III.

Sgan. Come, let us make up. Shake hands.

Mart. You have treated me ill.

Sgan. Well! I beg your pardon; put your hand there.

Mart. I forgive you; (*aside softly,*) but I shall make you pay for it.

Sgan. You are silly to take notice of it; these are trifles that are necessary now and then to keep up good feeling; and five or

* Sganarelle quotes the proverb wrong, which says that between the tree and the bark, one ought not to put one's finger, which means figuratively "never interfere in things which do not concern you." Of course Cicero says nothing of the kind.

six strokes of a cudgel between people who love each other, only brighten the affections. There now! I am going to the wood, and I promise you that you shall have more than a hundred faggots to-day.

SCENE IV.

Martine (Alone.) Go, my lad; whatever look I may put on I shall not forget to pay you out.

SCENE V—VALÈRE, LUCAS, MARTINE.

Luc. (To Valère, without seeing Martine.) Faith, we have undertaken a curious errand; and I do not know for my part what we shall get by it.

Mart. (Thinking herself alone.) Yes, I must pay him out, no matter at what cost. Those cudgel-blows lie heavy on my stomach; I cannot digest them; and * * * (*She is saying all this musingly, and as she moves she comes in contact with the two men.*) Ah, gentlemen, I beg your pardon; I did not notice you, and was puzzling my brain about something that perplexes me.

Val. Every one has his troubles in this world. We are endeavoring to meet with some clever man, some special physician, who could give some relief to our master's daughter, seized with an illness which has all at once deprived her of the use of her tongue.

Mart. (Softly and aside.) Ah! This is an inspiration from Heaven to revenge myself on my rascal. (*Aloud.*) You could not have addressed yourselves to any one more able to find what you want. We have a man here, the most wonderful in the world for desperate maladies.

Val. Ah, for mercy's sake, where can we meet with him?

Mart. You will find him just now in that little spot yonder, where he is amusing himself in cutting wood.

Luc. A doctor who cuts wood?

Val. Who is amusing himself in gathering some simples you mean to say.

Mart. No, he is a strange fellow who takes delight in this;

a fantastic, eccentric, whimsical man whom you would never take to be what he really is. I warn you beforehand that he will never own that he is a physician unless you take each a stick and compel him by dint of blows to admit at last what he will conceal at first. It is thus that we act when we have need of him.

Val. What a strange delusion !

Mart. That is true ; but after all you shall see that he works wonders.

Val. What is his name ?

Mart. His name is Sganarelle.

Val. But is it really true that he is as clever as you say ?

Mart. As clever. He is a man who works miracles. About six months ago a woman was given up by all other physicians ; she was considered dead at least six hours, and they were going to bury her, when they dragged by force the man we are speaking of to her bedside. Having seen her, he poured a small drop of something into her mouth ; and at that very instant she rose from her bed, and began immediately to walk in her room as if nothing had happened.

Luc. Odds-bobs ! That is the very man we want. Let us go quickly and fetch him.

Val. We thank you for the service you have rendered us.

Mart. But do not fail to remember the warning I have given you.

Luc. Hey ! Zooks ! leave it to us. If he wants nothing but a thrashing we will gain our point.*

SCENE VI. SGANARELLE, VALÈRE, LUCAS.

Sgan. (*Singing behind the scenes.*) La, la, la * * *

Val. I hear one singing and cutting wood.

Sgan. (*Coming on with a bottle in his hand, without perceiving Valère and Lucas.*) La, la, la * * * Really I have done

* In the original *la vache est à nous*, the cow is ours.

enough to deserve a drink. Let us take a little breath. (*He drinks.*) This wood is as salt as the very devil. (*Sings.*)

How sweet to hear,
My pretty flask,
How sweet to hear
Your little gull, gull !
No fate with mine could vie,
If never you ran dry,
Oh ! Darling little flask
But constantly were full.*

Come ! Zounds, we must take care not to get the blues.

Val. (*Softly to Lucas.*) This is the very man.

Luc. (*Softly to Valère.*) I think you are right and that we have just hit upon him,

Val. Let us look a little closer.

Sgan. (*Hugging a bottle.*) Ah, you little rogue ! I love you my pretty dear. (*He sings, but perceiving Lucas and Valère who are examining him, he lowers his voice.*)

No fate * * * with mine * * * could * * * vie
If * * *

(*Seeing that they examine him more closely.*) Whom the deuce do these people want ?

Val. (*To Lucas.*) It is surely he.

* Tradition mentions that the president Rose a few days after the first representation of *The Physician in spite of Himself*, met Molière at the Duke of Montausier and accused the dramatist, before a numerous company of having translated Sganarelle's couplet from the Latin, which was itself borrowed from the Greek. Molière denied the fact, and to his great surprise, the president recited the following verses, which astounded Molière and which were afterwards admitted by Rose to be a translation from the playwrights original, which we give as well :

Qu'ils sont doux,
Bouteille jolie,
Qu'ils sont doux
Vos petits glougloux

Quam dulces,
Amphora amœna,
Quam dulces
Sunt tuæ voces !

Mais mon sort ferait bien des jaloux,
Si vous étiez toujours remplie,
Ah ! bouteille, ma mie,
Pourquoi vous videz vous ?

Dum fundis merum in calices,
Utinam semper esses plena !
Ah ! Ah ! cara mea lagena
Vacua cur jaces ?

Luc. (*To Valère.*) There he is exactly as he has been described to us.

Sgan. (*With a great deal of by-play.*) They are consulting each other while looking at me. What can be their intentions?

Val. Sir, is not your name Sganarelle?

Sgan. Hey, what?

Val. I ask if your name is not Sganarelle.

Sgan. (*Turning first to Valère then to Lucas.*) Yes and no, It depends on what you want with him.

Val. We want nothing with him, but to offer him our utmost civilities.

Sgan. In that case my name is Sganarelle.

Val. You must not think it strange, sir, that we have addressed ourselves to you, Clever people are always much sought after, and we have been informed of your capacity.

Sgan. It is true gentlemen, that I am the best hand in the world at making fagots * * *

Val. Oh, sir * * *

Sgan. I spare no pains, and make them in a fashion that leaves nothing to be desired.

Val. That is not the question we have come about, sir.

Sgan. But I charge a hundred and ten sous the hundred.

Val. Let us speak about that if you please.

Sgan. I pledge my word that I could not sell them for less.

Val. We know what is what, sir.

Sgan. If you know what is what, you know that I charge that price.

Val. This is a joke, sir, but * * *

Sgan. It is no joke at all; I cannot bate a farthing.

Val. Let us talk differently, please.

Sgan. You may find some elsewhere for less. There be fagots and fagots; but for those which I make * * *

Val. Let us change the subject, pray, sir.

Sgan. I take my oath, you shall not have them for less, not a fraction.

Val. Fie! Fie!

Sgan. No, upon my word, you shall have to pay that price.

Val. Ought so learned a man, such a famous physician as you are, wish to disguise himself in the eyes of the world, and keep buried his great talents?

Sgan. (*Aside.*) He is mad.

Val. Pray, sir, do not dissemble with us.

Sgan. What do you mean?

Luc. All this beating about the bush is useless. We know what we know.

Sgan. What do you know? For whom do you take me?

Val. For what you are, a great physician.

Sgan. Physician yourself. I am not one and have never been one.

Val. (*Aside.*) Now the fit is on him. (*Aloud.*) Sir, do not if you please, make us have recourse to unpleasant extremities.

Sgan. Have recourse to what?

Val. To certain things that we shall be sorry for.

Sgan. Zounds! Have recourse to whatever you like. I am not a physician, and do not understand what you mean.

Val. What is the good of denying what all the world knows?

Luc. Why all these funny falsehoods? What is the good of it?

Sgan. One word is as good as a thousand, gentlemen. I tell you that I am not a physician.

Val. You are not a physician?

Sgan. No.

Luc. You are not a physician?

Sgan. No, I tell you.

Val. Since you will have it so, we must make up our minds to do it. (*They each take a stick and thrash him.*)

Sgan. Hold! hold! hold gentlemen! I will be anything you like. What the devil does it all mean gentlemen? For pity's sake, is it a joke or are you both gone out of your minds to wish me a physician?

Val. What! You do not give in yet, and you still deny being a physician?

Sgan. The devil take me, if I am one!

Luc. Are you not a physician?

Sgan. No, plague choke me! (*They begin to thrash him again.*) Hold! Hold! Well gentlemen, I am a physician. I prefer saying yes to everything, to being knocked about so.

Val. Ah! That is right, sir; I am delighted to see you so reasonable.

Luc. It does my heart good to hear you speak in that way.

Val. I beg your pardon with all my heart.

Sgan. But tell me, gentlemen, may you not be yourselves mistaken? Is it quite certain that I am a physician?

Luc. Yes, upon my word.

Sgan. Really and truly.

Val. Undoubtedly.

Sgan. The devil take me, if I knew it.

Val. Nonsense! You are the cleverest physician in the world.

Sgan. Ha, ha!

Luc. A physician who has cured I do not know how many complaints.

Sgan. The dickens I have!

Val. A woman was thought dead for six hours; she was ready to be buried when you with a drop of something brought her to again, and made her walk at once about the room.

Sgan. The deuce I did.

Val. You shall earn whatever you like, if you allow us to take you where we intend.

Sgan. I shall earn whatever I like?

Val. Yes.

Sgan. In that case I am a physician; there is no doubt of it. I had forgotten it, but I recollect it now, What is the matter? Where am I to go?

Val. We will conduct you. The matter is to see a girl who has lost her speech.

Sgan. Indeed! I have not found it.

Val. (*Softly to Lucas.*) How he loves his joke. (*To Sganarelle.*) Come along, sir.

Sgan. Without a physician's gown?

Val. We will get one.

Sgan. (*Presenting his bottle to Valère.*) You carry this, by order of the physician.

Luc. Odds sniggers! this is a physician I like. I think he will do, for he is a comical fellow.

ACT II.

SCENE I—GÉRONTE, VALÈRE, LUCAS, JACQUELINE.

(*The scene represents a room in M. Gèronte's house.*)

Val. Yes, sir, I think you will be satisfied; we have brought the greatest physician in the world.

Luc. Oh! Zooks! this one beats anything; all the others are not worthy to hold a candle to him.*

Val. He is a man who has performed some marvellous cures.

Luc. Who has put dead people on their legs again.

Val. He is somewhat whimsical as I have told you, and at times there are moments when his senses wander, and he does not seem what he really is.

Luc. Yes, he loves a joke, and one would say sometimes that he has got a tile loose somewhere.†

Gér. I am very anxious to see him; send him to me quickly.

Val. I am going to fetch him. (*Exit Valère.*)

SCENE II.

Jacq. Upon my word, sir, this one will do just the same as

* The original has *tous les autres ne sont pas d'aignes de li déchausser ses souliès*, all the others are not worthy to take off his shoes.

† The original has *qu'il a quelque petit coup de hache à la tête*, that he has received some small blow with an axe on his head.

all the rest.* I think it will be six of the one and half a dozen of the others; and the best medicine to give to your daughter would in my opinion be a good husband whom she could love. I tell you and a dozen more of you† that all these physicians do her no good.

Gér. Would any one have her in her present state with that affliction on her? and when I intended her to marry has she not opposed my wishes?

Jacq. No wonder. You wished to give her a man whom she does not like. Why did you not give her Monsieur Léandre who takes her fancy. She would have been very obedient, and I vouch for it that he will take her as she is if you but give her to him

Gér. Léandre is not the man we want; he has not got a fortune like the other.

Jacq. He has got an uncle who is so rich and whose fortune he will inherit.

Gér. All the expectations seem to me but moonshine. Brag is a good dog, but Holdfast is a better; and we run a great risk in waiting for dead men's shoes. Death is not always at the beck and call of gentlemen heirs, and while the grass grows the cow starves.

Jacq. That is all well and good, but I have always heard that in marriage, as in everything else, happiness excels riches. Fathers and mothers have this accursed habit of asking always, "How much has he got?" and "How much has she got?" After all, folks have but their pleasure in this world, and I would sooner give my daughter a husband whom she likes than have all the riches in the country.

Gér. Bless me, nurse, how you chatter. Hold your tongue, let me beg you; you take too much upon yourself, and you will spoil your milk.

Luc. (*Slapping G ron te's shoulder at every word.*) Indeed, be

* Jacqueline talks in a kind of peasant's dialect which cannot be translated. The first sentence is thus in the original. *Par ma fl, monsieur, celi-ci fera justement ce qu'ant fait les autres.*

† The original has an attempt at a play on words *je vous dis et vous douze* because *dis* say and *dix* ten have nearly the same pronunciation.

silent; you are too saucy. The master does not want your speeches, and he knows what he is about. All you have got to do is to suckle your baby, without arguing so much. Our master is the girl's father, and he is good and clever enough to know what she wants.

Gér. Gently, gently.

Luc. (*Still slapping G ron te's shoulder.*) I wish to show her her place, and teach her the respect due to you, sir.

G r. Very well. But it does not need all this gesticulation.

SCENE III—(*Enter Sganarelle and Val re.*)

Val. Look here, sir; here is our physician coming.

G r. (*To Sganarelle.*) I am delighted to see you, sir, at my house, and we have very great need of you.

Sgan. (*In a physician's gown and a very pointed cap.*) Hippocrates says * * * that we should put our hats on.

G r. Hippocrates says that?

Sgan. Yes.

G r. In what chapter, if you please?

Sgan. In his chapter * * * on hats.

G r. Since Hippocrates says so we must obey.

Sgan. Doctor, having heard of the marvellous things * * *

G r. To whom are you speaking, pray?

Sgan. To you.

G r. I am not a physician.

Sgan. You are not a physician?

G r. Indeed, I am not.

Sgan. Really?

G r. Really. (*Sganarelle takes a stick and thrashes G ron te.*) Oh, oh, oh!

Sgan. Now you are a physician; I have never taken any other degree.

G r. This joking does not suit me.

Sgan. Sir, I beg your pardon for the liberty I have taken.

Gér. I am your humble servant, sir.

Sgan. I am sorry.

Gér. It is nothing.

Sgan. For the cudgelling I * * *

Gér. There is no harm done.

Sgan. Which I had the honor to give you.

Gér. Do not say any more about it, sir. I have a daughter who is suffering from a strange complaint.

Sgan. I am delighted, sir, that your daughter has need of my skill ; and I wish with all my heart that you stood in the same need of it, and all your family, in order to show you my wish to serve you.

Gér. I am obliged to you for these kind feelings.

Sgan. What is your daughter's name ?

Gér. Lucinde.

Sgan. Lucinde. Ah ! a pretty name to physic ! Lucinde !

Gér. I will just see what she is doing.

Sgan. Who is that tall woman ?

Gér. She is my baby's nurse. (*Exit Gêronte.*)

SCENE IV.

Sgan. (*Aside.*) Zounds ! this is a fine piece of household furniture ! (*Aloud.*) Ah, nurse ! Charming nurse. All my nostrums, all my skill, all my cleverness is at your service, and
* * *

Luc. By your leave, doctor, leave my wife alone.

Sgan. What ! is she your wife ?

Luc. Yes.

Sgan. Oh, indeed, I did not know that ; but I am very glad of it for the love of both. (*He pretends to embrace Lucas, but embraces the nurse.*)

Luc. (*Pulling Sganarelle away and placing himself between him and his wife.*) Gently, if you please. With me as much as you like, but a truce to compliments with my wife.

Sgan. I have both your happiness equally at heart, and if I embrace you to show my delight in you, I embrace her to show my delight in her. (*Same by play.*)

Luc. (*Pulling him away again.*) Odds boddikins, Mr. Doctor, what vagaries!

SCENE VI—(*Enter G ron te and Lucinde.*)

Sgan. Is this the patient?

G r. Yes, I have but one daughter; and I would never get over it if she were to die.

Sgan. (*To Lucinde.*) Well, what is the matter? What ails you? What is it you feel?

Lucinde. (*Replies by motions, by putting her hand to her mouth, her head and under her chin.*) Ha, hi, ho, ha.

Sgan. What do you say?

Lucinde. (*Continues the same motions.*) Ha, hi, ho, ha, hi, ho.

Sgan. What is that?

Lucinde. Ha, hi, ho.

Sgan. (*Imitating her.*) Ha, hi, ho, ha, ha. I do not understand you. What kind of language do you call that?

G r. That is just where the complaint lies, sir. She has become dumb without our having been able till now to discover the cause. This accident has obliged us to postpone her marriage.

Sgan. And why so?

G r. He whom she is going to marry wishes to wait for her recovery to conclude the marriage.

Sgan. And who is this fool who does not want his wife to be dumb? Would to heaven that mine had that complaint! I should take particular care not to have her cured.

G r. To the point, sir. We beseech you to use all your skill to cure her of this affliction.

Sgan. (*Turning to the patient.*) Give me your hand. (*To G ron te.*) The pulse tells me that your daughter is dumb.

G r. Sir, that is what is the matter with her; ah, yes; you have found it out at the first touch.

Sgan. Of course.

Jacq. See how he has guessed her complaint.

Sgan. We great physicians, we know matters at once. Aristotle on this subject says * * * a great many clever things.

Gér. I dare say.

Sgan. Ah! He was a great man.

Gér. No doubt.

Sgan. He was a very great man. (*Holding out his arm and putting the finger of the other hand in the bend.*) A man who was by this much greater than I. But to come back to our argument, I am of opinion that this impediment in the action of the tongue is caused by certain humors, which among us learned men, we call peccant humors, inasmuch as the vapors formed by the exhalations of the influences which rise in the very region of diseases, coming * * * as we may say to * * * Do you understand Latin?

Gér. Not in the least.

Sgan. (*Suddenly rising.*) You do not understand Latin?

Gér. No.

Sgan. (*Assuming various comic attitudes.*) *Cabricus arci thuram catalamus singulariter, nominativo haec musa, the muse bonus bona, bonum; deus sanctus, est-ne oratio latinas? Etiam, Yes. Quare? Why? Quia substantivo et adjectivum concordat in generi numerum, et casus.**

Gér. Ah! Why did I not study?

Jacq. What a clever man.

Luc. This is so beautiful that I do not understand a word of it.

Sgan. Thus these vapors which I speak of, passing from the left side, where the liver is to the right side where we find the heart, it so happens that the lungs, which in Latin we call *Armyan*, having communication with the brain which in Greek we style *nasmus*, by means of the *vena cava*, which in Hebrew is

* In pronouncing the word casus which means "case" and "fall" the actor who plays the part of Sganarelle upsets his chair whilst sitting down, and falls on the floor.

termed *cubile*,* meet in their course the said vapors which fill the ventricles of the omoplata; and because the said vapors * * * now understand well this argument pray * * * and because these said vapors are endowed with a certain malignity * * * listen well to this, I beseech you.

Gér. Yes.

Sgan. Are endowed with a certain malignity which is caused * * * pay attention here, if you please.

Gér. Yes,

Sgan. Which is caused by the acidity of those humors engendered in the concavity of the diaphragm, it happens that these vapors * * * *Ossabandus, nequeis, nequer, potarinum, quipsa milus.*† This is exactly the reason that your daughter is dumb.

Jacq. Ah! How well this gentleman explains all this.

Luc. Why does not my tongue wag as well as his.

Gér. It is undoubtedly impossible to argue better. There is but one thing I cannot exactly make out; that is the whereabouts of the liver and the heart. It appears to me that you place them differently from what they are; that the heart is on the left side and the liver on the right.

Sgan. Yes, that was so formerly; but we have changed all that, and we now a days practice the medical art on an entirely new system.

Gér. But what think you ought to be done for this complaint.

Sgan. My advice is to put her to bed again, and make her as a remedy take plenty of bread soaked in wine.

Gér. Why so, Sir?

Sgan. Because there is in bread and wine mixed together a sympathetic virtue which produces speech. Do you not see that they give nothing else to parrots, and that by eating it, they learn to speak.

Gér. That is true. Oh! the great man! Quick, plenty of bread and wine.

* *Armyan* and *nasmus* belong to no language; *cubile* is the Latin for den or bed.

† These words belong to no language.

Sgan. I shall come back to-night to see how the patient is getting on.

SCENE VIII—GÉRONTE, SGANARELLE.

Sgan. I wish you good day.

Gér. Stay a moment, if you please.

Sgan. What are you going to do?

Ger. Give you a fee, sir.

Sgan. (*Putting his hands behind him from under his gown, while Géronte opens his purse.*) I shall not accept it, Sir.

Gér. Sir?

Sgan. Not at all.

Gér. One moment.

Sgan. On no consideration.

Gér. Pray.

Sgan. You are jesting.

Gér. That is settled.

Sgan. I shall do nothing of the kind.

Gér. What?

Sgan. I do not practice for money's sake.

Gér. I am convinced of that.

Sgan. (*After having taken the money.*) Are they good weight?

Gér. Yes, sir.

Sgan. I am not a mercenary physician.

Gér. I am well aware of it.

Sgan. I am not actuated by interest.

Gér. I do not for a moment think so.

Sgan. (*Alone looking at the money he has received.*) Upon my word, this does not promise badly, and provided * * *
(*Enter Léandre.*)

SCENE IX.

Léan. I have been waiting for some time for you sir, and I have come to beg your assistance.

Sgan. (*Feeling his pulse.*) That is a very bad pulse.

Léan. I am not ill, sir; and it is not for that, that I come to you.

Sgan. If you are not ill, why the devil do you not tell me so?

Léan. No. To tell you the matter in a few words, my name is Léandre. I am in love with Lucinde to whom you have just paid a visit; and as all access to her is denied to me, through the ill-temper of her father, I venture to beseech you to serve me in my love affair, and to assist me in a stratagem that I have invented, so as to say a few words to her on which my whole life and happiness absolutely depend.

Sgan. (*In apparent anger.*) Whom do you take me for? How dare you address yourself to me to assist you in your love affair and to wish me to lower the dignity of a physician by an affair of that kind?

Léan. Do not make a noise, sir.

Sgan. (*Drawing him back.*) I will make a noise. You are an impertinent fellow.

Léan. Ah, gently, sir.

Sgan. An ill-mannered jackanapes.

Léan. Pray.

Sgan. I will teach you that I am not the kind of man you take me for, and that it is the greatest insolence * * *

Léan. (*Taking out a purse.*) Sir * * *

Sgan. To wish to employ me * * * (*taking the purse.*) I am not speaking about you, for you are a gentleman; and I should be delighted to be of any use to you; but there are certain impertinent people in this world who take folks for what they are not; and I tell you candidly that this puts me in a passion.

Léan. I ask your pardon, sir, for the liberty I have * * *

Sgan. You are jesting. What is the affair in question?

Léan. You must know then, sir, that this disease which you wish to cure is a feigned complaint. The fact is that Lucinde has only invented this illness in order to free herself from a marriage with which she has been harassed. But for fear we may be seen

together, let us retire ; and I will tell you as we go along, what I wish you to do.

Sgan. Come along then, sir ; you have inspired me with an inconceivable interest in your love ; and if all my medical science does not fail me, the patient shall either die or be yours.

ACT III.

SCENE I—LÉANDRE, SGANARELLE.

(The scene represents a spot near G ronte's house.)

L an. I think that I am not at all badly gotten up for an apothecary, and as her father has scarcely ever seen me, this change of dress and wig is likely enough, I think to disguise me.

Sgan. There is no doubt of it.

L an. Only I should like to know five or six big medical words to leaven my conversation with, and to give me the air of a learned man.

Sgan. Go along, go along ; it is not all necessary. The dress is sufficient, and I know no more about it than you do.

L an. How is that ?

Sgan. The devil take me, if I understand anything about medicine ! You are a gentleman, and I do not mind confiding in you as you have confided in me.

L an. What ! then you are not really * * *

Sgan. No, I tell you. They have made me a physician in spite of my teeth. I have never attempted to be so learned as that ; and all my studies did not go farther than the lowest class at school. I do not know how the idea came to them, but when I saw that in spite of everything they would have it that I was a physician, I made up my mind to be so at somebody's expense. A shoemaker in making a pair of shoes, cannot spoil a scrap of leather without having to bear the loss ; but in our business, we may spoil a man without its costing us a farthing. The blunders are never put down to us, and it is always the fault of the fellow who dies. The best of this profession, is that

there is the greatest honesty and discretion among the dead, for you never find them complain of the physician who has killed them.

Léan. It is true that the dead are very honorable in this respect.

SCENE II—(*Enter Thibaut, Perrin.*)

Thib. Sir, we have come to look for you, my son, and myself.*

Sgan. What is the matter?

Thib. His poor mother, whose name is Perrette, has been on a bed of sickness for the last six months.

Sgan. (*Holding out his hand to receive money.*) What would you have me do to her?

Thib. I would like you to give me some little doctor's stuff to cure her.

Thib. She is ill with the hypocrisy, sir.

Sgan. With the hypocrisy?

Thib. Yes, I mean she is swollen everywhere. They say that there is a lot of seriousness on her inside, and that her liver or her spleen, as you would call it, instead of making blood makes nothing but water. She has every other day the quotidian fever, with lassitude and pains in the muscles of her legs. We have got in our village an apothecary—with respect be it said—who has given her I do not know how much stuff. He wanted to give her a certain drug called amelite wine, but I was afraid that this would send her to the other world altogether; because they tell me those big physicians kill, I do not know how many with that newfangled notion.

Sgan. (*Still holding out his hand, and moving it about to show that he wants money.*) Let us come to the point, friend, let us come to the point,

Thib. The point is, sir, that we have come to beg of you to tell us what we must do.

* In the original, Thibaut speaks like a peasant; as *Mounsie, je venons vous charcher, mon fils Perrin et moi*.

Sgan. I do not understand you at all.

Per. My mother is ill, sir, and here are two crowns which we have brought you to give us some stuff.

Sgan. Ah! You I do understand. There is a lad who speaks clearly, and explains himself as he should. You say that your mother is ill with dropsy.

Per. Indeed, sir, that is just it.

Sgan. I understood you at once. Your father does not know what he says. And now you ask for a remedy?

Per. Yes, sir.

Sgan. A remedy to cure her?

Per. That is just what I mean.

Sgan. Take this then. It is a piece of cheese which you must make her take.

Per. A piece of cheese, sir?

Sgan. Yes; it is a kind of prepared cheese in which there is gold, coral, and pearls and a great many other precious things.

Per. I am very much obliged to you, sir, and I shall go and make her take it directly.

Sgan. Go and if she dies no not fail to bury her in the best style you can.

SCENE III.

(The scene changes and represents as in the Second Act, a room in G ron te's house.)

(Jacqueline, Sganarelle, Lucas at the far end of the stage.)

Sgan. Here is the pretty nurse. Ah! you darling nurse, I am delighted at this meeting.

(While Sganarelle is holding out his arms to embrace Jacqueline, Lucas passes his head under them and comes between the two. Sganarelle and Jacqueline stare at Lucas and depart on opposite sides; but the doctor does so in a very comic manner.)

SCENE IV—G RONTE, LUCAS.

G r. I say, Lucas, have you not seen our physician here.

Luc. Indeed I have seen him by all the devils and my wife too.

Gér. Where can he be?

Luc. I do not know, but I wish he were at the devil.

Gér. Just go and see what my daughter is doing.

SCENE V—(*Enter Sganarelle.*)

Gér. I was just inquiring after you, sir.

Sgan. I have just been amusing myself in your court. How is the patient?

Gér. Somewhat worse since your remedy.

Sgan. So much the better; it shows that it takes effect.

Gér. But while it is taking effect, I am afraid it will choke her.

Sgan. Do not make yourself uneasy; I have some remedies that will make it all right, and I wait until she is at death's door.

Gér. (*Pointing to Léandre.*) Who is this man that is with you?

Sgan. (*Imitates by motion of his hands that it is an apothecary.*)
It is * * *

Gér. What?

Sgan. He who * * *

Gér. Oh!

Sgan. Who?

Gér. I understand.

Sgan. Your daughter will want him.

SCENE VI—(*Enter Lucinde and Jacqueline.*)

Jacq. Here is your daughter, sir, who wishes to stretch her limbs a little.

Sgan. That will do her good. Go to her, Mr. Apothecary and feel her pulse so that I may consult with you presently about her complaint. (*At this point he draws Géronte to one end of the stage, and putting one arm upon his shoulder, he places his hand under his chin with which he makes him turn towards him, each time that Géronte wants to look at what is passing between his daughter and the apothecary, while he holds the following discourse*

with him.) Sir, it is a great and subtle question among physicians to know whether men or women are more easily cured. I pray you to listen to this if you please. Some say no, others say yes; I say both yes and no; inasmuch as the incongruity of the opaque humors which are found in the natural temperament of women, causes the brutal part to struggle for mastery over the sensitive we find that the conflict of their opinion depends on the oblique motion of the circle of the moon; and as the sun which darts its beams on the concavity of the earth meets
* * *

Lucinde. (*To Léandre.*) No; I am not at all likely to change my feelings.

Gér. Hark! my daughter speaks! O great virtue of the remedy! O excellent physician! How deeply am I obliged to you for this marvellous cure! And what can I do for you after such a service?

Sgan. (*Strutting about the stage fanning himself with his hat.*) This case has given me some trouble.

Lucinde. Yes, father; I have recovered my speech; but I have recovered to tell you that I never will have any other husband than Léandre, and that it is in vain for you to wish to give me Horace.

Gér. But * * *

Lucinde. Nothing will shake the resolution I have taken.

Gér. What * * *

Lucinde. All your fine arguments will be in vain.

Gér. If * * *

Lucinde. All your talking will be of no use.

Gér. I—

Lucinde. I have made up my mind about the matter.

Gér. But * * *

Lucinde. No paternal authority can compel me to marry against my will.

Gér. I have * * *

Lucinde. You may try as much as you like.

Gér. It * * *

Lucinde. My heart cannot submit to this tyranny.

Gér. The * * *

Lucinde. And I will sooner go into a convent than marry a man I do not love.

Gér. But * * *

Lucinde. (*In a loud voice.*) No. By no means. It is of no use. You waste your time. I shall do nothing of the kind. I am fully determined.

Gér. Ah! What a torrent of words! One cannot hold out against it. (*To Sganarelle.*) I beseech you, sir, to make her dumb again.

Sgan. That is impossible. All that I can do in your behalf is to make you deaf, if you like.

Gér. I thank you. (*To Lucinde.*) Do you think * * *

Lucinde. No. All your reasoning will not have the slightest effect on me.

Gér. You shall marry Horace this very evening.

Lucinde. I would sooner marry death itself.

Sgan. (*To Gérard.*) Stop, for Heaven's sake, stop! Let me doctor this matter; it is a disease that has got hold of her, and I know the remedy to apply to it.

Gér. Is it possible, indeed, sir, that you can cure this disease of the mind also?

Sgan. Yes; let me manage it. I have remedies for everything, and our apothecary will serve up capitally for the cure. (*To Léandre.*) A word with you. You perceive that the passion she has for this Léandre is altogether against the wishes of her father; that there is no time to lose; that the humors are very acrimonious; and that it becomes necessary to find a speedy remedy for this complaint, which may get worse by delay. As for myself, I see but one, which is a dose of purgative flight, mixed as it should be with two drachms of matrimonium, made up into pills. She may, perhaps, make some difficulty about taking this remedy; but as you are a clever man in your profession, you must induce her to consent to it, and make her swallow the thing as best you can. Go and take a little turn in

the garden with her to prepare the humors, while I converse here with her father, but, above all, lose not a moment. Apply the remedy, quick! Apply the specific.

SCENE VII—GÉRONTE, SGANARELLE.

Gér. What drugs are these you have just mentioned, sir? It seems to me that I never heard of them before.

Sgan. They are drugs that are used only in urgent cases.

Gér. Did you ever see such insolence as hers?

Sgan. Daughters are a little headstrong at times.

Gér. You would not believe how infatuated she is with this Léandre. I think she would have been the girl to run away with him.

Sgan. You have argued very prudently.

Gér. I was informed that he tried every means to get speech of her.

Sgan. The rascal!

Gér. But he will waste his time.

Sgan. Aye, aye.

Gér. And I will effectually prevent him from seeing her.

SCENE VIII—(*Enter Lucas.*)

Luc. Odds bobs! Sir, here is a pretty to do. Your daughter has fled with her Léandre. It was he that played the apothecary, and this is the physician who has performed this nice operation.

Gér. What! To murder me in this manner! Quick, fetch a magistrate, and take care that he does not get away. Ah, villain! I will have you punished by the law.

Luc. I am afraid, mister Doctor, that you will be hanged. Do not stir a step, I tell you.

SCENE IX—(*Enter Martinc.*)

Mart. (*To Lucas.*) Good gracious! What a difficulty I have had to find this place; just tell me what became of the physician I recommended to you?

Luc. Here he is; just going to be hanged.

Mart. What! my husband hanged! Alas, and for what?

Luc. He has helped some one run away with master's daughter.

Mart. Alas, my dear husband; is it true that you are going to be hanged?

Sgan. Judge for yourself. Ah!

Mart. And must you be made an end of in the presence of such a crowd?

Sgan. What am I to do?

Mart. If you had only finished cutting our wood, I should be somewhat consoled.

Sgan. Leave me, you break my heart.

Mart. No, I will remain to encourage you to die; and I will not leave you until I have seen you hanged.

Sgan. Ah!

SCENE X—(*Enter G ron te.*)

G r. (*To Sganarelle.*) The magistrate will be here directly, and we shall put you in a place of safety where they will be answerable for you.

Sgan. (*On his knees, hat in hand.*) Alas! will not a few strokes with a cudgel do instead?

G r. No, no. The law shall decide. But what do I see.

SCENE XI—(*Enter L andre, Lucinde, Lucas.*)

L an. Sir, I appear before you as L andre, and am come to restore Lucinde to your authority. We intended to run away and get married; but this design has given way to a more honorable proceeding. I will not presume to steal away your daughter, and it is from your hands alone that I will obtain her. I must at the same time acquaint you that I have just now received some letters, informing me of the death of my uncle, and that he has left me heir to all his property.

Gér. Really, sir, your virtue is worthy of my utmost consideration, and I give you my daughter with the greatest pleasure in the world.

Sgan. (*Aside.*) The physician has had a narrow escape.

Mart. Since you are not going to be hanged, you may thank me for being a physician ; for I have procured you this honor.

Sgan. Yes, it is you who procured me, I do not know how many thwacks with a cudgel.

Léan. (*To Sganarelle.*) The result has proved too happy to harbor any resentment.

Sgan. Be it so. (*To Martine.*) I forgive you the blows on account of the dignity to which you have elevated me ; but prepare yourself henceforth to behave with great respect towards a man of my consequence ; and consider that the anger of a physician is more to be dreaded than people imagine.

MELICERTE

COMÉDIE PASTORALE HÉROIQUE.

MÉLICERTE.

A PASTORAL IN TWO ACTS.

The original in verse—Dec. 2, 1666.

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

On the 1st of December, 1666, the troupe of Molière set out for Saint-Germain en Laye, where it was employed as well as the troupe of the hôtel de Bourgogne, and the Italian and Spanish comedians in the *Ballet des Muses*, which inaugurated the renewal of the court-festivals interrupted for nearly a year through the death of the Queen-mother. The celebrated musician Lulli

composed the music for the ballet; whilst the King—madame—Mesdemoiselles de la Vallière and de la Motte, Mesdames de Montespan and de Ludre—four ladies whom the king delighted to honor—and the principle personages of the court took an active part in the entries, the dancing and the mythological sports.

Molière was entrusted with the task of writing a comedy for the entertainments, and he chose for his subject a similar one to the history of Florizel and Perdita in Shakespeare's *Winter's Tale*. It is said that Molière owed the episode of Mélicerte to that part of Madame de Scudéry's *Cyrus* which relates the love-scenes between Sésostris and Timarète, a young shepherd and shepherdess who became enamored of each other and afterwards proved of noble origin. Molière and his troupe remained at St. Germain-en-Laye from the 1st of December, 1666, until the 25th of February, 1667, and received from the king for the time spent in his pleasures two years of their pension. The *Grand Monarque* danced several times himself in the *Ballet des Muses*: he always liked dancing, and however much his early education may have been neglected, upon that point it left nothing to be desired.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Myrtil, in love with Mélicerte.

Acanthe, in love with Daphne.

Tyrène, in love with Éroxène.

Lycarsis, herdsman, supposed father to Myrtil.*

Nicandre, shepherd.

Mopse, shepherd, supposed uncle to Mélicerte.

Mélicerte, shepherdess.

Daphne, shepherdess.

Éroxène, shepherdess.

Corinne, confidante of Mélicerte.

SCENE—THESSALY IN THE VALLEY OF TEMPE.

The play is unimportant and uninteresting. It was simply designed as a ballet, and only two acts were written. It was never finished, and contains no plot.

* This part was played by Molière himself.

PASTORALE COMIQUE.

A COMIC PASTORAL.

INTRODUCED BY MOLIÈRE IN THE BALLET OF THE MUSES.

The original in verse—Jan. 5th, 1667.

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

The *Pastorale Comique*, was probably represented before the Court on the 5th of January, 1667; it formed part of the *Ballet of the Muses*, and most likely replaced the unfinished *Mélicerte* when the ballet was again given in the beginning of that month.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

IN THE PASTORAL.

Lycas,* a rich shepherd in love with Iris.

Philène, a rich shepherd in love with Iris.

Corydon, a young shepherd, friend of Lycas, in love with Iris.

A Herdsman, friend of Philène.

A Shepherd.

Iris, a young shepherdess.

SCENE—THESSALY.

The *Comic Pastoral* tells of the love which Lycas, Philène and Corydon have for Iris. She chooses Corydon; the other two resolve to die, but in doubt which one shall do so first, they follow the advice of a shepherd who sings to them that "we might wish to quit this life for a lovely object's sake, whose heart favors us, but to die for the fair one who rejects us is folly." The *Pastoral* is interspersed with singing and dancing, upon which means of entertainment it depended far more than upon its dramatic action.

* Molière played this part himself.

LE SICILIEN; OU, L'AMOUR PEINTRE,
COMÉDIE.

THE SICILIAN; OR, LOVE MAKES THE PAINTER.

A COMEDY-BALLET IN ONE ACT.

The original partly in prose and partly in verse,
February 14th, 1667.

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

The Sicilian; or, Love Makes the Painter was represented on the 14th of February, 1667, at the palace of Versailles, before Louis XIV.

The Sicilian has been imitated by John Crowne, in *The Country Wit*, (1675); a play said to have been a great favorite with Charles II. Sir Richard Steele in *The Tender Husband*, (1703); and Charles Dibdin in *The Metamorphoses*, have borrowed parts of Molière's *Sicilian*.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Don Pedro, a Sicilian gentleman.*

Adraste, a French gentleman in love with Isidore.

Isidore, a Greek girl, Don Pedro's slave.

A Senator.

Hali, a Turk, Adraste's slave.

Zaide, a young slave girl.

Servants and others.

* This part was played by Molière.

ARGUMENT.

Adraste is in love with Isidore, Don Pedro's slave, who is jealously guarded by her master. Hali,Adraste's slave,procures musicians who sing a fragment of a comedy before Isidore's window, but succeed in arousing Don Pedro as well. The latter in searching for the disturber, gives Hali a slap in the face; Hali returns the compliment. Isidore upbraiding Don Pedro for his jealous fears, he assures her that they proceed only from an excess of love, that he will make her his wife. Hali now attempts to gain access for his master to Isidore by dressing himself as a Turk, and offering to sell Don Pedro certain Turkish slaves who sing and dance for him. Don Pedro detects the trick. Adraste, thereupon takes the affair in his own hands, procures a letter of introduction to Don Pedro, as a French artist, who will paint Isidore's picture. He thus obtains an interview with her, and Hali coming in disguised as a Spanish gentleman, who asks Don Pedro's opinion of the proper course in relation to a slap in the face, diverts Don Pedro's attention, until Adraste has arranged for flight with Isidore. When the lover has gone, Zaide rushes to Don Pedro affecting to flee from her jealous master, the French painter, who is pursuing her sword in hand, because he has found her with her face a little uncovered. Don Pedro gives her his protection, and appeases Adraste's wrath; the latter takes away a closely veiled lady. Don Pedro soon discovers that he has been outwitted, that the veiled woman was Isidore. He makes complaint to a Sicilian magistrate, but that officer has eyes and ears for nothing but the masquerade of Moors, which ends the comedy and the ballet.

TARTUFFE; OU, L'IMPOSTEUR.

COMÉDIE.



TARTUFFE; OR, THE HYPOCRITE.

A COMEDY IN FIVE ACTS.

The original in verse—August 5th, 1667.

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

From the middle ages down to the present time, in all climes and in all countries, the hypocrite appears on the scene. He plays the principal part in the *Fabliaux*. We find him in some of the early German poems, and in the latter part of the epic, *Reynard the Fox*. Boccaccio, in his *Decameron*, describes several times the hypocrite and Machiavelli in his play, the *Madragore*, acted in 1515 before the Pope and his court, sketches a wicked monk, who lays down in rather broad language the maxim that the intentions of a man are everything and his actions are nothing. In *Pascal's Provinciales* the jesuitical hypocrite is also well described.

Tartuffe is the most finished and best result of a series of ideas which for ages men have attempted to shape into a certain form. Molière's *Tartuffe* is the hypocrite of all ages and for all times. Pecksniff seems to be a relative of *Tartuffe*, although his cant is more about humanity and less about religion.

The noun *Tartuffe* is connected with the old French *truffe*, *truffle*, a truffle, and also a jest, a fib. In cognate languages, in the Italian *comedia dell'arte*, we find *Truffa* and *Trufaldino* as rascally servants; in the Venetian *Tofolo* and *Tiritofolo*, a stout, but small, knavish servant; in the Milanese dialect we have *Tartuffol*, a dotard as well as a truffle; and in the Neapolitan language, *Taratufolo*, a simpleton. All these seem to be connected with the low Latin word *truffactor*, deceiver, with the augmentative *tra*; hence *tratuffar*, euphonically *tartuffar*.



The first three acts of *Tartuffe* were performed at Versailles on the 12th of May, 1664, but the king forbade it to be given to the public.

On the 5th of February, 1669, it appeared for the first time before the public. The *Tartuffe* was a great success, and was played nearly forty-four successive times at the Palais Royal, before crowded houses, besides five times at noblemen's seats. The storms that were now raised against *Tartuffe* originated chiefly with the clergy.

Goethe says in his *Conversations*: "a piece to be so constructed as to be fit for the theatre must be symbolical, that is to say each incident must be significant in itself, and lead to another still more important. The *Tartuffe* of Molière is in this respect a great example. The *Tartuffe* comes only once into the world * * * it is the greatest and best thing that exists of the kind."

In another part of his works, the great German author says: "The *Tartuffe* of Molière makes us hate him; he is a criminal who pretends like a hypocrite to be pious and moral, in order to ruin completely an honest family. That which appears striking in the piece is that the subject is still of the day, and that it will never lose its effect, on account of the art with which it has been treated."

PREFACE.*

This a comedy about which there has been a great deal of noise, which has been for a long time persecuted; and the people whom it holds up have well shown that they are the most powerful in France of all those whom I have hitherto portrayed. The Marquises, the bluestockings, and the doctors have quietly suffered themselves to be represented, and have pretended to be amused in common with all the world at the sketches which I have made of them; but the hypocrites have not taken the joke.

If they will take the trouble to examine my comedy in good faith, they will perceive doubtless the honesty of my intentions everywhere, and that it is not intended to hold sacred things up

* This preface was written for the first edition of the *Tartuffe* in 1669.

to ridicule. The reproach against me is that I have put pious terms in the mouth of an imposter. How could I avoid it, wishing to represent the character of a hypocrite accurately?

If we listen to the testimony of antiquity, it will tell us that her most famous philosophers have eulogized comedy. It will show us that Aristotle devoted many of his vigils to the theatre, and took the trouble to reduce to precept the art of constructing comedies; that Greece proclaimed her appreciation of the art by the glorious prizes she awarded to, and the magnificent theatres she built in honor of it; and lastly, that in Rome this same art was crowned with extraordinary honors. I do not say in debauched Rome, under the licentious emperors, but in disciplined Rome, under the wisdom of her consuls, and at the most vigorous period of Roman virtue.

I admit that there have been times in which comedy became corrupt; and what is there in this world that does not become corrupt every day? There is nothing so pure, but what mankind can bring crime to bear upon it; no art so salutary but what they can reverse its intentions; nothing so good in itself, but what they can turn to a bad use. Medicine is a profitable art, and every one esteems it as one of the most excellent things in existence; and yet, there have been periods in which it has made itself odious, and has often been used to poison people. Philosophy is a gift of Heaven, it was given to us to lead our minds to the knowledge of God, by the contemplation of nature's wonders. Still we are not unaware that it has been diverted from its use, and employed openly to support impiety. Even the most sacred things are not safe from men's corruption. I admit that there are places which it would be more salutary to frequent than theatres; and if we take it for granted that all things which do not directly concern God and our salvation, are reprehensible, then it becomes certain that comedy should become one of them, and I for one could not object that it should be condemned among the rest. But let us suppose, as it is true, that there must be intervals to pious devotions, and that we have need of amusement during that time; then I maintain that nothing more innocent than comedy could be found. I have digressed too far. Let me wind up with the remark of a

great prince * on the comedy of *Tartuffe*. A week after it had been forbidden, there was performed before the court a piece entitled *Scaramouch, a hermit*, and the king coming out of the theatre, said to the prince of whom I have spoken: "I should like to know why the people who are so very much shocked at the comedy of Molière, do not say a word about *Scaramouch*;" to which the prince answered, "The reason of that is that the comedy of *Scaramouch* makes game of Heaven¹ and religion about which these gentlemen care very little; but Molière's makes game of them; it is that which they cannot tolerate."

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Orgon, Husband to Elmire.†

Damis, his son.

Valère, Mariane's lover.

Cléante, Orgon's brother-in-law.

Tartuffe.

M. Loyal, a Tipstaff.‡

A Police Officer.§

Elmire, Orgon's Wife.

Madame Pernelle, Orgon's mother.

Mariane, Orgon's daughter.

Dorine, her maid.

Flipote, Madame Pernelle's servant.

THE SCENE IS IN PARIS IN ORGON'S HOUSE.

* The Prince de Condé.

† This part was played by Molière himself. In the inventory taken after Molière's death, we find the dress for Orgon, consisting of a doublet, breeches and cloak of black *venitienne*, the cloak lined with tabby, and adorned with English lace, the garters, rosettes of the shoes, and the shoes adorned in the same manner. Madame Molière played the part of Elmire.

‡ The original has *sergent*. The tipstuffs of the upper court we called *huissiers*: in Paris, *huissiers à verge* and of a lower court, *sergents*.

§ The original has *exempt* from the verb *exempter* to be free from, because formerly non-commissioned officers of the cavalry, who commanded in the absence of their superiors, were free from all other duties and were *exempt*; such officers commanded the *maréchaussée* or prevotal guard when it arrested anyone.

ACT I.

SCENE I—MADAME PERNELLE, ELMIRE, MARIANE, CLÉANTE
DAMIS, DORINE, FLIPOTE.

M. Per. Come along, Flipote, come along; let us get rid of them!

Elm. You walk so fast that one can hardly keep up with you.

M. Per. Do not trouble yourself, daughter-in-law; do not trouble yourself; do not come any farther; there is no need for all this ceremony.

Elm. We only give you your due. But pray, mother, why are you in such haste to leave us?

M. Per. Because I cannot bear to see such goings on. No one cares to please me. I leave your house very little edified; all my advice is despised; nothing is respected, everyone has his say-aloud, and it is just like the court of King Pétaud.*

Dor. If * * *

M. Per. You are, my dear, a little too much of a talker, and a great deal too saucy for a waiting maid. You give your advice about everything.

Dam. But * * *

M. Per. Four letters spell your name, my child—a “fool.” I, your grandmother, tell you so; and I have already predicted to my son, your father, a hundred times, that you are fast becoming a good-for-nothing, who will give him nought but trouble.

Mar. I * * *

M. Per. Good lack! grand-daughter, you play the prude, and to look at you butter would not melt in your mouth. But still waters run deep, as the saying is; and I do not like your sly doing at all.

Elm. But, mother * * *

M. Per. By your leave, daughter-in-law, your whole conduct is altogether wrong; you ought to set them a good example;

* *Pétaud*, from the Latin *peto*, to ask, was formerly the name of the chief of the beggars in France. As his subordinates were very unruly, a house where everybody gave orders was called figuratively “the court of King Pétaud.” In Mr. Clare’s translation, this court is called “Dover’s Court.”

and their late mother managed them a great deal better. You are extravagant ; and it disgusts me to see you decked out like a princess, The woman who wishes to please her husband only, daughter-in-law, has no need of such finery.

Clé. But, after all, madam, * * *

M. Per. As for you, sir, who are her brother, I esteem, love and respect you very much ; but nevertheless, if you were my son and her husband, I would beg of you earnestly not to enter our house. You are always laying down maxims which respectable people ought not to follow. I speak to you rather frankly ; but it is a way I have, and I do not mince my words when I have something on my mind.

Dam. Your Mr. Tartuffe is an angel, no doubt, * * *

M. Per. He is a very worthy man, who ought to be listened to, and I cannot, without getting angry, suffer him to be sneered at by a fool like you.

Dam. What ! am I to allow a censorious bigot to usurp an absolute authority in this house ! and shall we not be permitted to amuse ourselves unless that precious gentleman condescends to give us leave !

Dor. If any one were to listen to him and believe in his maxims, one could not do anything without committing a sin ; for he controls everything—this carping critic.

M. Per. And whatever he does control is well controlled. He wishes to lead you on the road to heaven ; and my son ought to make you all love him.

Dam. No ; look here, grandmother, neither father nor any one else shall induce me to look kindly upon him. I shall belie my heart to say otherwise. His manners every moment enrage me ; I can foresee the consequence, and one time or other I shall have to come to an open quarrel with this low-bred fellow.*

Dor. I should not like to trust myself with him nor with his man Laurent without a good guarantee.

M. Per. I do not know what the servant may be at heart ; but as for the master, I will vouch for him as a good man.

* The original has *pied-plat*, flat-foot—on account of an imaginary connection between a high instep and aristocratic descent.

Dor. Ay; but why particularly for some time past can he not bear anyone to come to the house? What is there offensive to Heaven in a civil visit, that there must be a noise about it to split one's ears? Between ourselves do you wish me to explain? (*Pointing to Elmirc.*) Upon my word, I believe him to be jealous of my mistress.

M. Per. Hold your tongue and mind what you say. It is not he only who blames these visits.

Clé. Alas, madam, will you prevent people talking? It would be a very hard thing if, in life, for the sake of the foolish things that may be said about us, we had to renounce our best friends. There is no protection against slander. Let us, therefore, pay no regard to this silly tittle-tattle; let us endeavor to live honestly and leave the gossips to say what they please.

Dor. May not Daphné, our neighbor, and her little husband, be those who speak ill of us? They whose own conduct is the most ridiculous are always the first to slander others.

M. Per. (*To Elmirc.*) These visits, these balls, these conversations are all inventions of the evil-one. A thousand idle stories are told in no time; and as a certain doctor said very aptly the other day, it is a perfect Tower of Babylon, for everyone chatters to his heart's content; and to show you what brought this up * * * (*Pointing to Cléante.*) But here is this gentleman giggling already! Go and look for some fools to laugh at, and without * * * (*To Elmirc.*) Good bye, daughter-in-law; I will say no more. I will make you a present of the rest, but it will be a fine day when I set my foot in your house again. (*Slapping Flipote's face.*) Come along with you, you stand dreaming and gaping here. Ods bobs! I shall warm your ears for you. March on, march on.

SCENE II—CLÉANTE, DORINE.

Clé. I shall not go with her, for fear she should fall foul of me again; that this good lady * * *

Dor. Ah! it is a pity that she does not hear you say so; she would tell you that you are good, but that she is not yet old enough to be called so.

Clé. How she fired up against us for nothing ! and how infatuated she seems with her Tartuffe.

Dor. Oh, indeed, all this is nothing compared with the son ; and if you saw him, you would say it is much worse. During our troubles he acted like a man of sense, and displayed some courage in the service of his prince ; but since he has grown so fond of this Tartuffe, he is become a perfect dolt. He calls him brother, and loves him in his very soul a hundred times better than either mother, son, daughter or wife. In short, he is crazy about him ; he is his all, his hero ; the other who knows his dupe and wishes to make the most of him, has the art of dazzling him by a hundred deceitful appearances. His pretended devotion draws money from him every hour of the day, and assumes the right of commenting on the conduct of every one of us. Even the jackanapes his servant pretends also to read us a lesson.

SCENE V—ORGON, CLÉANTE, DORINE.

Org. Ha ! Good morrow, brother.

Clé. I was just going, and am glad to see you returned. The country is not very cheering at present.

Org. Dorine * * * (*To Cléante.*) Pray, one moment, brother-in-law. Allow me to inquire the news here to ease my mind. (*To Dorine.*) Has everything gone on well these two days ? What are they doing and how are they all ?

Dor. The day before yesterday my mistress had an attack of fever until evening accompanied by an extraordinary head-ache.

Org. And Tartuffe ?

Dor. Tartuffe ! He is wonderfully well, stout and fat, with a fresh complexion and a ruddy mouth.

Org. Poor fellow !

Dor. In the evening she felt very sick and could not touch a morsel of supper, so violent was still the pain in her head.

Org. And Tartuffe ?

Dor. He supped by himself in her presence ; and very devoutly ate two partridges, and half a leg of mutton hashed.

Org. Poor fellow !

Dor. The whole night she did not close her eyes for a moment. She was so feverish that she could not sleep, and we were obliged to sit up with her until morning.

Org. And Tartuffe?

Dor. Pleasantly overcome with sleep he went to his room when he left the table; and jumped into his cozy bed, where he slept undisturbed until morning.

Org. Poor fellow!

Dor. We at length prevailed upon the mistress to be bled; and she was almost immediately relieved.

Org. And Tartuffe?

Dor. He picked up his courage again as he ought to, and to fortify himself against all harm, he drank four large draughts of wine at breakfast, to make up for the blood that the mistress had lost.

Org. Poor fellow!

Dor. At present, they are both well, and I shall go and inform the mistress, how glad you feel at her recovery.

SCENE VI—ORGON, CLÉANTE.

Clé. She is laughing at you to your face, brother; and without wishing to make you angry, I must tell you candidly that it is not without reason. Was there ever such a whim heard of? Can it be possible that any man could so charm you now-a-days as to make you forget everything for him? That after having relieved his indigence in your own house, you should go so far as
* * *

Org. Stop, brother-in-law, you do not know the man of whom you are speaking.

Clé. I do not know him if you like; but after all, in order to know what sort of a man he is * * *

Org. You would be charmed to know him, brother; and there would be no end to your delight. He is a man * * * who * * * ah * * * a man * * * in short, a

man,*—one who acts up to his own precepts, enjoys a profound peace, and looks upon the whole world as so much dirt. Yes; I am quite another man since I conversed with him; he teaches me to set my heart upon nothing; he detaches my mind from all friendship; and I could see brother, children, mother and wife die, without troubling myself in the least about it.

Clé. Humane sentiments these, brother!

Org. Ah! if you had seen how I first met him, you would have conceived the same friendship for him that I feel. Every day he came to church and with a gentle mien, kneeled down opposite me. He attracted the notice of the whole congregation by the fervency with which he sent up his prayers to Heaven. He uttered sighs, was enraptured, and humbly kissed the ground every moment; and when I went out, he swiftly ran before me to offer me holy water at the door. Informed by his servant who imitates him in everything, of his poverty, and who he was, I made him some presents, but with great modesty he always wished to return some part of them. "It is too much," he said; "too much by half; I do not deserve your pity." And when I refused to take them back again, he would go and give them to the poor before my face. At length Heaven moved me to take him into my house, and since then everything seems to prosper here. I perceive that he reproves everything, and that he takes a great interest even in my wife for my sake. He warns me of the people who look too lovingly at her, and he is six times more jealous of her than I am. But you cannot believe how far his zeal goes; the slightest trifle in himself he calls a sin; a mere nothing is sufficient to shock him, so much so that he accused himself the other day of having caught a flea whilst he was at his devotions and of having killed it with too much anger.

Clé. Zounds, I believe you are mad, brother. Are you making game of me with such a speech? And do you pretend that all this fooling * * *

Org. Brother, this discourse savors of free thinking. You

* This line has given rise to many different readings; but according to the *Lettre sur l'Imposteur*, Orgon intends to quote all the good qualities of Tartuffe, and can find nothing else to say of him but that he is a man.

are somewhat tainted with it ; and as I have often told you, you will get yourself into some unpleasant scrape.

Clé. The usual clap-trap of your sect, they wish everyone to be blind like themselves. I know what I am saying and Heaven sees my heart. We are not the slaves of your formalists. There are hypocrites in religion as well as pretenders to courage ; and as we never find the truly brave man make much noise where honor leads him, no more are the good and truly pious, whom we ought to follow, those who make so many grimaces.

Org. Yes, you are no doubt a doctor to be looked up to ; you possess all the world's wisdom ; and all men compared with you are fools.

Clé. I am not, brother, a doctor, to be looked up to, nor do I possess all the world's wisdom. But in one word I know enough to distinguish truth from falsehood. Our age has shown us some, brother, who may serve us as glorious examples. They have no cabals, all their anxiety is to live well themselves. They never persecute a sinner ; they hate the sin only ; and do not vindicate the interest of Heaven with greater zeal than Heaven itself. These are my people. To say the truth, your man is not of this stamp ; you vaunt his zeal with the best intentions, but I believe you are dazzled by a false glare.

Org. My dear brother-in-law, have you had your say ?

Clé. Yes.

Org. (*Going.*) I am your humble servant.

Clé. Pray, one word more, brother. Let us drop this conversation. You know that Valère has your promise to be your son-in-law.

Org. Yes.

Clé. And that you would appoint a day for the wedding.

Org. True.

Clé. Why then defer the ceremony ?

Org. I do not know.

Clé. Have you another design in your mind ?

Org. Perhaps so.

Clé. Will you break your word ?

Org. I do not say that.

Clè. There is no obstacle, I think, to prevent you from fulfilling your promise.

Org. That is as it may be.

Clè. Why so much ado about a single word? Valère sent me to you about it.

Org. Heaven be praised for that.

Clè. But what answer shall I give him?

Org. Whatever you please.

Clè. But it is necessary to know your intentions. What are they?

Org. To do just what Heaven ordains.

Clè. But to the point, Valère has your promise; will you keep it, or not?

Org. Farewell..

Clè. (*Alone.*) I fear some misfortune for his love, and I ought to inform him of what is going on.

ACT II.

SCENE I—ORGON, MARIANE.

Org. Mariane!

Mar. Father.

Org. Come here; I have something to say to you privately.

Mar. (*To Orgon who is looking into a closet.*) What are you looking for?

Org. I am looking whether there is anyone there who might overhear us; for it is the most likely little place in the world for such a purpose.* Now we are all right. Mariane, I have always found you of a sweet disposition, and you have always been very dear to me.

Mar. I am very much obliged to you for this fatherly affection.

* It is from this "most likely little place," that Damis in the third scene of the third act, overhears Tartuffe declaring his love to Elmire. Molière always takes care to throw out such hints in order to prepare the mind for what is to come.

Org. That is very well said, daughter, and to deserve it, your only care should be to please me.

Mar. That is my greatest ambition.

Org. Very well; what say you of our guest, Tartuffe.

Mar. Who? I?

Org. You. Be careful how you answer.

Mar. Alas! I will say whatever you like of him.

SCENE II—ORGON.

(Mariane, Dorine, entering softly and keeping behind Orgon without being seen.)

Org. That is sensibly spoken. Tell me then, my child, that he is a man of the highest worth; that he has touched your heart; and that it would be pleasant to you to see him, with my approbation, become your husband. He * * *

(Mariane draws back in surprise.)

Mar. He?

Org. What is the matter?

Mar. What did you say?

Org. What?

Mar. Did I mistake?

Org. How?

Mar. Who would you have me say has touched my heart, father, and whom would it be pleasant to have for a husband with your approbation?

Org. Tartuffe.

Mar. But it is nothing of the kind, father, I assure you. Why would you have me tell such a falsehood?

Org. But I wish it to be a truth; and it is sufficient for you that I have resolved it so.

Mar. What, father! would you * * *

Org. Yes, daughter; I intend by your marriage to unite Tartuffe to my family. He shall be your husband; I have decided that; and as on your duty, I * * * *(Perceiving*

Dorinc.) What are you doing there? Your anxious curiosity is very great, my dear, to induce you to listen to us in this manner.

Dor. In truth, I do not know whether this is a mere report arising from conjecture or from chance; but they have just told me the news of this marriage, and I treated it as a pure hoax.

Org. Why so? Is the thing incredible?

Dor. So much so, that even from you, sir, I do not believe it.

Org. I know how to make you believe it, though.

Dor. Yes, yes. You are telling us a funny story.

Org. I am telling you exactly what you shall shortly see.

Dor. Nonsense.

Org. What I say is not in jest, daughter.

Dor. Come, do not believe your father; he is joking.

Org. I tell you * * *

Dor. No. You may say what you like; no one will believe you.

Org. My anger will at last * * *

Dor. Very well! we will believe you, then; and so much the worse for you. What! Is it possible, sir, that with that air of common sense and this great beard in the very midst of your face, you would be foolish enough to be willing to * * *

Org. Now, listen; you have taken certain liberties in this house which I do not like; I tell you so, my dear.

Dor. Let us speak without getting angry, sir, I beg. Is it to laugh at people that you have planned this scheme? Your daughter is not suitable for a bigot; he has other things to think about. And besides, what will such an alliance bring you? Why, with all your wealth, go and choose a beggar for a son-in-law?

Org. Hold your tongue. If he has nothing, know that it is just for that that we ought to esteem him. His poverty is no doubt an honest poverty. But my assistance may give him the means of getting out of his troubles and of recovering his

property. His estates are well known in his country ; and such as you see him, he is quite the nobleman.

Dor. Yes, so he says ; and this vanity, sir, does not accord well with piety. Whosoever embraces the innocence of a holy life should not boast so much about his name and his lineage. Would you, without some compunction, give a girl like her to a man like him ? And ought you not to have some regard for propriety, and foresee the consequences of such a union ? He who gives to his daughter a man whom she hates is responsible to Heaven for the faults which she commits. Consider to what perils your design exposes you.

Org. I tell you I must learn from her what to do !

Dor. You cannot do better than to follow my advice.

Org. Do not let us waste any more time with this silly prattle, daughter. I am your father, and know what is best for you. I had promised you to Valère, but besides his being inclined to gamble, as I am told, I also suspect him to be somewhat of a freethinker. I never notice him coming to church.

Dor. Would you like him to run there at your stated hours like those who go there only to be seen.

Org. I am not asking your advice upon that. The other candidate for your hand is in short on the best of terms with Heaven, and that is a treasure second to none. There will be no annoying disputes between you ; and you will make anything you like of him.

Dor. She ? she will never make anything but a fool of him I assure you.

Org. Hey-dey, what language !

Dor. I say that he has the appearance of one.

Org. Leave off interrupting me and try to hold your tongue, without poking your nose into what does not concern you.

Dor. (*She continually interrupts him when he turns round to speak to his daughter.*) I speak only for your interest, sir.

Org. You interest yourself too much ; hold your tongue, if you please.

Dor. If one did not care for you * * *

Org. I do not wish you to care for me.

Dor. And I will care for you, sir, in spite of yourself.

Org. Ah!

Dor. Your honor is dear to me, and I cannot bear to see you the bye word of everyone.

Org. You will not hold your tongue?

Dor. It is a matter of conscience to allow you to form such an alliance.

Org. Will you hold your tongue, you serpent, whose brazen face * * *

Dor. What! you are religious and you fly into a rage!

Org. Yes, all your nonsense has excited my choler, and once for all, you shall hold your tongue.

Dor. Be it so. But, though I do not say a word, I will think none the less.

Org. Think if you like but take care not to say a word, or * * * (*Turning to his daughter.*) That will do. As a sensible man I have carefully weighed everything.

Dor. (*Aside.*) It drives me mad that I must not speak.

Org. Without being a fop, Tartuffe's mien is such * * *

Dor. Yes, his is a very pretty phiz!

Org. That even if you have no sympathy with his other gifts * * *

Dor. (*Aside.*) She has got a bargain. (*Orgon turns to Dorine, and with crossed arms listens and looks her in the face.*) If I were in her place assuredly no man should marry me against my will.

Org. (*To Dorine.*) Then you do not heed what I say.

Dor. What are you grumbling at? I did not speak to you?

Org. What did you do then?

Dor. I was speaking to myself.

Org. (*Aside.*) Very well! I must give her a backhander to pay her out for her extreme insolence. (*He puts himself into a position to slap her face; and at every word he says to his daughter, he turns round to look at Dorine, who stands bolt upright without*

speaking.) You ought to approve of my plan daughter * * and believe that the husband I have selected for you (*To Dorine.*) Why do you not speak to yourself?

Dor. I have nothing to say to myself.

Org. Just another little word.

Dor. It does not suit me.

Org. I am looking out for you, be sure.

Dor. I am not such a fool as you think me.

Org. In short daughter you must obey and show a complete deference to my choice.

Dor. (*Running away.*) I would not care a straw for such a husband.

Org. (*Failing to slap Dorine's face.*) You have a pestilent hussy with you, daughter, with whom I cannot put up any longer without forgetting myself. I do not feel equal to continue our conversation now; her insolent remarks have set my brain on fire, and I must have a breath of air to compose myself. (*Exit Orgon.*)

SCENE III.

Dor. Tell me, have you lost your speech? And must I act your part in this affair? To allow such a senseless proposal to be made to you without saying the least word against it.

Mar. What would you have me do against a tyrannical father.

Dor. That which is necessary to ward off such a threat.

Mar. What?

Dor. Tell him that you cannot love by proxy, that you marry for yourself and not for him; that you being the only one concerned in this matter, it is you and not he who must like the husband, and that since Tartuffe is so charming in his eyes, he may marry him himself without let or hindrance.

Mar. Ah! a father, I confess, has so much authority over us that I have never had the courage to answer him.

Dor. But let us argue this affair. Valère has proposed to you; do you love him, pray, or do you not?

Mar. Ah! you do my feelings great injustice to ask me such a question. Do you not know the warmth of my affection for him?

Dor. How do I know whether your lips have spoken what your heart felt?

Mar. You wrong me greatly in doubting it, Dorine.

Dor. You really love him, then?

Mar. Yes, very passionately.

Dor. And, to all appearances he loves you as well.

Mar. I believe so.

Dor. And you are both equally eager to marry each other.

Mar. Assuredly.

Dor. What do you expect from this other match then?

Mar. To kill myself, if they force me to it.

Dor. Very well. The remedy is doubtless admirable. It drives me mad to hear this sort of talk.

Mar. Good gracious! Dorine. You do not sympathize in the least with people's troubles.

Dor. I do not sympathize with people who talk stupidly, and when an opportunity presents itself, give way as you do?

Mar. But what would you have me do. If I am timid *
* *

Dor. Love requires firmness.

Mar. But have I wavered in my affection for Valère? And is it not his duty to obtain a father's consent?

Dor. But what if your father is a downright churl, who is completely taken up with his Tartuffe, and will break off a match he had agreed on, is your lover to be blamed for that?

Mar. But am I, by a flat refusal and a scornful disdain, to let every one know how much I am smitten? However brilliant Valère may be, am I to forget the modesty of my sex and my filial duty? And would you have me display my passion to the whole world?

Dor. No, I would have you do nothing of the sort. I perceive that you would like to be Mr. Tartuffe's. What right have I to

oppose your wishes? The match in itself is very advantageous. Monsieur Tartuffe! oh! oh! is no small fry. He is a noble in his own country, handsome in appearance; he has red ears and a florid complexion. You will live only too happily with such a husband.

Mar. Good gracious.

Dor. How joyful you will be to see yourself the wife of such a handsome husband!

Mar. Ah! leave off such talk, I pray, and rather assist me to free myself from this match. It is finished; I yield, and am ready to do anything.

Dor. No, a daughter ought to obey her father even if he wishes her to marry an ape. Of what do you complain? You will drive down in the stage-coach to his native town, where you will find plenty of uncles and cousins whom it will be your great delight to entertain. You will be introduced directly into the best society. You will go and pay the first visits to the wife of the bailie, and of the assessor who will do you the honor of giving you the folding chair.* There at carnival time you may expect a ball with the grand band of musicians to wit, two bagpipes, and sometimes Fagotin† and the marionettes. If your husband, however * * *

Mar. Oh! you will kill me. Try rather to assist me with your counsels.

Dor. I am your servant.

Mar. Ah! For pity's sake, Dorine * * *

Dor. This affair ought to go on to punish you.

Mar. There is a good girl.

Dor. No.

Mar. If I declare to you that * * *

Dor. Not at all. Tartuffe is your man, and you shall have a taste of him.

Mar. You know I have always confided in you, Do * * *

* A folding chair was always given to people of inferior rank to sit on, when in the presence of their superiors.

† Fagotin was the name of a famous trained monkey, very much admired in Paris in Molière's time. La Fontaine mentions him in his fable of *The Court of the Lion*.

Dor. No, it is no use, you shall be Tartuffed.

Mar. Very well since my misfortunes cannot move you, leave me henceforth entirely to my despair. I know an infallible remedy for my sufferings. (*She wishes to go.*)

Dor. Stop, stop, come back. I give in. In spite of all I must take compassion on you.

Mar. Look here Dorine, if they inflict this cruel martyrdom upon me, I shall die of it, I tell you.

Dor. Do not worry yourself. We will cleverly prevent
* * * But here comes Valère, your lover.

SCENE IV—(*Enter Valère.*)

Val. I have just been told a piece of news, madam, which I did not know, and which is certainly very pretty.

Mar. What is it?

Val. That you are going to be married to Tartuffe.

Mar. My father has taken this idea into his head, certainly.

Val. Your father, madam, * * *

Mar. Has altered his mind. He has just proposed this affair me.

Val. What! Seriously?

Mar. Yes, seriously; he has openly declared himself for this match.

Val. And what have you decided in your own mind, madam?

Mar. I know not.

Val. The answer is polite. You know not?

Mar. No.

Val. No?

Mar. What do you advise me?

Val. I, I advise you to take this husband.

Mar. Is that your advice?

Val. Yes.

Mar. Seriously?

Val. Doubtless. The choice is glorious and well worth consideration.

Mar. Very well, sir ; I shall act upon the advice.

Val. That will not be very painful, I think.

Mar. No more painful than for you to give it.

Val. I gave it to please you, madam.

Mar. And I shall follow it to please you.

Dor. (*Retiring to the farthest part of the stage.*) Let us see what this will come to.

Val. This, then, is your affection? And it was all deceit when you * * *

Mar. Do not let us speak of that, I pray. You have told me quite candidly that I ought to accept the husband selected for me, and I declare that I intend to do so, since you give me this wholesome advice.

Val. Do not make my advice your excuse. Your resolution was taken beforehand ; and you catch at a frivolous pretext to justify the breaking of your word.

Mar. Very true, and well put.

Val. No doubt ; and you never had any real affection for me.

Mar. Alas ! Think so if you like.

Val. Yes, yes ; if I like ; but my offended feelings may perhaps forestall you in such a design ; and I know where to offer both my heart and my hand.

Mar. Ah ! I have no doubt of it ; and the love which merit can command * * *

Val. For Heaven's sake, let us drop merit. I have but little, no doubt, and you have given proof of it. But I hope much from the kindness of some one whose heart is open to me, and who will not be ashamed to consent to repair my loss.

Mar. The loss is not great, and you will easily enough console yourself for this change.

Val. I shall do my utmost you may depend ; a heart that forgets us, wounds our self-love ; we must do our best to forget it also ; if we do not succeed, we must at least pretend to do so,

for the meanness is unpardonable of still loving when we are forsaken.

Mar. This is, no doubt, an elevated and noble sentiment.

Val. It is so, and every one must approve of it. What! would you have me forever nourish my ardent affection for you, and not elsewhere bestow that heart which you reject, whilst I see you before my face pass into the arms of another.

Mar. On the contrary; as for me, that is what I would have you do, and I wish it were done already.

Val. You wish it?

Mar. Yes.

Val. That is a sufficient insult, madam, and I shall satisfy you this very moment. (*He pretends to go.*)

Mar. Very well.

Val. (*Coming back.*) Remember, at least, that you yourself drive me to this extremity.

Mar. Yes.

Val. (*Coming back once more.*) And that I am only following your example.

Mar. Very well, my example.

Val. (*Going.*) That will do; you shall be obeyed on the spot.

Mar. So much the better.

Val. (*Coming back again.*) This is the last time that you will ever see me.

Mar. That is right.

Val. (*Goes and turns round at the door.*) Eh?

Mar. What is the matter?

Val. Did you not call me?

Mar. I! You are dreaming.

Val. Well! then I will be gone. Farewell, madam. (*He goes slowly.*)

Mar. Farewell, sir.

Dor. (*To Mariane.*) I think that you are losing your senses with all this folly. I have all along allowed you to quarrel, to

see what it would lead to at last. Hullo, Mr. Valère! (*She takes hold of Valère's arm.*)

Val. (*Pretending to resist.*) Eh? What do you want, Dorine?

Dor. Come here.

Val. No, no. I feel too indignant. Do not hinder me, from doing what she wishes.

Dor. Stop.

Val. No. Look here, I have made up my mind.

Dor. Ah!

Mar. (*Aside.*) He cannot bear to see me; my presence drives him away; and I had therefore much better leave the place.

Dor. (*Quitting Valère and running after Mariane.*) Now for the other. Where are you running to?

Mar. Let me alone.

Dor. You must come back.

Mar. No, no, Dorine; it is of no use detaining me.

Val. (*Aside.*) I see but too well that the sight of me annoys her; and I had no doubt better free her from it.

Dor. (*Leaving Mariane and running after Valère.*) What, again; the deuce take you. Yes, I will have it so. Cease this fooling, and come here both of you. (*She holds them both.*)

Val. (*To Dorine.*) What are you about?

Mar. (*To Dorine.*) What would you do?

Dor. I would have you make it up together, and get out of this scrape. (*To Valère.*) Are you mad to wrangle in this way?

Val. Did you not hear how she spoke to me?

Dor. (*To Mariane.*) Are you silly to have got into such a passion?

Mar. Did you not see the thing, and how he has treated me?

Dor. Folly on both sides. (*To Valère.*) She has no other wish than to remain yours, I can vouch for it. (*To Mariane.*) He loves none but you, and desires nothing more than to be your husband, I will answer for it with my life.

Mar. (*To Valère.*) Why then did you give me such advice?

Val. (*To Mariane.*) Why did you ask me for it on such a subject?

Dor. You are a pair of fools. Come, your hands, both of you. (*To Valère.*) Come, yours.

Val. (*Giving his hand to Dorine.*) What is the good of my hand?

Dor. (*To Mariane.*) Come now, yours.

Mar. (*Giving hers.*) What is the use of all this?

Dor. Good Heavens! quick, come on. You love each other better than you think.

(*Valère and Mariane hold each others hands for some time without speaking.*)

Val. (*Turning towards Mariane.*) Do not do things with such a bad grace, and cast a glance upon one without any hatred. (*Mariane turns to Valère and smiles on him.*)

Dor. Truth to tell, lovers are great fools!

Val. (*To Mariane.*) Now, really, have I no reason to complain of you; and without an untruth, are you not a naughty girl to delight in saying disagreeable things?

Mar. And you, are you not the most ungrateful fellow * *

Dor. Leave all this debate till another time, and let us think about averting this confounded marriage.

Mar. Tell us then, what are we to do.

Dor. We must do many things. (*To Mariane.*) Your father does but jest; (*To Valère.*) And it is all talk. (*To Mariane.*) But as for you, you had better appear to comply quietly with his nonsense, so that in case of need, it may be easier for you to put off this proposed marriage. In gaining time, we gain everything. Sometimes you can feign a sudden illness, that will necessitate a delay; then you can pretend some evil omens that you unluckily met a corpse, broke a looking-glass, or dreamed of muddy water. In short, the best of it is that they cannot unite you to any one else but him, unless you please to say yes. But, the better to succeed, I think it advisable that you should not be seen talking together. (*To Valère.*) Now go; and without delay, employ your friends to make Orgon keep his promise to

you. We will interest her brother and enlist her mother-in-law on our side. Good bye.

Val. (To Mariane.) Whatever efforts we may make together, my greatest hope, to tell the truth is in you.

Mar. (To Valère.) I cannot answer for the will of a father, but I shall be no one's but Valère's.

Val. Oh, how happy you make me ! And whatever they may attempt * * *

Dor. Ah, lovers are never weary of prattling. Be off, I tell you.

Val. (Goes a step and returns.) After all * * *

Dor. What a cackle ! Go you this way ; and you, the other. *(Dorine pushes each of them by the shoulder and compels them to separate.)*

ACT III.

SCENE I—DAMIS, DORINE.

Dam. May lightning strike me dead on the spot, may every one treat me as the greatest of scoundrels, if any respect or authority shall stop me from doing something rash !

Dor. Curb this temper, for Heaven's sake ; your father did but mention it. People do not carry out all their proposals ; and the road between the saying and doing is a long one.

Dam. I must put a stop to this fellows plots and whisper a word or too in his ear.

Dor. Gently, pray ! leave him and your father as well, to your mother-in-law's management. She has some influence with Tartuffe ; he agrees to all that she says, and I should not wonder that he had some sneaking regard for her. Would to Heaven that it were true ! A pretty thing that would be !* In short, your interest obliges her to send for him ; she wishes to sound him about this marriage. His servant told me he was at prayer, and that I could not get sight of him ; but said that he was coming down. Go, therefore, I pray you, and let me wait for him.

* This is the third time the audience has heard that Tartuffe loves Elmire, and Molière does this in order that the public should not afterwards be too suddenly horrified when the hypocrite is unmasked.

Dam. I may be present at this interview.

Dor. Not at all. They must be alone.

Dam. I shall not say a word to him.

Dor. You deceive yourself: we know your usual outbursts, and that is just the way to spoil all. Go.

Dam. No. I will see without getting angry.

Dor. How tiresome you are; Here he comes. Away!

(Damis hides himself in a closet at the farther end of the stage.)

SCENE II—TARTUFFE, DORINE.

Tar. *(The moment he sees Dorine, he begins to speak loudly to his servant, who is behind.)** Laurent, put away my hair, and my scourge, and pray that Heaven may ever enlighten you. If any one calls to see me, say that I have gone to the prisoners to distribute alms which I have received.

Dor. *(Aside.)* What affectation and boasting!

Tar. What do you want?

Dor. To tell you * * *

Tar. *(Pulling a handkerchief from his pocket.)* For Heaven's sake, before you go any farther, take this handkerchief, I pray.

Dor. For what?

Tar. Cover this bosom which I cannot bear to see. The spirit is offended by such sights.

Dor. You are then mighty susceptible to temptation.

Tar. Be a little more modest in your expressions or I shall leave you on the spot.

Dor. No, no. It is I who am going to leave you to yourself; and I have only two words to say to you. My mistress is coming down into this parlor, and wishes the favor of a minute's conversation with you.

Tar. Alas! with all my heart.

* The foul hero of the play only makes his appearance now in the second scene of the third act. According to the *Lettre sur l'Imposteur*, this was done by Molière on purpose, because such a character could appear only when the action was in full force.

Dor. (*Aside.*) How he softens down! Upon my word, I stick to what I have said of him.

Tar. Will she be long?

Dor. Methinks I hear her. Yes it is herself, and I leave you together.

SCENE III—ELMIRE, TARTUFFE.

Tar. May Heaven in its mighty goodness, forever bestow upon you health both of soul and of body, and bless your days as much as the humblest of its votaries desires.

Elm. I am much obliged for this pious wish. But let us take a seat to be more at ease.

Tar. (*Seated.*) Are you quite recovered from your indisposition.

Elm. (*Seated.*) Quite; this fever has soon left me.

Tar. My prayers are not deserving enough to have drawn this grace from above; but not one of them ascended to Heaven that had not your recovery for its object.

Elm. You are too anxious in your zeal for me.

Tar. We cannot cherish your dear health too much and to reestablish yours I would have given mine.

Elm. That is pushing Christian charity very far, and I feel much indebted to you for all this kindness.

Tar. I do much less for you than you deserve.

Elm. I wished to speak to you in private about a certain matter, and am glad that no one is here to observe us.

Tar. I am equally delighted; and no doubt it is very pleasant to me, madam, to find myself alone with you. I have often asked this opportunity from Heaven; but till now, in vain.

Elm. What I wish is a few words with you, upon a small matter in which you bare your heart, and conceal nothing from me. (*Damis, without showing himself, half opens the door of the closet into which he had retired to listen to the conversation.*)

Tar. And I will also, in return for this rare favor unbosom myself entirely to you, and swear to you that the reports about the visits which you receive in homage to your charms, do not

spring from any hatred towards you, but rather from a passionate zeal which carries me away and out of a pure motive * * *

Elm. That is how I take it. I think it is for my good that you trouble yourself so much.

Tar. (*Taking Elmire's hand and pressing her fingers.*) Yes, madam, no doubt; and my fervor is such * * *

Elm. Oh! you squeeze me too hard.

Tar. It is through excess of zeal. I never had any intention of hurting you and would sooner * * * (*He places his hand upon Elmire's dress.*)

Elm. What does your hand there?

Tar. I am only feeling your dress; the stuff is very soft.

Elm. Oh, please leave off. (*Elmire pushes her chair back, and Tartuffe draws near with his.*)

Tar. (*Handling the collar of Elmire.*) Bless me! How wonderful is the workmanship of this lace! never was anything so beautifully made.

Elm. It is true. But let us have some talk about our affair. I am told that my husband wishes to retract his promise and give you his daughter. Is it true? Tell me.

Tar. He has hinted something to me; but to tell you the truth, madam, that is not the happiness for which I am sighing; I behold elsewhere the marvelous attractions of that bliss which forms the height of my wishes.

Elm. That is because you have no love for earthly things.

Tar. My breast does not contain a heart of flint.

Elm. I believe that all your sighs tend towards Heaven, and that nothing here below rouses your desires.

Tar. The love which attracts us to eternal beauties does not stifle in us the love of earthly things; our senses may be easily charmed by the perfect works which Heaven has created. Its reflected loveliness shines forth in such as you, but in you alone it displays its choicest wonders. It has diffused on your face such beauty, that it dazzles the eyes and transports the heart; nor could I behold you, perfect creature, without admiring in you nature's author, and feeling my heart smitten with an ardent

love for the most beautiful of portraits, wherein he has reproduced himself. At first my heart even resolved to fly your presence. But at last, I found, oh, most lovely beauty, that my passion could not be blamable; that I could reconcile it with modesty, and this made me freely indulge it. It is, I confess, a great presumption in me to dare to offer you this heart; it is by your decision solely that I shall be happy if you wish it; or miserable, if it pleases you.

Elm. The declaration is exceedingly gallant; but it is, to speak truly, rather a little surprising. A pious man like you, and who is everywhere spoken of * * *

Tar. Ah! Although I am a pious man, I am not the less a man, and when one beholds your heavenly charms the heart surrenders and reasons no longer. I know that such discourse from me must appear strange; but after all, madam, I am not an angel; and if my confession be condemned by you, you must blame your own attractions for it. •

Elm. I have listened to what you say, and your rhetoric explains itself in sufficiently strong terms to me. But are you not afraid that the fancy may take me to tell my husband of this gallant ardor, and that this might well change the friendship which he bears you.

Tar. I know that you are too gracious, and that you will pardon my boldness. Consider by looking at yourself that people are not blind.

Elm. Others, would, perhaps, take it in a different fashion; but I shall show my discretion. I shall not tell the matter to my husband, but in return I require something of you; that is, to forward honestly and without quibbling the union of Valère with Mariane, to renounce the unjust power which would enrich you with what belongs to another; and * * *

SCENE IV.

Damis. (*Coming out of the closet in which he was hidden.*) No, madam, no; this shall be made public. I was in there when I overheard it all, and Providence seems to have conducted me thither to abash the pride of a wretch who wrongs me; to point

me out a way to take vengeance on his hypocrisy and insolence ; to undeceive my father, and to show him plainly the heart of a villain who talks to you of love.

Elm. No, Damis ; it suffices that he reforms and endeavors to deserve my indulgence. Since I have promised him do not make me break my word. I have no wish to provoke a scandal ; a woman laughs at such follies and never troubles her husband's ears with them.

Dam. You have your reasons for acting in that way, and I also have mine for behaving differently. My father must be undeceived about this perfidious wretch, and Heaven offers me an easy means. I am indebted to it for this opportunity, and it is too favorable to be neglected.

Elm. Damis, * * *

Dam. No, by your leave, I will use my own judgment. I am highly delighted ; and all you can say will be in vain to make me forego the pleasure of revenge. I shall settle this affair without delay ; and here is just the opportunity.

SCENE V—(*Enter Orgon.*)

Dam. We will enliven your arrival with an altogether fresh incident that will surprise you much. You are well repaid for all your caresses, and this gentleman rewards your tenderness handsomely. His great zeal for you has just shown itself ; and I have just surprised him making to your wife an insulting avowal. Her sweet disposition and her too discreet feelings would by all means have kept the secret from you ; but I cannot encourage such insolence, and think that to have been silent about it would have been to do you an injury.

Elm. Yes, I am of opinion that we ought never to trouble a husband's peace with all these silly stories ; that our honor does not depend upon that, and that it is enough for us to be able to defend ourselves. These are my sentiments ; and you would have said nothing, Damis, if I had had any influence with you.
(*Exit Elmire.*)

SCENE VI.

Org. What have I heard! Oh, Heavens! is it credible?

Tar. Yes, brother, I am a wicked, guilty, wretched sinner, full of iniquity, the greatest villain that ever existed. Each moment of my life is replete with pollutions; it is but a mass of crime and corruptions, and I see that Heaven to chastise me, intends to mortify me on this occasion. Whatever great crime may be laid to my charge, I have neither the wish nor the pride to deny it. Believe what you are told, arm your anger, and drive me like a criminal from the house. Whatever shame you may heap upon me, I deserve still more.

Org. (*To his son.*) What, wretch! dare you by this falsehood tarnish the purity of his virtue?

Dam. What, shall the pretended gentleness of this hypocrite make you belie * * *

Org. Peace, cursed plague!

Tar. Oh, let him speak; you accuse him wrongly, and you had much better believe in his story. Why will you be so favorable to me, after hearing such a fact? Are you, after all aware of what I am capable? Why trust to my exterior, brother, and why for all that is seen, believe me to be better than I am? No, no, you allow yourself to be deceived by appearances, and I am, alas! nothing less than what they think me. Everyone takes me to be a godly man, but the real truth is that I am very worthless. (*Addressing himself to Damis.*) Yes, my dear child, say on, call me a perfidious, infamous, lost wretch, a thief, a murderer; load me with still more detestable names, I shall not contradict you; I have deserved them, and I am willing on my knees to suffer ignominy as a disgrace due to the crimes of my life.

Org. (*To Tartuffe.*) This is too much, brother. (*To his son.*) Does not your heart relent?

Dam. What, shall his words deceive you so far, as to * * *

Org. Hold your tongue, you hangdog! (*Raising Tartuffe.*) Rise, brother, I beseech you. (*To his son.*) Infamous wretch!

Dam. He can * * *

Org. Hold your tongue.

Dam. I burst with rage. What! I am looked upon as * * *

Org. Say another word, and I will break your bones.

Tar. In Heavens name, brother, do not forget yourself! I would rather suffer the greatest hardship, than that he should receive the slightest hurt for my sake.

Org. (*To his son.*) Ungrateful monster!

Tar. Leave him in peace. If I must on both knees ask you to pardon him.

Org. (*Throwing himself on his knees also, and embracing Tartuffe.*) Alas! are you in jest? (*To his son.*) Behold his goodness, scoundrel! high
fores

Dam. Thus * * *

Org. Cease.

Dam. What, I * * *

Org. Peace, I tell you. I know too well the motive of your attack. You all hate him, and I now perceive wife, children and servants, all let loose against him. Every trick is impudently resorted to, to remove this pious person from my house.

Dam. Do you mean to compel your daughter to accept him?

Org. Yes, wretch! and to enrage you, this very evening. Yes, I defy you all, and shall let you know that I am the master, and that I will be obeyed. Come, retract; throw yourself at his feet immediately; you scoundrel, and ask his pardon.

Dam. What? I! at the feet of this rascal, who by his impostures * * *

Org. What, you resist you beggar, and insult him besides! (*To Tartuffe.*) A cudgel! a cudgel! do not hold me back. (*To his son.*) Out of my house this minute, and never dare to come back to it.

Dam. Yes, I shall go, but * * *

Org. Quick, leave the place. I disinherit you, you hangdog, and give you my curse besides. (*Exit Damis.*)

SCENE VIII.

Org. To offend a saintly person in that way!

Tar. Forgive him, oh Heaven! the pang he causes me. (*To Orgon.*) Could you but know my grief at seeing myself blackened in my brother's sight * * *

Org. Alas!

Tar. The very thought of this ingratitude tortures my soul to that extent * * * The horror I conceive of it * * * My heart is so oppressed that I cannot speak, and I believe it will be my death.

Org. (*Running all in tears, towards the door by which his son has disappeared.*) Scoundrel! I am sorry my hand has spared you, and not knocked you down on the spot. (*To Tartuffe.*) Compose yourself and do not grieve.

Tar. Let us put an end to these sad disputes. I perceive what troubles I cause in this house, and think it necessary, brother, to leave it.

Org. What! You are jesting surely.

Tar. They hate me, and I find they are trying to make you suspect my integrity.

Org. What does it matter? Do you think that in my house I listen to them?

Tar. They will not fail to continue, you may be sure, and these self-same stories which you now reject may perhaps be listened to at another time.

Org. No, brother, never.

Tar. Ah, brother, a wife may easily impose upon a husband.

Org. No, no.

Tar. Allow me by removing hence promptly to deprive them of all subject of attack.

Org. No, you shall remain! my life depends upon it.

Tar. Well! I must then mortify myself. If, however, you would * * *

Org. Ah!

Tar. Be it so; let us say no more about it. But I know how to manage in this. Honor is a tender thing and friendship enjoins me to prevent reports and causes for suspicion. I shall shun your wife and you shall not see me ^{scarcely; the association here.}

Org. No, in spite of all, you shall frequently be with her. To annoy the world is my greatest delight; and I wish you to be seen with her at all times. Nor is this all; the better to defy them all, I will have no other heir but you, and I am going forthwith to execute a formal deed of gift of all my property to you. A faithful and honest friend whom I take for son-in-law is dearer to me than son, wife and parents. Will you not accept what I propose?

Tar. The will of Heaven be done in all things.

Org. Poor fellow. Quick! let us get the draft drawn up; and then let envy itself burst with spite.

ACT IV.

SCENE I—CLÉANTE, TARTUFFE.

Clé. Yes, everyone talks about it, and you may believe me. The stir which this rumor makes is not at all to your credit, and I have just met you opportunely to tell you my opinion in two words. I will not sift these reports to the bottom; I refrain and take the thing at its worst. Let us suppose that Damis has not acted well and that you have been wrongly accused; would it not be like a Christian to pardon the offence? And ought you on account of a dispute with you to allow a son to be driven from his father's house? Make a sacrifice to God of your resentment, and restore a son to his father's favor.

Tar. Alas! for my part, I would do so with all my heart. I do not bear him, sir, the slightest ill-will. But Heaven's interest is opposed to it, and if he comes back, I must leave the house. After his unparalleled behavior, communication with him would give rise to scandal; they would say elsewhere, that knowing myself to be guilty, I am afraid and wish to conciliate him in order to bribe him in an underhand manner into silence.

Clé. You try to put forward pretended excuses, and your reasons, sir, are too far-fetched. Why do you charge yourself

with Heaven's interests? Has it any need of us to punish the guilty? No, no. Let us always do what Heaven prescribes, and not trouble our heads with other cares.

Tar. I have told you that from my heart I forgive him; and that, sir, is doing what Heaven commands us to do, but after the scandals and insult of to-day, Heaven does not require me to live with him.

Clé. And does it require you to lend an ear to what a mere whim dictates to his father, and to accept the gift of a property to which in justice you have no claim whatever.

Tar. Those who know me will not think that this proceeds from self-interest. All the world's goods have but few charms for me; I am not dazzled by their deceptive glare, and should I determine to accept from his father that donation which he wishes to make to me, it is only in truth because I fear that all that property might fall into wicked hands.

Clé. Oh, sir, you need not entertain these delicate scruples which may give cause for the rightful heir to complain. Allow him at his peril to enjoy his own, without troubling yourself in any way. Has true piety any maxim showing how a legitimate heir may be stripped of his property?

Tar. Sir, it is half-past three; certain religious duties call me up stairs, and you will excuse my leaving you so soon.

Clé. (Alone.) Ah! *What a long day it is!* *SWEAT,*

SCENE II—(Enter *Elmire*, *Mariane*, *Dorine*.)

Dor. (To *Cléante*.) For Heaven's sake, bestir yourself with us for her; she is in mortal grief, and the marriage contract which her father has resolved upon being signed this evening, drives her every moment to despair. Here he comes! Pray let us unite our efforts and try by force or art to shake this unfortunate design that causes all this trouble.

SCENE III—(Enter *Orgon*.)

Org. Ah! I am glad to see you all assembled. (To *Mariane*.) There is something in this document to please you. You know already what it means.

He has just signed a document Gorgo
which I have just signed

Mar. (*At Orgon's feet.*) Father, in the name of Heaven which knows my grief and by all that can move your heart, relax somewhat of your paternal rights and absolve me from obedience in this case. If contrary to the sweet expectations I have formed, you forbid me to belong to him whom I have dared to love, kindly save me at least, I implore you on my knees, from the torment of belonging to one whom I abhor; and do not drive me to despair by exerting your full power over me.

Org. (*Somewhat moved.*) Firm, my heart! None of this human weakness.

Mar. Your tenderness for him causes me no grief; indulge it to its full extent, give him your wealth, and if that be not enough, add mine to it; I consent to it with all my heart, and I leave you to dispose of it. But, at least, stop short of my own self; and allow me to end in the austerities of a convent, the sad days which Heaven has allotted to me.

Org. Ah! that is it! When a father crosses a girl's love-sick inclinations, she wishes to become a nun. Get up. The more repugnance you feel in accepting him, the more will be your merit. Mortify your senses by this marriage and do not trouble me any longer.

Dor. But what * * *

Org. Hold your tongue. Meddle only with what concerns you. I flatly forbid you to say another word.

Clé. If you will permit me to answer you and advise.

Org. Your advice is the best in the world, brother. It is well argued, and I set great store by it, but you must allow me not to avail myself of it.

Elm. (*To her husband.*) I am at a loss what to say after all I have seen; and I quite admire your blindness. You must be mightily bewitched and prepossessed in his favor to deny to us the incidents of this day.

Org. I am your servant, and judge by appearances, I know your indulgence for my rascal of a son, and you were afraid of disowning the trick which he wished to play on the poor fellow. But, after all, you took it too quietly to be believed. You ought to have appeared somewhat more upset.

Elm. Is our honor to bridle up so strongly at a simple avowal? I simply laugh at such talk.

Org. In short, I know the whole affair, and will not be imposed upon.

Elm. Once more, I wonder at your strange weakness; but what would your unbelief answer if I were to show you that you had been told the truth?

Org. Show!

Elm. Aye.

Org. Stuff!

Elm. But if I found the means to show you plainly * * *

Org. Idle stories.

Elm. What a strange man! Answer me, at least. I am not speaking of believing us; but suppose you found a place where you could plainly see and hear everything, what would you say then of your good man?

Org. In that case I should say that * * * I should say nothing, for the thing cannot be.

Elm. Your delusion has lasted too long, and I have been too much taxed with imposture. I must, for my gratification, without going any farther, make you a witness of all that I have told you.

Org. Be it so. I take you at your word. We shall see your dexterity and how you make good this promise.

Elm. (To *Dorine*.) Bid him come to me.

Dor. (To *Elmire*.) He is crafty, and it will be difficult, perhaps, to catch him.

Elm. (To *Dorine*.) No, people are easily duped by those whom they love, and conceit is apt to deceive itself. Bid him come down. (To *Cléante* and *Mariane*.) And do you retire.

SCENE IV—ORGON, ELMIRE.

Elm. Come, get under this table.

Org. Why so?

Elm. It is necessary that you should conceal yourself well.

Org. But why under this table ?

Elm. Good heavens ! do as you are told. I have thought about my plan, and you shall judge. Get under there, I tell you, and when you are there, take care not to be seen or heard.

Org. I confess that my complaisance is great, but I must needs see the end of your enterprise.

Elm. You will have nothing I believe to reply to me. (*To Orgon under the table.*) Mind ! I am going to meddle with a strange matter ; do not be shocked in any way. I must be permitted to say what I like ; and it is to convince you, as I have promised. It is for you to stop his mad passion, when you think matters are carried far enough, to spare your wife, and not to expose me any more than is necessary to disabuse you. This is your business, it remains entirely with you, and * * * * But he comes. Keep close, and be careful not to show yourself.

SCENE V—(*Enter Tartuffe.*)

Tar. I have been told that you wished to speak to me here.

Elm. Yes, some secrets will be revealed to you. But close this door, before they are told to you, and look about elsewhere for fear of a surprise. (*Tartuffe closes the door and comes back.*) We assuredly do not want here a scene like the one we have just past through ; I never was so startled in my life. Damis put me in a terrible fright for you ; and you saw indeed that I did my utmost to frustrate his intentions, and calm his excitement. My confusion it is true, was so great, that I had not thought of contradicting him ; but thanks to Heaven, everything has turned out the better for that, and is on a much surer footing. The esteem in which you are held has allayed the storm, and my husband will not take any umbrage at you. The better to brave people's ill-natured comments, he wishes us to be together at all times ; and it is through this, without fear of incurring blame, I can be closeted here alone with you, and this justifies me in

* These words of Elmire are in reality addressed to the audience, to remind them of the necessity of unmasking the hypocrite ; they contain also an excuse for her further behavior ; for in spite of her modesty, she is compelled to give convincing proof to her husband that Tartuffe is a scoundrel.

opening to you my heart, a little too ready perhaps, to listen to your passion.

Tar. This language is somewhat difficult to understand, madam; and you just now spoke in quite a different strain.

Elm. Ah! how little you know the heart of a woman, if such a refusal makes you angry! And how little you understand what it means to convey, when it defends itself so feebly! In those moments, our modesty always combats the tender sentiments, with which we may be inspired.* Whatever reasons we may find for the passion that subdues us, we always feel some shame in owning it. We deny it at first, but in such a way as to give you sufficiently to understand, that our heart surrenders. This is no doubt, making a somewhat plain confession to you, and showing little regard for our modesty. But, since the words have at last escaped me, would I have been so anxious to restrain Damis, would I pray, have so complacently listened for such a long time, to the offer of your heart, would I have taken the matter as I have done, if the offer of that heart had had nothing in it to please me? And when I myself would have compelled you to refuse the match that had just been proposed, what ought this entreaty to have given you to understand but the interest I was disposed to take in you, and the vexation it would have caused me, that this marriage would have at least divided a heart that I wished all to myself.†

* In the original French, there is a delicacy which can hardly be rendered into English. Elmire almost always avoids the use of a personal pronoun, but employs the indefinite *on* during the whole of the scene. This may be grammatically wrong, but is dramatically eminently successful. We give as an example the following four lines in the original:

"Quelque raison qu'on trouve à l'amour, qui nous dompte
On trouve à l'avouer toujours un peu de honte,
On s'en défend d'abord, mais, de l'air qu'on sy prend
On fait connaitre assez que notre coeur se rend.

† Here again there is a delicacy in the original French, which cannot be rendered into English. Elmire is full of hesitation in what she is going to say, and she expresses this even in her grammar, which, though far from clear, beautifully reflects the trouble of her mind. The four last lines of her speech are crowded with *que*. Saint-Beuve said that Molière placed them there purposely.

"Qu'est ce que cette instance à du vous faire entendre,
Que l'intérêt qu'en vous on s'avise de prendre,
Et l'ennui qu'on aurait que ce noeud qu'on résout
Vint partager du moins un coeur que l'on veut tout?"

Tar. It is very sweet, no doubt madam, to hear these words from lips we love; their honey plentifully diffuses a suavity throughout my senses such as they never yet tasted. The happiness of pleasing you is my highest study; and my heart reposes all its bliss in your affection; but, by your leave, this heart presumes still to have some doubt in its own felicity. I may look upon these words as a decent strategem to compel me to break off the match that is on the point of being concluded; and if I must needs speak candidly to you, I shall not trust to such tender words, until some of those favors for which I sigh, have assured me of all which they intend to express, and fixed in my heart a firm belief of the charming kindness which you intend for me.

Elm. (*After coughing to warn her husband.*) What! Would you exhaust the tenderness of one's heart at once, whilst one takes the greatest pains to make you the sweetest declarations?

Tar. The less a blessing is deserved, the less one presumes to expect it. Our love dares hardly rely upon words. A lot full of happiness is difficult to realize, As for me, who think myself so little deserving of your favors, I shall believe nothing until you have convinced me. (*Elmire coughs louder.*) You cough very much, madam.

Elm. Yes, I am much tormented.

Tar. Would you like a piece of this liquorice?

Elm. It is an obstinate cold, no doubt; and I know that all the liquorice in the world will do it no good.

Tar. That certainly is very sad.

Elm. Yes, more than I can say.

Tar. In short, madam, it is scandal which constitutes the offence.

Elm. Open this door a little and see, pray, if my husband be not in that gallery.

Tar. What need is there to take so much thought about him? Between ourselves he is easily led by the nose. He is likely to glory in all our interviews.

Elm. It matters not. Go, pray, for a moment and look outside. (*Exit Tartuffe.*)

SCENE VI.

Orgon. (*Coming from under the table.*) This is, I admit to you, an abominable wretch! I cannot recover myself, and all this perfectly stuns me. Nothing more wicked ever came out of hell.

Elm. Good Heaven! You ought not to believe things so lightly. Be fully convinced before you give in, and do not hurry for fear of being mistaken. (*Elmire pushes Orgon behind her.*)

SCENE VII—(*Enter Tartuffe.*)

Tar. (*Without seeing Orgon.*) Everything conspires, madam, to my satisfaction. I have surveyed the whole apartment; there is no one there, and my delighted soul * * (*At the moment that Tartuffe advances with open arms to embrace Elmire, she draws back and Tartuffe perceives Orgon.*)

Org. (*Stopping Tartuffe.*) Gently! You are too eager in your transports, and you ought not to be so impetuous. Ha! Ha! good man, you wished to victimize me! You would marry my daughter and covet my wife! I have been a long while in doubt whether you were in earnest, and I always expected you would change your tune; but I am satisfied and wish for no more.

Elm. (*To Tartuffe.*) It is much against my inclination that I have done this; but I have been driven to the necessity of treating you thus.

Tar. (*To Orgon.*) What! do you believe * * *

Org. Come, pray, no more. Decamp and without ceremony.

Tar. My design * * *

Org. These speeches are no longer of any use. You must get out of this house forthwith.

Tar. It is for you to get out, you who assume the master-ship. The house belongs to me. I will make you know it, and show you plainly that it is useless to resort to these cowardly tricks to pick a quarrel with me; that one cannot safely as one thinks, insult me; that I have the means of confounding and

punishing imposture, of avenging offended Heaven, and of making those repent who talk of turning me out hence. (*Exit Tartuffe.*)

SCENE VIII.

Elm. What language is this and what does he mean?

Org. I am in truth all confusion and this is no laughing matter.

Elm. How so?

Org. I perceive my mistake by what he says and the deed of gift troubles my mind.

Elm. The deed of gift?

Org. Yes. The thing is done. But something else disturbs me too.

Elm. And what?

Org. You shall know all. But first let us go and see if a certain box is up stairs.

ACT V.

SCENE I—ORGON, CLÉANTE.

Clé. Where would you run to?

Org. Indeed, how can I tell?

Clé. It seems to me that we should begin by consulting together what had best be done in this emergency.

Org. This box troubles me sorely. It makes me despair more than all the rest.

Clé. The box then contains an important secret?

Org. It is a deposit that Argas himself, the friend whom I pity, entrusted secretly to my hands. He selected me for this in his flight; and from what he told me, it contains documents upon which his life and fortune depend.

Clé. Why then did you confide it in other hands?

Org. It was from a conscientious motive. I straightway confided the secret to the wretch, and his arguing persuaded me to

give this box into his keeping, so that in case of inquiry, I might be able to deny it by a ready subterfuge, by which my conscience might have full absolution for swearing against the truth.

Clé. This is critical, at least to judge from appearances; and the deed of gift, and this confidence have been to tell you my mind, steps too inconsiderately taken. You may be driven far with such pledges, and since the fellow has these advantages over you, it is a great imprudence on your part to drive him to extremities; and you ought to seek some gentler method.

Org. What! to hide such a double-dealing heart, so wicked a soul, under so fair an appearance of touching fervor! And I who received him in my house a beggar and penniless * * * It is all over; I renounce all pious people. Henceforth I shall hold them in utter abhorrence, and be worse to them than the very devil.

Clé. Just so you exaggerate again. You never preserve moderation in anything. You never keep within reason's bounds, and always rush from one extreme to another. Beware, if possible, of honoring imposture; but do not attack true piety also; and if you must fall into an extreme, rather offend again on the other side.

SCENE III—(*Enter Madame Pernelle, Elmire, Mariane, Damis, Dorine.*)

Mad. P. What is all this? What dreadful things do I hear!

Org. Some novelties which my own eyes have witnessed, and you see how I am repaid for my kindness. I affectionately harbor a fellow creature in his misery. I give him my daughter and everything I possess, and at that very moment, the perfidious, infamous wretch forms wicked designs; and not content with this, he dares to drive me from my property which I have transferred to him, and reduce me to that condition from which I rescued him.

Dor. Poor fellow!

Mad. P. I can never believe, my son, that he would commit so black a deed.

Org. What do you mean?

Mad. P. Good people are always envied.

Org. What do you mean by all this talk, mother?

Mad. P. That there are strange goings on in your house, and that we know but too well the hatred they bear him.

Org. What has this hatred to do with what I have told you?

Mad. P. I have told you a hundred times when a boy:

“That virtue here is persecuted ever;
That envious men may die, but envy never.”

Org. I am boiling with rage.

Mad. P. Human nature is liable to false suspicions, and good is often construed into evil.

Org. I must construe the desire to embrace my wife into a charitable design!

Mad. P. It is necessary to have good reasons for accusing people, and you ought to have waited until you were quite certain of the thing.

Org. How the deuce could I be more certain? You will make me say some foolish thing.

Mad. P. In short, his soul is too full of pure zeal; and I cannot at all conceive that he would have attempted the things laid to his charge.

Org. Go, my passion is so great, that if you were not my mother, I do not know what I might say to you.

Dor. (To *Orgon*.) A just reward of things here below, sir, you would not believe anyone, and now they will not believe you.

Elm. Had I but known how he was armed against us, I would have avoided bringing things to such a crisis, and my

* * * 41

Org. (To *Dorine*, seeing *M. Loyal* come in.) What does this

Elm. Schenck, the famous German scholar, who was once in England, has been
Framwood, who is the English
of ...

man want? Go and see quickly. I am in a fine state for people to come to see me!

SCENE IV—(*Enter M. Loyal.*)

M. Loy. (*To Dorine at the farthest part of the stage.*) Good morning, dear sister,* pray let me speak to your master.

Dor. He is engaged, and I doubt whether he can see anyone at present.

M. Loy. I do not intend to be intrusive in his own house. I believe that my visit will have nothing to displease him. I have come upon a matter of which he will be very glad.

Dor. Your name?

M. Loy. Only tell him that I come from Monsieur Tartuffe, for his good.

Dor. (*To Orgon.*) This is a man who comes in a gentle way from Monsieur Tartuffe upon some business, of which he says you will be very glad.

Clé. (*To Orgon.*) You must see who this man is, and what he wants.

Org. (*To Cléante.*) Perhaps he comes to reconcile us; how shall I receive him?

Clé. You must not allow your anger to get the upper hand, and if he speaks of an arrangement you should listen to him.

M. Loy. (*To Orgon.*) Your servant, sir! May Heaven punish those who would harm you, and may it favor you as much as I wish!

Org. (*Softly to Cléante.*) This mild beginning confirms my opinion, and augurs already some reconciliation.

M. Loy. My name is Loyal, a native of Normandy, and I am a tipstaff to the court, in spite of envy. For the last forty years, I have had the happiness of exercising the functions thereof with much honor; and, I have come with your leave, sir, to serve you with a writ of a certain decree * * *

Org. What! You are here * * *

* M. Loyal in employing the words "dear sister," shows at once that he is worthy of being employed by Tartuffe.

M. Loy. Let us proceed without anger, sir ; it is nothing but a summons, a notice to quit the house, you and yours, to remove your chattels and to make room for others, without delay or remissness as required hereby.

Org. I ! Leave this house ?

M. Loy. Yes sir, if you please. The house at present as you well know, belongs incontestably to good Monsieur Tartuffe. Of all your property, he is henceforth lord and master, by virtue of a contract of which I am the bearer. It is in due form, and nothing can be said against it.

Dor. (*Aside.*) This Mr. Loyal has a very disloyal air.

M. Loy. You are allowed time, and I shall suspend until to-morrow the execution of the writ, sir. I shall come only to pass the night here with ten of my people without noise or without scandal. But to-morrow, you must be ready in the morning to clear the house of even the smallest utensil ; my people shall assist you, and I have selected strong ones, so that they can help you remove everything.

Dam. I can hardly restrain myself at this strange impertinence ; my fingers are itching.

Dor. Upon my word, Mr. Loyal, with such a broad back, a few cudgel blows would do you no harm.

M. Loy. We might easily punish these infamous words, sweetheart ; there is a law against women too.

Clé. (*To M. Loyal.*) Pray, let us put an end to all this, sir. Hand over this paper quickly and leave us.

M. Loy. Till by-and-by, may Heaven bless you all.

Org. And may it confound you and him who sends you.
(*Exit M. Loyal.*)

SCENE V.

Org. Well ! mother, do you see now whether I am right ; and you may judge of the rest from the writ. Do you at last perceive his treacheries ?

Mad. P. I stand aghast and feel as if dropped from the clouds.

SCENE VI—(*Enter Valère.*)

Val. It is with great regret, sir, that I come to afflict you, but I see myself compelled to it by pressing danger. A most intimate and faithful friend, who knows the interest which I take in you, has, for my sake, by a most hazardous step, sent me an intimation in consequence of which you will be obliged to flee immediately. The scoundrel who has long imposed upon you has an hour since accused you to the king, and amongst other charges which he brings against you, has lodged in his hands important documents of a state criminal, of which, he says, contrary to the duty of a subject you have kept the guilty secret. I am ignorant of the details of the crime laid to your charge, but a warrant is out against you; and the better to execute it, he himself is to accompany the person who is to arrest you.

Clé. These are his armed rights; and by this the traitor seeks to make himself master of your property.

Org. The man is, I own to you, a wicked brute.

Val. The least delay may be fatal to you. I have my coach at the door to carry you off with a thousand louis which I bring you. Let us lose no time.

Clé. Go quickly. We will endeavor, brother, to do what is necessary.

SCENE VII—(*Enter Tartuffe and a Police Officer.*)

Tar. (*Stopping Orgon.*) Gently, sir, gently, do not run so fast. You will not have to go far to find a lodging; we take you a prisoner in the king's name.

Org. Wretch, you have reserved this blow for the last. This is the stroke, villain, by which you dispatch me, and which crowns all your perfidies.

Tar. Your abuse cannot incense me; Heaven has taught me to suffer everything.

Clé. Your moderation is great, I confess.

Dam. How impudently the villain sports with Heaven.

Tar. All your outrages cannot move me in the least, and I think of nothing but my duty.

Mar. You may glorify yourself very much upon this; and this task is very honorable for you to undertake.

Tar. A task cannot but be glorious when it proceeds from the power that sends me hither.

Org. But do you remember, ungrateful wretch, that my charitable hand raised you from a miserable condition?

Tar. Yes, I know what help I received from you, but the king's interest is my first duty. The just obligation of this sacred duty stifles all gratitude in my heart; and to such a powerful consideration, I would sacrifice friend, wife, kindred and myself with them.

Elm. The hypocrite!

Dor. How artfully he makes himself a lovely cloak of all that is sacred!

Clé. But if this zeal, which guides you and upon which you plume yourself so much, be so perfect as you say, why has it not shown itself until Orgon detected you; and why did you not think of denouncing him, until his honor obliged him to drive you from his house? I do not say that the gift of all his property which he has made over to you, ought to have turned you from your duty; but why wishing to treat him as a criminal to-day, did you consent to take aught from him.

Tar. (*To the Officer.*) Pray, sir, deliver me from this clamor, and be good enough to execute your orders.

Offi. Yes we have no doubt delayed too long to discharge them. Your words remind me of this just in time, and to execute them, follow me directly to the prison which is destined for your abode.

Tar. Who? I, sir?

Offi. Yes, you.

Tar. Why to prison?

Offi. I have no account to give to you. (*To Orgon.*) Com-
pose yourself sir, after so great an alarm. We live under a mon-
arch, an enemy to fraud, a monarch whose eyes penetrate into
the heart and whom all the art of imposters cannot deceive. He
bestows lasting glory on men of worth; but he shows his zeal

without blindness, and his love of sincerity does not close his heart to the horror which falsehood must inspire. Even this person could not hoodwink him and he has guarded himself against more artful snares. In coming to accuse you, he has betrayed himself, and by a just stroke of supreme justice, discovered himself to the king as a notorious rogue, against whom information had been laid in another name. Our monarch in short has detested his vile ingratitude and disloyalty towards you ; has joined this affair to his other misdeeds, and has placed me under his orders only to see his impertinence carried out and to make him by himself give you satisfaction for everything. Yes, he wishes me to strip the wretch of your documents which he professes to possess, and to give them into your hands. By his sovereign power he annuls the obligations of the contract which gave him all your property ; and lastly, pardons you this secret offence, in which the flight of a friend has involved you.

Dor. Heaven be praised !

Mad. P. I breathe again !

Elm. Favorable success !

Mar. Who dared foretell this !

Org. (*To Tartuffe, whom the officer leads off.*) Well, wretch, there you are * * * (*Exeunt Tartuffe, Officer.*)

SCENE VIII.

Clé. Ah ! brother stop, and do not descend to indignities. Leave the wretch to his fate, and do not add to the remorse that overwhelms him. Rather wish that his heart from this day may be converted to virtue, that he may reform his life, in detesting his vice, and soften the justice of our great prince ; while you throw yourself at his knees to render thanks for his goodness which has treated you so leniently.

Org. Yes, it is well said. Let us throw ourselves joyfully at his feet to laud the kindness which his heart displays us. Then having acquitted ourselves of this first duty, we must apply ourselves to the just cares of another, and by a sweet union crown in Valère the flame of a generous and sincere lover.

AMPHITRYON

COMÉDIE.



AMPHITRYON.

A COMEDY IN THREE ACTS.

The original in verse—January 13th, 1668.

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

The history of Amphitryon and Alcmena, or rather the myth of the birth of Hercules is certainly very old, and is to be found in the literature of different nations. The Indians, the Greeks and the Romans were acquainted with it; and it exists also among the legendary tales of the middle ages.

There is nothing in the play worthy of quotation.



GEORGE DANDIN; OU, LE MARI CONFONDU

COMÉDIE.



GEORGE DANDIN; OR, THE ABASHED HUSBAND.

A COMEDY IN THREE ACTS.

The original in prose—July 18th, 1668.

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

The treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle having been ratified on the 2nd of May, 1668, and peace being assured at least for some time, Louis XIV resolved to give a festival in his favorite gardens of

Versailles, as he had already done in 1664. This festival was held on the 18th of July, 1668, and Molière's Comedy, *George Dandin*, formed the chief entertainment. Our author took the plot chiefly from one of his early farces, *The Jealousy of the Barbouillé* in which a wife who comes home rather late, finds the door shut and threatens to kill herself if her husband does not let her in. She pretends to do so; the good man rushes out of the house quite terrified; the wife meanwhile, sneaks in, and he in his turn is locked out. This idea is found in an Italian tale, *le Roman de Dolopathos* written in the beginning of the thirteenth century and also in the fourth story of the seventh day of Boccaccio's *Decameron*. George Dandin has been imitated by Bet-terton, Dibdin and others.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

George Dandin, a rich farmer, husband to Angélique.
 M. deSotenville, a country gentleman, Angélique's father.
 Clitandre, in love with Angélique.
 Lubin, a Peasant, Clitandre's servant.
 Colin, George Dandin's servant.
 Angélique, George Dandin's wife.
 Madam de Sotenville.
 Claudine, Angélique's maid.

THE SCENE IS BEFORE GEORGE DANDIN'S HOUSE IN THE COUNTRY.

ACT I—SCENE I.

George Dandin. (Alone.) Ah! what a strange thing it is to be a woman of quality and a wife! and what an instructive lesson my marriage is to all peasants who wish to raise themselves above their condition, and to ally themselves as I have done to a nobleman's family. We ourselves count very little in the match they only marry our property, and I would have done much better, rich as I am, to marry a good and honest peasant's daughter than to take a wife who holds herself above me, is ashamed to bear my name, and imagines that with all my wealth I have not paid dear enough for the honor of being her husband.

My home has become unbearable to me now and I never enter it without finding some annoyance.*

SCENE II—LUBIN, DANDIN.

Dan. (*Aside seeing Lubin coming out of his house.*) What the devil can that fellow want in my house?

Lub. (*Aside perceiving George Dandin.*) There is some one looking at me.

Dan. Just tell me if you please, did not you come out thence?

Lub. Hush!

Dan. Why so?

Lub. Because I have just been delivering a message to the mistress of the house from a certain gentleman, and it must not be known. Do you understand?

Dan. Yes.

Lub. The husband from what they tell me is dreadfully jealous. Now, do you understand?

Dan. Indeed, I do. What is the name of him who sent you there?

Lub. He is our squire, Viscount of * * * somebody *
* * By my troth! I never remember how the deuce they manage to pronounce that name. Mr. Cli * * * Clitandre.

Dan. Well! Have you delivered your message?

Lub. Yes, I found inside a certain Claudine who understood directly what I wanted and who gained me speech with her mistress.

Dan. (*Aside.*) Oh! what a jade that maid is!

Lub. Ods bobs! this Claudine is as pretty as can be. I have taken a fancy to her, and it will be her fault if we are not married.

Dan. But what answer has the mistress made to this Mr. Courtier?

Lub. She has told me to tell him * * * stop; I do not

* Strepseades, the principal character of Aristophanes' comedy, *The Clouds*, utters the same complaint and for the same reason.

know if I shall remember it all ; that she is very much obliged to him for his admiration, and that he must be very careful not to show it, on account of her husband who is whimsical.

SCENE III.

George Dandin. (Alone.) Well, George Dandin, you see how your wife treats you ! This is your reward for having wished to marry a lady of quality ! You are completely done for ; and nobility ties your hands. I must, at this very moment, go and complain to her father and mother and take them to witness at all events of the vexations and annoyance which their daughter causes me. But here they come just at the right moment.

SCENE IV—(*Enter M. and Madame de Sotenville.*)

M. de S. What is the matter son-in-law ? You seem quite upset.

Dan. I have cause to be, and * * *

Mad. de S. Good Heavens, son-in-law, how impolite you are not to bow to people when you approach them.

Dan. Upon my word mother-in-law, it is because I have other matters to think of ; and * * *

Mad. de S. Again ! Is it possible, son-in-law, that you know fashion so little, and is there no teaching you how to behave among people of quality ?

Dan. What do you mean ?

Mad. de S. Will you never divest yourself with me of the familiarity of that word, mother-in-law, and can you not accustom yourself to call me madam.

Dan. Zounds ! If you call me son-in-law, it seems to me I may call you my mother-in-law.

Mad. de S. That remains to be seen and the case is not the same. Please to understand that it is not for you to use that word with a person of my rank, that although you may be our son-in-law, there is great difference between us and that you ought to know your place..

M. de S. That is enough, my love. Let us know, son-in-law, what you have got on your mind.

Dan. Since I am to speak categorically, I shall tell you, M. de Sotenville that I have cause to * * *

M. de S. Gently, son-in-law. Let me tell you that it is not respectful to address people by their names, and that we must only say "sir" to those above us.

Dan. Well then, only say sir, and no longer M. de Sotenville, I must tell you that my wife gives me * * *

Mad. de S. Softly! Let me also tell you that you ought not to say my wife, when you speak of our daughter.

Dan. I have no patience! What! Is not my wife my wife?

Mad. de S. Yes, son-in-law, she is your wife, but you must not call her so. You could not do more, if you had married one of your equals.

Dan. (*Aside.*) Ah! George Dandin, what a hole you have got into. (*To M. de Sotenville.*) I tell you then, that I am very much dissatisfied with my marriage.

M. de S. Do you reckon for nothing son-in-law, the advantage of being allied to the house of Sotenville.

Mad. de S. And to that of La Prudoterie, from which I have the honor of being descended, a house where the females ennoble, and which by that valuable privilege will make your sons noblemen.*

Dan. Oh! that is good, my sons shall be noblemen; but I shall be deceived, unless care be taken.

Mad. de S. What does this mean, son-in-law?

Dan. It means that your daughter does not behave as a wife ought to do.

Mad. de S. Gently! Take care what you are saying. My

* The contrary was generally the law of France; for if a lady of noble birth married a commoner, she lost her own rank, and her children became commoners. But exceptionally it was the custom in the province of Champagne, that the children born from either a father or a mother of noble rank, became noble themselves. According to tradition, this privilege was granted to the inhabitants of that province, because they lost so many men of high birth in the battle of Fontenay (841), near Auxerre, fought between Charles the Bold and his brothers.

daughter belongs to a race too full of honor, ever to do aught that might offend honesty.

Dan. All that I can tell you, is that there is a certain courtier hereabout whom you have seen, who is in love with her, and who has sent her a declaration to which she has very feelingly listened.

Mad. de S. By the Heavens above, I would strangle her with my own hands, were she to deviate from her mother's virtuous path.

M. de S. I am the man to keep a tight hold over, no matter whom. But are you quite positive about what you have told us?

Dan. Quite.

M. de S. Take great care; for between gentlemen these are ticklish subjects. and you must not make a mistake.

Dan. I have said nothing, I tell you, but the truth.

M. de S. My love, go and talk to your daughter, while I with my son-in-law will go and speak with that man.

Mad. de S. Is it possible my son, that she could so far forget herself, after the good example which as you know, I have set her. (*Exit.*)

M. de S. We are going to clear the matter up. Follow me son-in-law, and do not trouble yourself. You shall see what we are made of, when people attack those who belong to us.

SCENE V—(*Enter Clitandre.*)

Clitandre enters. M. de Sotenville after reviewing his own distinguished performances and those of his family, accuses Clitandre of making love to Angélique. He replies that he is a gentleman, and could not be guilty of so base an act. Angélique and Claudine with great indignation, corroborate his denial, and George Dandin is by his father-in-law compelled to ask Clitandre's pardon for the unjust accusation.

SCENE VII—DANDIN, M. DE SOTENVILLE, CLITANDRE.

Dan. I? I am to make apologies after * * *

M. de S. Come, I tell you; there is nothing to hesitate about, and there is no need of being afraid of overdoing the thing, since you are guided by me.

Dan. I cannot * * *

M. de S. Zounds! son-in-law, do not make me angry I shall be taking his part against you. Come, be guided by me.

Dan. (Aside.) Ah! George Dandin!

M. de S. First, take your cap in hand. This gentleman is a nobleman, and you are not.

Dan. (Cap in hand, aside.) I am boiling with rage.

M. de S. Repeat after me: Sir, * * *

Dan. Sir, * ' * *

M. de S. I crave your pardon * * * (*Seeing that George Dandin hesitates to obey.*) Ah!

Dan. I crave your pardon * * *

M. de S. For the bad thoughts I have had of you.

Dan. For the bad thoughts I have had you.

M. de S. It was because I had not the honor of knowing you.

Dan. It was because I had not the honor of knowing you.

M. de S. And I beg you to believe * * *

Dan. And I beg you to believe * * *

M. de S. That I am your servant.

Dan. Would you have me to be the servant of the man?

M. de S. (Threatening him again.) Ah!

Clit. It is sufficient, sir.

M. de S. No. I will have him finish it, and that everything should be done in due form: That I am your servant.

Dan. That I am your servant.

Clit. (To Dandin.) Sir, I am yours, with all my heart, and shall think no more of what has happened. (*To M. de Sotenville.*) As for you, sir, I wish you good-day, and am sorry that you have had some annoyance.

ACT II.

SCENE I—CLAUDINE, LUBIN.

Clau. Yes, I guessed well enough that it must have come from you, and that you told it to some one who related it to Master.

Lub. Upon my word, I mentioned only a word of it, as I was passing by, to a man, that he might not say he had seen me come out. People must be great chatterboxes in these parts. I feel my heart going pit-a-pat when I look at you.

Clau. I am very glad of it.

Lub. What do you do to be so pretty?

Clau. I do like others.

Lub. Look ye here; a nod is as good as a wink to a blind horse;* if you like you shall be my wife, I shall be your husband, and we shall be man and wife together.

Clau. Perhaps you will be jealous like Master.

Lub. Not at all.

Clau. As for me, I hate your suspicious husbands, and I want one who is frightened at nothing. When a husband relies on our discretion, we take no more liberty than what is right. It is just with them as with those who open their purses to us, saying: take. We use them discreetly, and content ourselves with what is right.

Lub. Be easy, I shall be like those who open their purse; and you have only to marry me.

Clau. Very well; we shall see. Go and tell the Viscount that I shall take care to deliver his note. (*Exit Lubin.*) I must deliver this to my mistress. But here she comes with her husband; let us get out of the way and wait until she is alone.

SCENE III—(*Enter Angélique, Dandin.*)

Clit. (*Aside at the far end of the stage.*) Ah! Here she is but her husband is with her.

*The original has *il ne faut point tant de beurre pour faire un quarteron*; not so much butter is needed to make a quarter of a pound.

Dan. (*Without seeing Clitandre.*) Underneath all your grimaces, I have perceived the truth of what I have been told, and the little respect you have for the tie that binds us. (*Clitandre and Angélique bow to each other.*) Good Heaven's! Leave your bowing and scraping; it is not the kind of respect of which I am talking, and you need not play the fool with me.

Ang. I! Play the fool! Not at all.

Dan. I know your thoughts and understand * * * (*Clitandre and Angélique bow again.*) Again! Come, let us cease joking. I am well aware that you think me much beneath you on account of your birth, and the respect of which I speak does not concern myself; I mean that which you owe to such sacred ties as those of wedlock. (*Angélique makes a sign to Clitandre.*) You need not shrug your shoulders. I am not talking nonsense.

Ang. Who dreams of shrugging her shoulders?

Dan. Good Heavens! I am not blind. I tell you once more that marriage is a bond to which you owe every respect, and that it ill becomes you to behave as you do. (*Angélique nods to Clitandre.*) Yes, yes, it is very bad of you; and you need not nod your head and make faces at me.

Ang. I? I do not know what you mean.

Dan. I know it well enough, and I know your contempt for me too. If I was not born a nobleman, I belong at least to a race on which there is no stain; and the family of the Dandins
* * *

Clit. (*Behind Angélique without being seen by George Dandin.*)
One moment's conversation!

Dan. (*Without seeing Clitandre.*) He?

Ang. What? I did not say a word.

(*George Dandin turns round his wife; and Clitandre retires making him a profound bow.*)

SCENE IV.

Dan. There he is prowling about you.

Ang. Well! is it my fault? What do you wish me to do?

Dan. I wish you to do what a wife who only wishes to please her husband should do.

Ang. As for me, I do not intend to renounce the world and to bury myself alive with a husband.

Dan. Is it thus that you keep the vows which you made to me before the world?

Ang. I? I did not make them willingly and you forced them from me. Did you before marriage ask me my consent, and whether I cared for you? You consulted only my father and mother. In reality, they have married you, and therefore you will do well to complain to them. By your leave, I mean to enjoy the few happy days of my youth, and to see the fashionable world a little. Prepare yourself for this.

In the third act, Angélique goes out at night, with her maid, to meet Clitandre. Her husband discovering this, follows her, and resolves to keep Angélique out until he can bring her father and mother to the scene. The wife returns, but in spite of her promises and protestations, Dandin refuses to let her enter the house. She pretends to kill herself; when he, in his terror at the execution of the threat, opens the door, the wife and her servant rush in, and in turn lock Dandin out, who not only receives many satirical stabs from Angélique, but also another lecture from M. and Madame de Sotenville on the many virtues of his wife and his own vices.

L'AVARE,
COMÉDIE.

THE MISER.

A COMEDY IN FIVE ACTS.

The original in prose—Sept. 9th, 1668.

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

The Miser was first represented on the 9th of September, 1668, and was played nine times, though not consecutively. It was

evidently not a success, and this is the more astonishing because the murder of the *lieutenant criminel*, Tardieu, and of his wife—two noted misers, who had been assassinated in their own house three years before—was as yet not forgotten, and the author could, therefore, calculate upon a kind of curiosity to know how misers were represented on the stage, as well as rely on the intrinsic merits of the piece.

Molière's comedy is based on Plautus' *Aulularia*.

There exists a Chinese comedy called *Kanthasian-non* (*The Slave of the Riches which he Guards*), which depicts a miser from his earliest youth until his death.

Several English dramatists have partly borrowed from Molière. The first was Mr. Shadwell, in 1671.

Fielding's play, *The Miser*, professedly taken from Plautus and Molière, was acted at Drury Lane Theatre, on the 17th of February, 1793.

Mr. Edward has also made of *The Miser* a farce, played in the year 1792.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Harpagon, father to Cléante and Elise, in love with Mariane.*

Cléante, Harpagon's son, Mariane's lover.

Valère, son of Anselme, Elise's lover.

Anselme, father to Valère and Mariane.

Master Simon, agent.

Master Jaques, cook and coachman to Harpagon.

La Flèche, Cléante's valet.

Brindivoine, } Harpagon's lacqueys.
La Merluce, }

A magistrate and his clerk.

Elise, Harpagon's daughter, Valère's sweetheart.

Mariane, Cléante's sweetheart, beloved by Harpagon.

Frosine, a designing woman.

Mistress Claude, Harpagon's servant.

* This part was played by Molière himself. His dress was a cloak, breeches and doublet of black satin, ornamented with coarse black silk lace, hat, wig and shoes. *Harpagon* is derived, according to some commentators, from the Latin, *harpago*, a hook, itself formed from a Greek word; hence a man with crooked fingers, to which everything sticks.

THE SCENE IS IN PARIS, IN HARPAGON'S HOUSE.

ACT I—SCENE I—ARGUMENT.

The play opens with a dialogue between Elise and her lover, Valère. They recall the circumstances that he has saved her life from "the fury of the waves," and that in order to be near her, he has assumed "the functions of servant to her father," Harpagon, the miser. Valère congratulates himself on his power of "wheedling" mankind, and says, "experience teaches me that to find favor with men, there is no better method than to invest ourselves in their eyes with their hobbies; than to act according to their maxims to flatter their faults, and to applaud their doings. One needs not fear to overdo this complaisance."

Cléante is the brother of Elise. He tells her of his love for Mariane, who possesses every attraction, but is unfortunately poor. He inveighs against the niggardliness of their father, and wishes his sister who is about to make him her confidant in her own love affair to "sound his father" declaring that if opposed "he will go elsewhere with the dear girl."

SCENE III.

Exhibits the true character of the miser *Harpagon* and his son's valet *La Flèche*.

Har. Clear out of this immediately and let me have no reply! Get out of my house, you consummate cheat, you true gallows bird!

La Fl. (*Aside.*) I have never seen anything more vicious than this cursed old man; and I really think—I speak under correction—that he has got the devil in him.

Har. You are muttering between your teeth!

La Fl. Why are you sending me away?

Har. It well becomes you, you hang dog, to ask me my reasons. Out with you quickly, that I may not knock you down.

La Fl. What have I done to you?

Har. You have done so much to me that I wish you to get out.

La Fl. Your son, my master, has ordered me to wait.

Har. Go and wait for him in the street, then; but do not remain in my house 'planted bolt upright as a sentry, taking notice of everything that goes on and making the best use of it. I will not have a spy of my concerns eternally before my eyes.

La Fl. How the deuce could one manage to rob you? Are you a likely man to have aught stolen from you when you lock up everything and keep guard day and night.

Har. I shall lock up whatever I think fit 'and keep guard as long as I please. A nice pass it has come to with these spies who take notice of everything one does. (*Softly aside.*) I quake for fear he should suspect something about my money. (*Aloud.*) Ah! Are you not just the fellow who would think nothing of bruiting the tale about that I have money hidden in my house?

La Fl. You have money hidden?

Har. No, you scoundrel, I do not say that. (*To himself.*) I am bursting with rage. (*Aloud.*) I ask whether you would not from sheer malice bruit the story about that I have some?

La Fl. Eh! What does it matter to us whether you have any or not, as long as it comes to the same thing to us?

Har. (*Lifting up his hand to slap La Flèche's face.*) You are arguing the matter! I will give you something for this reasoning on your ears. Once more, get out of this!

La Fl. Very well, I am going.

Har. Wait. You are not taking anything away with you?

La Fl. What should I take from you?

Har. I do not know, until I look. Show me your hands.

La Fl. Here they are.

Har. (*Pointing to the breeches of La Flèche.*) Have you put nothing in there?

La Fl. Look for yourself.

Har. (*Feeling the outside of La Flèche's pockets.*) Those wide breeches are just fit to become receivers for things purloined, and I wish one of them had been hanged at the gallows.

La Fl. (*Aside.*) Ah! how a man like this well deserves the thing he fears, and how much pleasure I would have in robbing him!

Har. Eh?

La Fl. What!

Har. What are you muttering about robbing?

La Fl. I am saying that you feel carefully everywhere to see if I have robbed you.

Har. That is what I mean to do. (*Harpagon fumbles in La Flèche's pockets.*)

La Fl. (*Aside.*) May the plague take avarice and all avaricious people.

Har. What! What are you saying?

La Fl. What am I saying?

Har. Yes; what are you saying about avarice and avaricious people?

La Fl. I say may the plague take avarice and all avaricious people.

Har. To whom are you alluding?

La Fl. To avaricious people.

Har. And who are they, these avaricious people?

La Fl. Villains and curmudgeons.

Har. But whom do you mean by that?

La Fl. What are you troubling yourself about?

Har. I am troubling myself about what concerns me.

La Fl. Do you think that I am speaking of you?

Har. I think what I think; but I wish you to tell me to whom you are addressing yourself when you say that.

La Fl. I am addressing myself * * * I am addressing myself to my cap.

Har. And I might address myself to the head that is in it.

La Fl. Will you prevent me from cursing avaricious people?

Har. No, but I will prevent you from jabbering and from being insolent. Hold your tongue.

La Fl. I name no one.

Har. I shall thrash you if you say another word.

La Fl. Whom the cap fits, let him wear it.*

Har. Good-bye, then, and go to the devil.

La Fl. (*Aside.*) That is a pretty dismissal.

Har. I leave you to your own conscience, at least. (*Exit La Flèche.*)

* The original has "*Qui se sent morveux, qu'il se mouche.*" "He that has a cold, let him blow his nose."

Cléante and Elise come to reveal their secret to their father. Cléante describes and praises Mariane; the old man nods his approval. He informs his children that he has made up his mind to marry Mariane, provided she has some dowry. He has also a husband for his daughter in Mr. Anselme, "a staid, prudent, and careful man, who is not above fifty, and whose wealth is spoken of everywhere." Elise refuses; they agree to leave the matter to Valère's decision.

SCENE VII—(*Enter Valère.*)

Har. Come here, Valère. We have elected you to tell us who is in the right, my daughter or I.

Val. You, sir, beyond gainsay.

Har. Are you aware of what we are talking?

Val. No. But you could not be in the wrong. You are made up of right.

Har. I intend this evening to give her for a husband a man who is as rich as he is discreet; and the jade tells me to my face that she will not take him. What say you to this?

Val. What do I say to it?

Har. Yes.

Val. Eh, eh!

Har. What?

Val. I say, that in the main, I am of your opinion, and you cannot but be right. But, on the other side, she is not altogether wrong, and * * *

Har. How is that? Mr. Anselme is a desirable match; he is a gentleman who is noble, kind, steady, discreet, and very well-to-do, and who has neither chick nor child left him from his first marriage. Could she meet with a better match?

Val. That is true. But she might say to you that it is hurrying things a little too much, and that you should give her some time, at least, to see whether her inclinations would agree with * * *

Har. This is an opportunity which should be taken by the forelock. I find in this marriage an advantage which I could not find elsewhere; and he agrees to take her without a dowry.

... 1968 ...

—

...the fact that the two men were in the same place at the same time.

1. ~~CONFIDENTIAL~~ **SECRET**

1. The divorce cannot be pursued. It is true that your
attorney might represent to you that marriage is more im-
portant than the bank, but it involves submission of
your money to the bank and the bank's management.
You must not let your heart never be broken by
the bank's conditions.

7. DATE: 10/10/77

...and we say that actual real divorce. There are people who might tell you that on such an occasion the child is something, no doubt that ought to be taken into consideration, and that the great disunity of life of a mother and a father makes a marriage supposed to very sad and

1977-1978: 100%

“Oh! There is no reply to that. I know that well enough. Who the devil could say anything against that? Not that there are many fathers who would prefer to humor the wishes of their daughters to the money they could give them, and without sacrifice them to their own interests, and who would not all things try to induce his marriage that sweet harmony which, at all times maintains honor, peace and joy; and which—”

SCENE VIII.

El. Are you jesting, Valère, to speak to him in that manner?

Val. It is better not to sour his temper, and to gain my end the better. There are certain minds which cannot be dealt with in a straightforward manner; whom you cannot lead except by turning them with their back towards the goal. Pretend to consent to what he wishes, you will gain your end all the better; and * * *

El. But this marriage, Valère?

Val. We will find some pretext to break it off.

ACT II—ARGUMENT.

Cléante has sent his valet to borrow some money. The transaction is made through a broker, Mr. Simon, who, however, has not the money. The real lender wants only five and a half per cent., but since he must himself borrow the money, his own interest must be paid by the young man, and of the 15,000 francs, 3,000 must be taken in a four-post bed, tapestry, &c., at the lender's valuation. ~~Valère~~ ^{Cléante} is to meet the usurer, and at the appointed time is introduced to his own father. The transaction is not completed, and Harpagon turns himself to his love affairs.

SCENE VI—HARPAGON, FROSINE.

Fro. She is a girl who brings you twelve thousand francs a year.

Har. Twelve thousand francs!

Fro. Yes. To begin with; she has been brought up and accustomed to strict economy in feeding. She is a girl used to live on salad, milk, cheese and apples, and who, in consequence, will neither want a well-appointed table, nor exquisite broths. Besides this, she has no taste for anything but the utmost simplicity, and does not care for sumptuous dresses. In addition, she has a terrible aversion to gambling. Five thousand francs a year at play, and four thousand in jewelry and dresses—that makes nine thousand—and a thousand crowns, say, for the food. Are there not your twelve thousand francs a year?

Har. Yes; that is not so bad; but this reckoning contains,

after all, nothing real. I shall have to get something down on the nail. But, Frosine, there is something else still which makes me uneasy. I am afraid that a man of my age may not be to her taste.

Fro. Ah, how little you know her! She has a fearful aversion to young people, and cares for nothing except for old men.

Har. She?

Fro. Yes. She says fifty-six will not do for her; and above all things, she cares for noses that wear spectacles.

Har. You certainly tell me something new there.

Fro. She carries it further than I could tell you. One may see some pictures and a few prints in her room, but what do you think they are? Portraits of Adonis, of Cephalus, of Paris, and of Apollo? Not at all. Beautiful likenesses of Saturn, of King Priam, of old Nestor, and of good Father Anchises on his son's back.

Har. That is admirable.

Fro. That is what I call a man; there is something there to please the sight; and that is the way to be made and dressed to inspire love.

Har. Then you like my appearance?

Fro. Do I like your appearance! You are charming; your figure is worth painting. That is a well-built body, free and easy, as it ought to be, and without a sign of illness.

Har. None to speak of, thank Heaven! Nothing but my cough, which worries me now and then.*

Fro. I have, sir, a slight request to make to you. I have a law-suit which I am on the point of losing for the want of a little money (*Harpagon assumes a serious look*;) and you might easily enable me to gain this suit by doing me a little kindness. You would not believe how delighted she will be to see you (*Harpagon resumes his liveliness*.) How you will charm her, and how this old-fashioned ruff will take her fancy! But above all things, she will like your doublet with tags; a lover who wears tags will be most acceptable to her.

Har. Certainly, I am delighted to hear you say so.

Fro. Really, sir, this law-suit is of the utmost consequence to

* Molière makes use even of his own infirmities. This cough killed him at last.

me (*Harpagon resumes his serious air.*) If I lose it, I am ruined ; and some little assistance would set my affairs in order. * * * I should like you to have seen her delight at hearing me speak of you (*Harpagon resumes his liveliness.*) Joy shone in her eyes at the enumeration of your good qualities ; and, in short, I have made her very anxious to have this match entirely concluded.

Har. You have pleased me very much, Frosine ; and I confess I am extremely obliged to you.

Fro. I pray you, sir, to give me the little assistance which I ask of you. (*Harpagon resumes his serious air.*) It will put me on my legs again, and I shall be forever grateful to you.

Har. Good-bye. I am going to finish my letters.

Fro. I assure you, sir, you could never come to my relief in greater need.

Har. I will give orders that my coach be ready to take you to the fair.

Fro. I would not trouble you if I were not compelled to it from necessity.

Har. And I will take care that the supper shall be served early, so as not to make you ill.

Fro. Do not refuse me the service which I ask of you. You would not believe, sir, the pleasure which * * *

Har. I must begone. Some one is calling me. Till by-and-by.

Fro. (*Alone.*) May ague seize you and send you to the devil, you stingy cur ! The rascal has resisted firmly all my attacks. But I must for all that not abandon the attempt ; and I have got the other side from whom at any rate, I am certain to draw a good reward.

ACT III—ARGUMENT.

Harpagon prepares a supper for Mariane and her mother. The meal is to be conducted on economical principles ; the servants have special instructions to give drink only when people are thirsty, and to wait until asked several times. Mariane comes, Clèante meets her, and assuming to speak for his father, speaks and acts as her lover. He takes a diamond ring from his father's finger and gives it to her to the miser's great disgust, &c.

ACT IV—SCENE III—HARPAGON, CLÉANTE.

Har. Now, tell me, apart from becoming your step-mother, what think you of this lady ?

Clé. What do I think of her ?

Har. Yes, of her air, of her figure, of her beauty, of her mind ?

Clé. So, so.

Har. That is no answer.

Clé. To speak to you candidly, I have not found her what I expected. Her air is that of a downright coquette ; her figure is sufficiently awkward, her beauty very so-so, and her mind very ordinary.

Har. So much so that you would not feel any inclination towards her.

Clé. I ? not at all.

Har. I am sorry for it ; for it does away with an idea that came into my head. In seeing her here, I have reflected upon my age ; and I thought that people might find something to cavil at in seeing me marry so young a girl. This consideration has made me abandon the plan, and as I have made the demand of her hand and am engaged to her by my word, I would have given her to you, had it not been for the aversion which you show.

Clé. To me ?

Har. To you.

Clé. In marriage ?

Har. In marriage.

Clé. Listen. It is true that she is not much to my taste ; but to please you, father, I would make up my mind to marry her, if you wish it.

Har. I ! I am more reasonable than you give me credit for. I will not force your inclination.

Clé. Well, father, since matters are so, I must lay open my heart to you ; I must reveal our secret to you. The truth is, I love her since on a certain day, I saw her walking ; that my plan was a short while ago, to ask her to become my wife, and that nothing restrained me but the declaration of your sentiments, and the fear of displeasing you.

Har. Have you paid her any visits?

Clé. Yes, father.

Har. Many times.

Clé. Just enough, considering the time of our acquaintance.

Har. Have you been well received?

Clé. Very well, indeed, but without her knowing who I was; and this is what just now caused the surprise of Mariane.

Har. (*Softly to himself.*) I am glad to have found out such a secret; that is just what I wished. (*Aloud.*) Hark you, my son, do you know what you will have to do; you must think of it, if you please, of getting rid of your love of ceasing all pursuit of a person whom I intend for myself, and of marrying shortly the one who has been destined for you.

Clé. So, father, it is thus that you trick me. Well! since matters have come to such a pass, I declare to you that I will not get rid of my love for Mariane, and that if you have the consent of a mother on your side, I have other resources, perhaps, which will combat on mine.

Har. You shall renounce, Mariane,

Clé. I shall do nothing of the kind.

Har. Give me a stick immediately.

Jacques interferes between the two, and by reporting to each that the other is willing to give Mariane up, reconciles them, but only to prepare for a more bitter quarrel on the discovery of the trick. In the meantime, La Flèche has stolen the casket from the garden.

SCENE VII—(*Harpagon alone shouting in the garden, rushing in without his hat.*)

Harp. Thieves! Thieves! Murder! Stop the murderers! Justice! Just Heaven, I am lost! I am killed! They have cut my throat, they have stolen my money. Who can it be? What has become of him? Where is he? Where does he hide himself? What shall I do to find him? Where to run? Where not to run? Is he not there? Who is it? Stop! (*To himself, pressing his own arm.*) Give me back my money, scoundrel,
* * * Ah, it is myself! My senses are wandering, and I do not know where I am, who I am, or what I am doing.

ACT V—ARGUMENT.

Valère is accused of the theft; and at first understanding the charge to refer to the stealing of the daughter's love, confesses the crime; but when he learns that the casket is lost, he denies all knowledge of it. Harpagon nevertheless commands the magistrate.

Har. (*To the magistrate.*) Come, sir, do the duty of your office, and draw up for him his indictment as a felon and a suborner.

Jac. As a felon and a suborner.

Val. These are names that do not belong to me, and when people shall know who I am * ^{*Elise*} * *

As Valère speaks these lines, ~~Mariane~~ enters, and when Harpagon tells her her lover's fate, she throws herself at her father's feet and begs for mercy to Valère. The miser is immovable and declares that "justice must have its course." Meanwhile Mr. Anselme comes to the supper, when he hears Valère say in justification of himself that "all Naples can bear testimony to his birth." Anselme warns him against saying anything about Naples; for he Anselme is a man "to whom all Naples is known." But Valère insists that he is the son of Don Thomas D'Alburci, and Anselme, by way of refutation of so unlikely a story, informs him that the man and his family had perished at sea sixteen years before. Valère, however, is ready with his explanation. The son of D'Alburci was saved, and was educated by the captain of a Spanish vessel. Learning finally that his father was still alive, he was searching for him when he met Elise and entered her father's service in order to be near her. Valère shows his proofs of these assertions, and Mariane seeing them immediately claims him as her brother. She and her mother had also been saved from the shipwreck, and after ten years of slavery and a vain effort to recover their possessions were living now in poverty. Anselme thereupon reveals himself as Don Thomas D'Alburci who had changed his name in order to forget the sorrows which D'Alburci had suffered; and believing his family dead had endeavored to secure Elise for his wife. During this scene, there is a traditional stage-play. Harpagon puts out one of the candles which are on the table; Jacques lights it

again ; Harpagon blows it out anew, and holds it in his hand, but whilst he is listening the servant rekindles it. The miser sees the lighted candle while unfolding his arms ; he extinguishes it again and puts it in his breeches pocket where Jacques re-lights it and where it is afresh discovered by Harpagon. The miser now demands from Anselme the money which his son Valère has stolen, but Cléante puts an end to the discussion by appearing on the scene and offering to return the money untouched, if his father will consent to his marriage with Mariane. The double match is arranged, Valère secures Elise, Cléante, Mariane ; while Harpagon makes the condition that gives his children nothing and that Anselme “defray the expenses of the two weddings.” Jacques being threatened with hanging, exclaims :

“Alas how must one act ? I get cudgel-blows for speaking the truth ; and they wish to hang me for telling a lie.”

MONSIEUR DE PORCEAUGNAC—COMÉDIE-BALLET.

MONSIEUR DE PORCEAUGNAC.

A COMEDY BALLET IN THREE ACTS.

The original partly in prose and partly in verse—Oct. 6th, 1669.

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

The whole of the first part of the year 1669 was occupied with *Tartuffe*. Only in the month of October of the same year, *Monsieur de Pourceaugnac*, a new production of Molière which was ordered for the king and played on the 6th of that month at Chambord saw the light. Molière and his troupe received 6000 livres for their acting of this play, which was performed twenty times in succession.

Molière received the first hint of the scene in which Éraсте persuades M. de Pourceaugnac that they are old friends, from a tale by Scarron, published in 1652, and called “*Not to believe*

what one sees." The scenes in which Pourceaugnac is pestered by Nérine, Lucette and their children and the flight of the Limousin gentleman, dressed as a woman, are said to be found in an Italian farce, *The Disgraces of Harlequin*.

Several English dramatists, Ravenscroft, Charles Shadwell and others have imitated the whole or some of Molière's play.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M. de Pourceaugnac.*

Oronte.

Éraste, Julia's lover.

Sbrigani, a Neapolitan adventurer.

First Doctor.

Second Doctor.

An Apothecary.

A Peasant.

A Female Peasant.

First Swiss.

Second Swiss.

A Police Officer.

Two Inferior Police Officers.

Julia, Oronte's daughter.

Nérine, an intriguing woman supposed to be from Picardy.

Lucette, supposed to be from Gascony.

ACT I—ARGUMENT.

Julia, who is in love with Éraste, and who is loved by him in return, is about to be forced by her father into a marriage "with his lawyer from Limoges, Monsieur de Pourceaugnac, whom he has never seen." Éraste procures the assistance of Sbrigani and Nérine to help him drive this vexatious suitor away, and so great is their zeal that Nérine declares, "If it were but for his name, this M. de Pourceaugnac, I would do anything to succeed † in

* This part was played by Molière. The name Pourceaugnac appears to be formed from *porceau*, a pig with the gascon ending *ac*.

† The original has *J'y brûlerai mes livres*, "I shall burn my books," a saying borrowed from the old alchemists, who, after having tried everything, burn their books, because they are sure never to succeed; or burn them because they have nothing more to heat the furnace with.

breaking off this marriage." When this gentleman arrives in the town, his uncouth appearance attracts the attention of the people, who stare and laugh at him. Sbrigani meets him in the midst of a gaping crowd, rebukes the rabble, and flatters the stranger by saying that his "air commands respect," that "he is not a person to provoke laughter," and tells him that "the grace with which" he saw him "eating his bread that morning immediately made him conceive a friendship for him (M. de Pourceaugnac)." Sbrigani having thus ingratiated himself, is preparing to take M. de Pourceaugnac to a lodging, when they are met by Éraсте, who pretends to recognize the Limousin as an old friend, and by Pourceaugnac's assistance, shows such a knowledge of the latter's family that, though he does not remember Éraсте, he acknowledges him as a former acquaintance. Éraсте insists that one bound to him by so many ties of hospitality shall lodge nowhere but with him. After some conversation with Sbrigani, who affects not to know Éraсте, they consent. Meanwhile Éraсте visits "a physician, under whose care he is about to place a relation attacked by a fit of madness, whom he would be glad to have cured before he is married." The doctor is engaged at that moment with a patient, "whom he would not cure," as the apothecary informs Éraсте, "with other remedies than those the faculty prescribes." Éraсте replies, "He does right; a patient ought not to wish to be cured unless the faculty permits it."

The apothecary continues:

"It is not because we are fast friends that I speak thus; but it is really a treat to be his patient. I had rather die by his remedies than be cured by those of some one else. For whatever may happen, one is certain that things are done in regular order, and when one dies under his treatment, your heirs have nothing to reproach you with. Already there are three of my children whose complaints he has done me the honor to treat who have died in less than four days, and who in some one else's hands would have languished for three months or more."

The doctor appears, and with him a peasant, who reports that a certain patient has "the most awful pains in his head." The doctor is irritated by such folly. He says:

"The patient is a fool; seeing that in the complaint with which

he is attacked he ought not, according to Galen, to suffer from the head at all, but from the spleen."

M. de Pourceaugnac is brought to the doctor's under the pretence that it is Érase's house. The latter, pleading a pressing engagement, excuses himself to his guest, and recommending the physician, above all, not to let the patient slip, leaves M. de Pourceaugnac with two doctors and the apothecary to have the following conversation :

1st Doc. It is a great honor to me, sir, to have been selected to attend you.

Pour. I am your servant.

1st Doc. This is a colleague of mine, an able man, with whom I am going to consult about the manner in which we shall treat you.

Pour. There is no need of so many ceremonies, I tell you ; and I am a man to be satisfied with ordinary things.

1st Doc. Come, place chairs. (*Two servants enter and place chairs.*)

Pour. (*Aside.*) These are very lugubrious servants for a young man to keep.

1st Doc. Come sir, take a seat sir. (*The two doctors make Pourceaugnac sit down between them.*)

Pour. (*Taking a seat.*) Your very humble servant. (*The two doctors each take one of his hands to feel his pulse.*) What does this mean ?

1st Doc. Do you eat well, sir ?

Pour. Yes ; and drink still better.

1st Doc. So much the worse. The great craving for cold and wet is an indication of the heat and dryness in the inside. Do you sleep soundly ?

Pour. Yes, when I have supped well.

1st Doc. Have you any dreams ?

Pour. Sometimes.

1st Doc. Of what nature are they ?

Pour. Of the nature of dreams. What sort of a conversation is this ?

1st Doc. A little patience. We are going to argue about your case before you ; and we shall do so in French, to be the more intelligible.

Pour. What great arguing is needed to eat a morsel?

1st Doc. Since one cannot cure a disease, unless one knows it perfectly, and since one cannot know it perfectly without establishing a particular theory, and its real kind by its diagnostic and prognostic signs; you will allow me, my elder colleague, to enter upon the consideration of the disease in question, before referring to the therapeutics, and the remedies which we shall determine upon for the perfect cure of said disease. I say then, sir, with your leave, that our patient here present is unfortunately attacked, affected, possessed and troubled by that kind of madness which we very aptly denominate hypochondriacal melancholy; a kind of madness very troublesome, and which requires nothing less than an Esculapius like yourself, consummate in our art.

2nd Doc. Heaven forbid, sir, that I should entertain the thought of adding aught to what you have just said. You have discoursed so well on all signs, symptoms and causes of this gentleman's complaint; the argument which you have produced is so learned and beautiful that it is impossible for him not to be mad and hypochondriacally melancholic; and should he not be, he must become so for the sake of the beautiful things which you have said and for the justness of the reasoning which you have produced. Nothing remains for me to do here but to congratulate this gentleman upon having fallen into your hands, and to tell him that he ought to be only too happy to be mad, to prove the efficacy and gentleness of the remedies which you have so judiciously proposed; I approve of them all, *manibus et pedibus descendo in tuam sententiam*.^{*} All that I would add is to make the blood-lettings and purgatives in odd numbers, *numcro deus impare gaudet*.[†]

The doctors, in spite of the protestations of the patient proceed to the cure "by the exhilarating gentleness of harmony." Two grotesque doctor's mummings, and a ballet are accordingly

^{*} "I am hand and feet of your opinion" because in the Roman Senate those who were of the same opinion as the proposer of a certain law, went on his side, and even sometimes applauded; somewhat like a division in the House of Commons, when the members go into the lobbies.

[†] This is a phrase from the eighth eclogue of Virgil "An odd number pleases the god."

introduced to divert the hypochondriac. When, however, the physicians attempt to administer a decoction to him, he takes flight, and is pursued across the stage and behind the scenes by the rest of the players. The pursuit is more or less prolonged. After he has left the stage, he reappears through the prompter's box with all his enemies in full pursuit; he then takes a deal board, and knocks down one of the mummers, who is carried off.

ACT II.

The doctor, irritated by the conduct of his patient, and being further aroused by the prospect, which Sbrigani suggests, that a fee will be lost, forbids Oronte "in the name of the Faculty," to go on with the marriage until his son-in-law has been properly cured. "Yes," says the doctor, "he must be cured by me or die."

Sbrigani meanwhile has been devising other weapons against the Limousin. The Neapolitan, disguised as a Flemish merchant, asks Oronte concerning a certain Mr. Oronte, and ends by telling him that some Flemish merchants have obtained a judgment against M. de Pourceagnac, but that the latter has delayed payment until he marries Mr. Oronte's daughter. The suitor meets Sbrigani, and, complaining of his treatment by the doctors, inquires the way to Oronte's house. Sbrigani learns the object of the visit, and, after an apparent struggle, whispers that the reputation of his intended bride is not of the best. Pourceagnac now seeks Oronte and Julia; the latter suddenly adopts a most languishing air, and insists upon embracing her suitor; the former represses her energy, and asks various questions about M. de Pourceagnac's madness and his Flemish debts. While he is still railing at the doctors and denying the judgment, Lucette (pretending to be a woman from Languedoc) claims the Limousin as her husband, and she has scarcely finished her complaint (against his faithlessness) when Nérine (affecting to be a woman from Picardy) makes a similar charge. M. de Pourceagnac denies all the accusations stoutly, but is at last compelled to flee by the appearance of a number of children, who run up to him and call him "papa." After this adventure he again meets Sbrigani, who takes him to two solicitors.

SCENE XIII—M. DE POURCEAUGNAC, SBRIGANI, TWO BARRISTERS,
TWO SOLICITORS, TWO SERGEANTS.

1st Bar. (Drawling out his words as he sings:)

Polygamy is a business.
Is a hanging business.

2nd Bar. (Singing very quickly and stammering:)

Your case
Is plain and clear,
And all the law
In such a matter
Decides distinctly,
If you consult our authors,
Legislators and commentators,
Justinianus and Papinianus,
Ulpianus and Trebonius,
Fernand, Rebuffe, John Imola,
Paul de Castro, Julianus Bartholine,
Jason, Alciati and Cujas,
That great man so able;
Polygamy is a business,
Is a hanging business.*

ACT III.

Sbrigani advises M. de Pourceaugnac to take flight and recommends a woman's dress as a suitable disguise. The advice is adopted, and the suitor, after some misadventures, escapes. Éraсте thereupon appears before Oronte with Julia, whom, he says, he has just taken from the hands of the man with whom she was running away. Éraсте upbraids her with her ingratitude and approves of the conduct of her father. "Four or five thousand crowns," he asserts, "is a considerable sum, and which makes it worth while to break one's word." Éraсте wishes to yield all claim to her hand, and Julia proclaims loudly her preference for M. de Pourceaugnac. Oronte, however, insists that she shall marry Éraсте, and they go for the notary. At the end of the piece, M. de Pourceaugnac, dressed as a woman, appears in one

* In Molière's time a bigamist was really condemned to death. In later times he was put in the stocks, with as many distaffs tied to his arm as he had married wives, and then sent to the galleys or banished.

of the boxes, makes a friendly gesture to Sbrigani, and recommends him to come and see him, if ever he goes to Limoges. This ending is traditional at the *Comédie Française*, and allows the curtain to fall amidst roars of laughter.

LES AMANTS MAGNIFIQUES—COMÉDIE-BALLET.

The Magnificent Lovers—A Comedy-Ballet in five acts—The comedy in prose, the interlude in verse, Feb. 4th, 1670.—This comedy contains nothing worthy of quotation.

LE BOURGEOIS GENTILHOMME—COMÉDIE BALLET.

The Citizen who apes the Nobleman—Comedy-Ballet in five acts—The original in prose, the interludes in verse, Oct. 13th, 1670—This comedy contains nothing worthy of quotation.

PSYCHÉ—TRAGÉDIE-BALLET.

Psyché—A tragedy-ballet in five acts—The original in verse, Jan. 17th, 1671—This contains nothing worthy of quotation.

LES FOURBERIES DE SCAPIN—COMÉDIE.

The Rogueries of Scapin—A comedy in three acts—The original in prose, May 24th, 1671.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Argante, father to Octave and Zerbinette.

Géronte, father to Leander and Hyacinthe.

Octave, son of Argante, and betrothed to Hyacinthe.

Leander, son of Géronte, and in love with Zerbinette.

Hyacinthe, daughter of Géronte.

Zerbinette, a supposed gipsy, afterwards found to be a daughter of ~~Géronte~~.

Scapin, * valet to Leander.

Sylvester, valet to Octave.

Nérine, nurse to Hyacinthe.

Carlos, Scapin's friend.

THE SCENE IS AT NAPLES.

ACT I—ARGUMENT.

Argante, leaving Naples for a temporary absence, places his son, Octave, in charge of a valet, Sylvester. Géronte, departing on a like journey, puts Leander under the care of Scapin. Octave meets Hyacinthe, a poor and unknown girl, and marries her before his father's return. Leander has been smitten with a gipsy, Zerbinette, and without consulting Géronte, has promised to marry her. Meanwhile the fathers have made their own arrangements. Argante announces that he expects to return immediately, and that he has selected as a wife for Octave the daughter of M. Géronte by a second wife, to whom the latter was married at Tarente. Both young men invoke the assistance of Scapin, who, as he says of himself, "has received from Heaven a genius sufficiently fine to contrive all those pretty tricks of wit to which the ignorant vulgar give the name of rogueries." He promises them his assistance, begins by flattering Argante's recollections of his rather gallant youth, and while offering to aid the father as much as he can, laments that his son should have been so indiscreet as to be entangled in such a marriage. Argante threatens to disinherit Octave.

ACT II.

Géronte and Argante meet. Géronte condoles with his friend, but at the same time insists that if Argante had taken care of his son, nothing of the kind would have occurred. Argante irritated by this advice, replies, that "those who are fond of finding

* This part was played by Molière himself. Scapin is one of the traditional servants of the *comedia dell'arte*. The name Scapin is from the Italian *scappare*, to run away, to escape.

fault ought to look first at home to see if there be nothing wrong," and acquaints him with what Scapin has said of Géronte's son. Géronte tells Leander "that Scapin has told him some news," and promises to renounce his son if it be true. Leander, in great anger at the treachery of his servant, is only restrained by Octave's interference from running him through. Leander wishes Scapin to confess.

SCENE V.

Scap. Have I done anything to you ?

Lea. Yes, you scoundrel, and your conscience tells you but too plainly what it is.

Sca. I assure you I am ignorant of it.

Lea. (*Advancing to strike Scapin.*) You are ignorant of it ?

Oct. (*Holding Leander back.*) Leander !

Sca. Well, sir, since you will have it so, I will confess that I and my friends have drunk that small quarter cask of Spanish wine which you had sent as a present a few days ago, and that I made a slit in the barrel and spilt some water around to make you believe that the wine had run out.

Lea. It is you, you gallows bird, who have drunk my Spanish wine, and who have been the cause of my scolding the servant, thinking it was she who had played me that trick.

Sca. Yes, sir ; I ask your pardon for it.

Lea. I am very glad to hear this. But that is not the affair in question at present.

Sca. It is not that, sir ?

Lea. No, it is something else which concerns me much more, and I will have you tell me.

Sca. I do not remember having done aught else, sir.

Lea. (*Wishing to strike Scapin.*) You will not tell me ?

Sca. Tell what ?

Oct. (*Holding Leander.*) Gently !

Sca. Well, sir, it is true, that about three weeks ago you sent me one evening to take a little watch to the young gipsy whom you love. I came back to the house, my clothes covered with mud and my face bleeding, and I told you I had been attacked by thieves, who had beaten me well and stolen the watch. It was myself who kept it, sir.

Lea. It is you who kept my watch?

Sca. Yes, sir; to see what o'clock it is.

Lea. Ah, ah, these are pretty things to find out, and I have a very trusty servant, certainly! But it is not even about that that I am inquiring.

Sca. It is not that?

Lea. No, you infamous wretch; there is something else I wish you to confess to to me.

Sca. (*Aside.*) The plague take it.

Lea. Out with it, quick; I am in a hurry.

Sca. This is all that I have done, sir.

Lea. (*Wishing to strike Scapin.*) Is that all?

Oct. (*Getting in front of Leander.*) Ah!

Sca. Well, yes, sir. You remember that ghost, six months ago, who dealt you such a lot of cudgel-blows in the night, and nearly made you break your neck in a cellar in which you fell, running away?

Lea. Well?

Sca. It was I, sir, who played the ghost.

Lea. It was you who played the ghost, you wretch?

Sca. Yes, sir. I did it only to frighten you, and to prevent you from letting us gad about every night as you did.

Leander is finally compelled to tell Scapin the offence laid to his charge. Scapin replies only: "By your leave, your father has not spoken the truth." His services are, however, immediately required. The gipsies are about to carry Zerbinette off, and Leander must bring a ransom in two hours. Scapin at length mollified by his master's apologies, consents to secure for each of the young men a sum of money—200 pistoles for Octave and 500 crowns for Leander. He approaches Argante with new protestations of his desire to serve the father in so sad an affair. His sympathy, he says, had led him to see the brother of the girl who has been married. This man "is one of those fire-eaters," says Scapin, "who are all cut and thrust, who talk of nothing else than slashing, and who make no more ado about killing a man than about swallowing a glass of wine." He has, however, "so turned this brother about on all sides" that he will give his consent to annul the marriage for a certain sum. Argante wants to know how much is required.

SCENE VIII.

Sca. He talked of no less than five or six hundred pistoles.

Arg. Five or six hundred quartan fevers to make an end of him! Is he jesting?

Sca. That is what I told him. I utterly rejected all such proposals. At last, after a great deal of talk, this is the result of our conference: "I want," said he, "a troop-horse, and I cannot have one ever so middling for less than sixty pistoles."

Arg. Very well! For sixty pistoles I will give them.

Sca. Then the accoutrements and pistols; and that will amount to at least twenty pistoles more.

Arg. Twenty pistoles and sixty make fourscore.

Sca. Exactly.

Arg. It is a great deal; but be it so. I consent to this.

Sca. He must also have a horse for his servant, which will cost at least thirty pistoles.

Arg. What the deuce! Let him go on foot; he shall have nothing at all.

Sca. Sir!

Arg. No; he is an impertinent fellow.

Sca. Would you have the servant go on foot?

Arg. Let him go as he likes, and the master also.

Sca. Good heaven! sir, do not stop short at such a trifle. Do not go to law, sir, I beg of you; sooner give it all to keep clear from its hands.

Arg. Very well, then; I am ready to give also the thirty pistoles.

Sca. He wants, besides, so he says, a mule to carry * * *

Arg. Let him go to the devil with his mule! It is too much, and we shall go before the judges.

Sca. For mercy's sake, sir, * * *

Arg. No, I shall do nothing at all.

Sca. A tiny mule, sir.

Arg. I shall not give as much as an ass.

Sca. Consider * * *

Arg. No, I prefer going to law.

Sca. O, sir, what are you talking about, and what a resolu-

tion to take? Just cast your eyes upon the ins and outs of the laws. Just think how many appeals and degrees of jurisdiction; how many vexatious proceedings; how many delightful animals through whose claws you will have to pass—sergants, attorneys, counsels, registrars, substitutes, reporters, judges and their clerks. Not one of those folks but who will oppose the most straightforward case in the world for the merest trifle. A bailiff will serve you with forged deeds, upon which you shall be condemned without knowing it. Your attorney will come to terms with the other side, and sell you for ready cash. Your counsel, won over in the same manner, will be wanting when your cause has to be pleaded, or adduce reasons that shall only beat about the bush, but not go home to the facts. The registrar will deliver sentence and judgment against you in your absence. The clerk of the reporter will make away with documents, or the reporter himself will deny what he has seen; and when, with the utmost precautions, you shall have parried all this, you will be astonished to find that your judges have been prejudiced against you, either by some pious people or by the ladies with whom they are in love. Oh, sir, if it be in your power, keep out of this hell. It is to be damned already in this world, to have to plead; and the mere notion of a law suit would be enough to make me fly as far as the Indies.

Arg. And at how much does he reckon this mule?

Sca. For the mule, sir, for the horse, and that of his man, for the accoutrements and pistols, and to pay a little bill which he owes his landlady, he asks, in all, two hundred pistoles.

Argante refuses to pay any sum so preposterous, he is determined to go to law in spite of the calculations. Scapin endeavors to show that Argante would be the gainer of at least a hundred and fifty pistoles by giving the brother two hundred pistoles, "without" as the servant says "counting the anxiety, the going hither and thither, and the bother you shall save yourself. Were it for nothing else than to have to put up with the insults which these sorry barristers say to one in public, I would sooner give three hundred pistoles than go to law."

(Sylvester enters disguised as a swashbuckler, and succeeds in hectoring Argante into giving him the two hundred pistoles.)

Having thus performed half his mission, Scapin is ready to exercise his rogueries on G  ronte.

SCENE XI—SCAPIN, G  RONTE.

Sca. (Pretending not to see G  ronte.) Oh Heavens! Oh, unlooked for misfortune! Oh wretched father! Poor G  ronte what will you do?

G  r. (Aside.) What is he saying about me with that sorrowful face?

Sca. Is there no one to tell me where I can find M. G  ronte?

G  r. What is the matter, Scapin?

Sca. (Running about the stage pretending not to hear or see G  ronte.) Where can I find him to tell him of his misfortune?

G  r. (Stopping Scapin.) What is it?

Sca. In vain do I run everywhere to find him.

G  r. Here I am.

Sca. He must be in hiding in some place which no one can discover.

G  r. (Stopping Scapin.) Hullo! are you blind that you cannot see me?

Sca. Oh! Sir, I could not meet you anywhere.

G  r. I have been standing in front of you for nearly an hour. What has happened?

Sca. Sir?

G  r. What?

Sca. Your son, sir * * *

G  r. Well! my son.

Sca. Has met with the strangest accident in the world.

G  r. What is it?

Sca. A short time ago, I met him looking so very sad about something that you had told him, and in which you have unreasonably enough mixed up my name; and trying to raise his low spirits, we went to take a row in the harbor. There, amongst several other things, our eyes were attracted by a Turkish galley tolerably well equipped. A young Turk with a pleasant face invited us to come on board, and held out his hand to us. We went. He showed us a thousand civilities, offered us lunch where we ate the most excellent fruit that can be found, and drank the finest wine in the world.

Gér. What is there so very grievous in all this?

Sca. Stay a moment, sir, I am coming to it. While we were eating, he put the galley out to sea; and finding himself far enough from the port, he had me put into a boat and sent me to tell you that, if you do not send him through me, immediately, five hundred crowns, he will carry your son away to Algiers.

Gér. What the deuce! five hundred crowns?

Sca. Yes, sir; and what is more he has only given me two hours to find them.

Gér. Ah! the gallows-bird of a Turk; to murder me in this manner!

Sca. It remains for you, sir, to take prompt measures to save from slavery a son whom you so tenderly love.

Gér. What the devil did he want in that galley?

Sca. He did not dream of what would happen.

Gér. Go, Scapin, go quickly and tell this Turk that I shall send the authorities after him.

Sca. The authorities on the open sea! Do you wish to make fools of people?

Gér. What the devil did he want in that galley?

Sca. An adverse fate often leads people.

Gér. You must, Scapin, you must show yourself now a faithful servant.

Sca. How so, sir?

Gér. By going to tell this Turk to send me back my son, and by putting yourself in his place, until I can raise the sum which he asks.

Sca. Eh! sir, do you know what you are saying? And do you imagine that this Turk will have so little sense as to receive a poor wretch like me as a substitute for your son?

Gér. What the devil did he want in that galley?

Sca. He did not dream of such a misfortune. Remember, sir, he has given me only two hours.

Gér. He wants you say * * *

Sca. Five hundred crowns.

Gér. Five hundred crowns! Has he no conscience?

Sca. That is good; a Turk a conscience.

Gér. Does he know what five hundred crowns mean?

Scal. Indeed he does, sir; he knows that it is fifteen hundred livres.

Ger. Does he think, the villain, that fifteen hundred livres are so easily to be found?

Scal. They are people who do not understand reason.

Ger. But what the devil did he want in that galley.

Scal. True. But after all, one cannot foresee these things. Pray, sir, make haste.

Ger. Look here. There is the key of my cupboard.

Scal. Good.

Ger. You go and open it.

Scal. Very good.

Ger. You will find a large key on the left hand side, which is the one of the garret.

Scal. Yes.

Ger. You will take all the clothes which are in that large basket, and go and sell them to the old clothes men to redeem my son.

Scal. (*Handing him back the key.*) Are you dreaming, sir? The whole lot of which you speak will not fetch a hundred francs, and besides you know the little time he has given me.

Ger. But what the devil did he want in that galley.

Scal. Oh, what a waste of words. Leave that galley alone, and remember that time flies, and that you run the risk of losing your son. Alas! my poor master! perhaps I shall never set eyes on you while I live, and at this very moment they are carrying you away to Algiers as a slave. But Heaven is my witness, that I have done all that I could for you, and that if you are not bought off, nothing but the want of fatherly affection is to blame.

Ger. Stay, Scapin, I will go and fetch that money.

Scal. Be quick about it then, sir, I tremble to hear the hour strike.

Ger. Did you not say four hundred crowns?

Scal. No, five hundred.

Ger. Five hundred crowns!

Scal. Yes.

Gér. What the devil did he want in that galley? *

Sca. You are right, but make haste.

Gér. Was there no other place to go to?

Sca. That is true, but be quick.

Gér. Ah! that confounded galley!

Sca. (*Aside.*) That galley lies heavy on his heart.

Gér. Stay, Scapin. I did not remember that I have just received the sum in gold, and I did not think I would have to part with it so soon. (*Taking his purse from his pocket and holding it out to Scapin.*) There, go and redeem my son.

Sca. (*Holding out his hand.*) Yes, sir.

Gér. (*Still holding the purse which he pretends to give to Scapin.*) But tell this Turk that he is a scoundrel.

Sca. (*Still holding out his hand.*) Yes.

Gér. (*Recommencing the same thing.*) An infamous wretch.

Sca. (*Still holding out his hand.*) Yes.

Gér. A man without honor, a robber.

Sca. Let me manage it.

Gér. That he extorts five hundred crowns from me against all right.

Sca. Yes.

Gér. (*Recommencing the same thing.*) That I do not make them a present to him forever.

Sca. Very good.

Gér. (*Recommencing the same thing.*) And that if ever I catch him, I shall be revenged on him.

Sca. Yes.

Gér. (*Putting the money back in his pocket, and going.*) Go, go quickly, and bring back my son.

Sca. (*Running after Géronte.*) Hullo, sir.

Gér. What?

Sca. Where is this money?

Gér. Have I not given it to you.

Sca. No, indeed; you put it back in your pocket.

* These words have passed into a proverb "*Que diable allait il faire dans cette galère?*" They are translated by some, "What the deuce did he want to go in that galley for?" I prefer Van Laun's renderings. The expression was quoted by John Quincy Adams in a speech in the House of Representatives, on the cutting out of the steamer *Caroline*.

Gér. Ah! It is this trouble that upsets my senses.

Sca. I see it does.

Gér. What the devil did he want in that galley? confounded galley! Villain of a Turk, may the devil take you.

Sca. (*Alone.*) He cannot swallow the five hundred crowns which I have dragged away from him; but he is not quits with me yet, and he shall pay me in different coin for the trick he has played me with his son.

ACT III.

Scapin having succeeded so well in the monetary affairs of the young man, undertakes a little enterprise of private vengeance. He has not forgiven G ronte for telling Leander that he (Scapin) had betrayed his master. He seeks G ronte and greets him with the intelligence that he "is looked for every where to be killed." G ronte inquires "By whom?"

Scapin replies :

"By the brother of this person whom Octave has married. He believes that the design which you have to place your daughter in the position now occupied by his sister is the reason which induces Argante to leave no stone unturned to annul their marriage; and with that idea, he has openly resolved to vent his despair on you, and to take your life to avenge his honor. All his friends, Knights of the blade like himself, are looking for you everywhere. I myself saw here and there some soldiers of his company who are guarding in platoons every approach to your house, examining every one whom they meet; so much so, that you cannot go home, nor walk a step to the right or left without falling into their hands."

Thoroughly frightened, the victim is induced by Scapin to get into a sack which the servant says he will hoist on his back and thus carry his load through the midst of the enemy unchallenged.

Sca. Hide yourself. Here comes a swashbuckler who is looking for you. (*Disguising his voice.*) "What? shall I not have the delight of killing this G ronte, and will no one out of charity point me out where he is?" (*To G ronte in his natural voice.*) Do not stir, "cad dis! I shall find him, if he were hid-

den in the bowels of the earth.”* (*To G ronte in his natural voice.*) Do not show yourself. “Ah! you man with the sack.” Sir. “I will give you a louis if you will tell me where I can find this G ronte.” You are looking for M. G ronte? “Yes, zounds, I am looking for him.” And what for, sir? “What for?” Yes. “Because I want to cudgel the life out of him, cad dis.” Oh, indeed, sir, but folks like him do not ordinarily receive cudgel blows, and he is not the man to stand that sort of treatment. “Who? that booby of a G ronte, that scoundrel, that blockhead?” M. G ronte, sir, is neither a booby, nor a scoundrel, nor a blockhead; and you ought to speak in another tone. “How dare you give me any of your insolence?” I am defending as I ought to do a man of honor who is being insulted. “Are you one of the friends of this G ronte?” Yes, sir, I am. “Ah, cad dis, you are one of his friends, so much the better.” (*Striking several times on the sack with a stick*) “There, take this and that, in his stead.” (*Shrinking as if he were being struck.*) Ah, ah, sir, that’ll do. Ah, ah, sir, gently. Oh, gently. Ah, ah, ah. “There, give him this from me. Aduisias.” (*Complaining and moving his back as if he had received some cudgel blows.*) Ah, the devil take the Gascon! Ah!

G r. (*Thrusting his head out of the sack.*) Ah Scapin, I can endure it no longer.

Sca. Ah! sir, I am bruised all over, and my shoulders pain me dreadfully.

G r. How is that? It is on mine that he has been beating.

Sca. No, I tell you, it is only the end of his stick that came down on your shoulders.

(The same trick is twice repeated but at last Scapin comes to grief.)

Sca. “Ah, mates, here is his servant. Come, you rascal, you must tell us where your master is.” Ah, gentlemen, do not ill use me! “Come, tell us where he is. Speak, make haste, look sharp, be quick, speak up.” Oh, gently, gentlemen! (*G ronte thrusts his head softly out of the sack and becomes aware of Scapin’s trick.*) “If you do not help us to find your master directly, we shall overwhelm you with cudgel-blows.” I prefer suffering

* The words spoken in Scapin’s assumed voice are in the Gascon dialect.

everything rather than show you my master. "We shall beat the life out of you." Do as you please. "You wish to be cudged?" I will not betray my master. "Ah, you wish to be beaten! There, then," * * * Ah!" (*As he is about to strike, G ron te gets out of the sack and Scapin runs off.*)

G r. (Alone.) Ah! infamous wretch! Ah! traitor! Ah! scoundrel! Is it thus that you assault me?

(Zerbinette, meeting G ron te in this plight, insists on telling him one of the best of jokes, and accordingly relates to him how he—with his "What the devil did he want in that galley?"—was hoodwinked out of his money. The fathers meet; each has his own grievances, but their mutual condolences are cut short by the appearance of N rine, who addresses G ron te as M. Pandolphe. He bids her call him G ron te, because the reasons which obliged him to take that name at Tarente no longer exist. N rine informs him, through not finding him, his daughter is married to "a young gentleman named Octave, son of a certain M. Argante." Leander, too, comes with the news that Zerbinette is a girl of good birth, who, as the gipsies inform him, was stolen from that very town. They gave him also a bracelet, which would help him find her parents. Argante sees the bracelet, and recognizes Zerbinette as his own daughter, whom he had lost many years before. In the midst of their surprise at these extraordinary developments, it is announced that "in passing by a house they were building, there fell on Scapin's head a stonemason's hammer, which has broken the bone and laid bare the whole of the brain. He is dying, and he has begged to be brought here to speak before he dies."

SCENE XIV.

Sca. (Carried by two men, his head wrapt round with bandages, as if he had been wounded.) Aye, aye, gentlemen, behold me. * * * Aye, you see me in a sad condition. Aye, I did not wish to die before having asked forgiveness of every one whom I may have offended. Aye—yes, gentlemen, before breathing my last sigh, I wish you, with all my heart, to forgive me for all I may have done to you, but particularly M. Argante and M. G ron te. Aye.

Arg. As for me, I forgive you ; go, die in peace,

Sca. (*To G ron te.*) It is you, sir, whom I have offended most by the cudgel-blows— * * *

G r. Speak no longer of it ; I forgive you also.

Sca. It was a great audacity on my part, those cudgel-blows, which— * * *

G r. Let us drop that.

Sca. Now that I am dying, it gives me inconceivable pain to think about those cudgel-blows which— * * *

G r. Good Heaven ! Hold your tongue.

Sca. Those unlucky cudgel-blows which— * * *

G r. Hold your tongue, I tell you ; I forget everything.

Sca. Alas ! what goodness ! but is it heartily, sir, that you forgive me those cudgel-blows which I— * * *

G r. Oh, yes ! Let us speak no more about them ; I forgive you everything ; there is an end of it.

Sca. Oh ! sir, I feel altogether relieved by that word.

G r. Yes, but I forgive you only on condition that you shall die.

Sca. How ! sir ?

G r. I retract my word, if you recover.

Sca. Aye, aye. There is my faintness coming on again.

Arg. M. G ron te, in return for our joy, we must forgive him unconditionally.

G r. Be it so.

Arg. Let us all go and sup together, the better to relish our pleasure.

Sca. And let them carry me to the foot of the table while I am waiting for my death.

LA COMTESSE D'ESCARBAGNAS—COM DIE.

The Countess of Escarbagnas. A Comedy in one Act. The original in prose. December 2d, 1671. This contains nothing worthy of quotation.

LES FEMMES SAVANTES—COMÉDIE.

THE LEARNED LADIES.

A COMEDY IN FIVE ACTS.

(The original in verse—March 11th, 1672.

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

The comedy *The Learned Ladies* was represented on the 11th of March, 1672. In this play Molière, aimed not as in *The Pretentious Young Ladies* at sketching a temporary folly, but in giving us characters which exist with certain modifications in all ages.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Chrysale, a ~~citizen~~.

Ariste, his brother.

Clitandre, Henriette's lover.

Trissotin, a wit.

Vadius, a ~~servant~~.

Lépine, a lacquey.

Julien, Vadius' servant.

A Notary.

Philaminte, Chrysale's wife.

Armande,	}	Daughter's of Chrysale and of Philaminte.
Henriette,		

Bélise, Chrysale's sister.

Martine, a kitchen-maid.

(SCENE—PARIS, IN CHRYSALE'S HOUSE.

There is little in this piece worthy of quotation.

A hen-pecked husband (Chrysale) in one of the scenes objects to the dismissal of a worthy servant; but he is speedily silenced by his wife (Philaminte), who, with an affectation of learning, charges that the domestic should be dismissed because of violations of the rules of grammar.

SCENE V—MARTINE, CHRYSALE.

Mar. Just like my luck! Alas it is a true saying; give a dog a bad name and hang him,* and service to another is no inheritance.

Ch. What is the matter? what ails you, Martine?

Mar. What ails me is that they have discharged me to-day, sir.

Ch. Discharged?

Mar. Yes, madam sends me away.

Ch. No, you shall stay, I am satisfied with you. My wife is at times somewhat hot-headed; and I will not, I * * * *

SCENE VI. (*Enter Philamete and Bélise.*)

Phil. (*Perceiving Martine.*) What, I still find you, you booby. Quick out with you, jade.

Ch. Gently.

Phil. No, there is an end of it.

Ch. Eh.

Phil. I wish her to go.

Ch. But what has she done to insist in this manner * * *

Phil. What, you back her up?

Ch. In no way.

Phil. Do you take her part against me?

Ch. Good Heavens, no; I am simply asking her crime.

Phil. Am I likely to send her away without a legitimate cause?

Ch. I do not say that, but it is right that our people should * *

Phil. No, she shall leave this, I tell you.

Ch. Well, yes. Does any one say aught against it.

Phil. I will have no opposition to my wishes.

Ch. Agreed.

Phil. And you ought as a sensible husband to be with me against her, and share my anger.

Ch. (*Turning to Martine.*) So I do. Yes, my wife is right in sending you away, you jade, and your crime deserves no mercy.

* The original has *qui veut noyer son chien l'accuse de la rage*, he who wishes to drown his dog, accuses him of being mad.

Mar. But what have I done then?

Ch. (*Softly.*) Upon my word, I do not know.

Chrysale enumerates various wrongs which servants are apt to commit, such as breaking mirrors, theft, and the like. Philaminte shakes her head and says "worse than that." At last she makes the formal accusation.

Phil. She has with matchless insolence after thirty lessons shocked my ear by the impropriety of a low and vulgar word which Vaugelas condemns in decisive terms.

Ch. Is that the * * * *

Phil. What! always notwithstanding our remonstrances, to be upsetting the foundation of all sciences, grammar, which knows how to control even kings, and makes them with a high hand obey its laws!

Ch. I thought her guilty of the most serious misbehavior.

Phil. What, do you not think this crime unpardonable?

Poor Martine makes many mistakes—amongst others—she says in defending her ignorance of grammar, "Tous vos *biaux* dictons ne servent *pas de rien*." 'Je *parlons* tout droit.' Bélise, correcting Martine, asks "Veux-tu toute ta vie offenser la grammaire. (Wilt thou all thy life offend grammar?) Martine answers, "Qui parle d'offenser grand'mère ni grand-père." (Who speaks of offending grandfather or grandmother.) A witty play upon *Grammaire*.

Bélise says to her: "Grammar teaches us the laws of the verb and of the nominative, as well as of the adjective in connection with the substantive." "All I have to say, madam," replies Martine, "is that I do not know these people."

LE MALADE IMAGINAIRE—COMÉDIE.

THE IMAGINARY INVALID.

A COMEDY IN THREE ACTS, INTERSPERSED WITH MUSIC AND
DANCING.

The Original in Prose—Feb. 10th, 1673.

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

Whilst Molière was very ill and dying, he wrote a comedy, *The Imaginary Invalid*, in which he depicts the folly of a man who though in good health, believes himself to be ill, and swallows whatever his doctor prescribes. This comedy was first performed in the theatre of the Palais Royal, on the 10th of February, 1673. During the fourth representation, Molière became ill and died on the same evening, the 17th of February.

DRAMATIS

Argan, an imaginary invalid.
Béralde, his brother.
Cléante, Angélique's lover.
Mr. Purgon, Argan's physician.
Mr. Diafoirus, a physician.
Thomas Diafoirus, his son, betrothed to Angélique.
Mr. Fleurant, an apothecary.
Mr. de Bonnefoi, a notary.
Béline, Argan's second wife.
Angélique, Argan's daughter.
Louison, (a little girl), Argan's daughter.
Toinette, a servant.

ACT I—SCENE I.

(*Argan, seated before a table is adding up his apothecary's bill with counters.*)

Arg. This month I have taken one, two, three, four, five, six,

seven and eight remedies ; and one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven and twelve enemas ; and the other month, there were twelve remedies and twenty enemas.

Argan imagines himself very ill, and is being constantly attended by physicians. He thinks that it would be better to have a doctor in the family. He therefore proposes that Angélique his daughter, shall marry Mr. Diafoirus, a young physician. Angélique, however is in love with Cléante, and refuses to comply with her father's wish. He threatens a convent, and is upheld in this threat by his wife Béline, who wants Angélique out of the way, so that she (Béline) can get all of Argan's property. Toinette, the servant, perceives Béline's design, knows that Argan is not sick and is the firm friend of Angélique.

ACT II—ARGUMENT.

Cléante disguised as a music teacher comes to give Angélique her instruction ; Mr. Diafoirus and his father also come to see the future bride. The younger gentleman, though coached by the father, makes many ludicrous mistakes and pays Angélique many highflown compliments. As a special pleasure he invites her to witness a dissection which he is about to make. Argan asks for some music and Cléante sings with Angélique an extempore love opera. Argan seeing no words on the music sheet suspects a trick and dismisses Cléante. Béline now reports that she has seen a young man with Angélique, and tells Argan that his little daughter Louison can give him the particulars. Louison is summoned before her father and by dint of threats confesses that Cléante has been with Angélique. Béralde, Argan's brother, comes to propose a match for his niece, but before he enters into that affair, he gives the invalid an entertainment by gipsies, dressed as Moors, who perform some dances intermixed with music and who make the second interlude.

ACT III.

Béralde assuring Argan that he (*Argan*) is not at all ill and that a proof of it is that he is not yet dead with all the physic he has taken, attempts to reason with his brother. He fails, and is

compelled to resort to a ruse. Fleurant comes to administer some remedy. Béralde drives the apothecary away.

SCENE VI—MR. PURGON, ARGAN, BÉRALDE, TOINETTE.

Mr. P. I have just heard some pretty news at the door; that people are making a jest of my prescriptions here, and refuse to take the remedies which I have prescribed.

Arg. Sir, it is not * * *

Mr. P. This is a very rash proceeding, a strange revolt of a patient against his physician.

Toi. This is horrible.

Mr. P. An enema which I had taken pleasure in compounding myself.

Arg. It is not I.

Mr. P. Invented and concocted according to all the rules of my art.

Toi. He is wrong.

Mr. P. And which was to produce a marvellous effect.

Arg. My brother * * *

Mr. P. To send it back with contempt!

Arg. (*Pointing to Béralde.*) It is he * * *

Mr. P. It is a most daring deed.

Toi. That is true.

Mr. P. An enormous outrage against the medical profession.

Arg. (*Pointing to Béralde.*) He is the cause * * *

Mr. P. A crime of high treason against the faculty, which cannot be sufficiently punished.

Toi. You are right.

Mr. P. I declare that I break off all connection with you.

Arg. It is my brother * * *

Mr. P. That I no longer desire an alliance with you.

Toi. You will do well.

Mr. P. And that to make an end of all union with you, there is the deed of gift which I made to my nephew, in favor of the marriage. (*He tears the document to pieces, and throws the pieces furiously about.*)

Arg. It is my brother who has done all the harm.

Mr. P. To despise my enema!

Arg. Let it be brought; I will take it.

Mr. P. I would have cured you before long.

Toi. He does not deserve it.

Mr. P. I was going to cleanse your body and bring out all the bad humors.

Arg. Ah! brother!

Mr. P. And it wanted but a dozen more medicines to cure you completely.

Toi. He is unworthy of your care.

Mr. P. But as you do not wish to be cured by my hands
* * *

Arg. It is not my fault * * *

Mr. P. Since you have withdrawn from the obedience which a man owes to his physician * * *

Toi. That cries for vengeance.

Mr. P. Since you have declared yourself a rebel against the remedies which I prescribed for you * * *

Arg. Eh, not at all.

Mr. P. I must tell you that I give you up to your bad constitution, to the intemperature of your system, to the corruption of your blood, and to the acrimony of your bile.

Toi. That is very well done.

Arg. Oh, Heavens!

Mr. P. And I will that in four days you shall be in an incurable state.

Arg. Ah, mercy!

Mr. P. That you fall into a bradypepsia.

Arg. Mr. Purgon!

Mr. P. From bradypepsia into dyspepsia.

Arg. Mr. Purgon!

Mr. P. From dyspepsia into apepsy.

Arg. Mr. Purgon!

Mr. P. From apepsy into lientery.

Arg. Mr. Purgon!

Mr. P. From lientery into dysentery.

Arg. Mr. Purgon!

Mr. P. From dysentery into dropsy.*

* Bradypepsia is a slow and imperfect digestion; apepsy is a defective digestion; lientery is a diarrhœa in which the food is only half digested.

Arg. Mr. Purgon !

Mr. P. And from dropsy into privation of life whither your folly will lead you. (*Exit Purgon and Toinette.*)

SCENE VII.

Arg. Ah, Heaven's, I am dead Brother you have undone me.

Bér. Why, what is the matter.

Arg. I can hold out no longer. I already feel the vengeance of the faculty.

SCENE XIV—TOINETTE, ARGAN.

(*Toinette disguises herself as a physician.*)

Toi. Let me feel your pulse. Come, beat as you should. Ah ! I shall make you go as you ought. Ho ! this pulse plays the impertinent ; I perceive well enough that you do not know me yet. Who is your physician ?

Arg. Mr. Purgon.

Toi. This man is not in my note-book amongst the great physicians. From what does he say you suffer ?

Arg. He says it is from the liver, and others say it is from the spleen.

Toi. They are all blockheads. It is from the lungs that you are ill.

Arg. From the lungs ?

Toi. Yes. What do you feel ?

Arg. I feel, from time to time, qualms.

Toi. Exactly, the lungs.

Arg. I seem to have a mist before my eyes sometimes.

Toi. The lungs.

Arg. I have now and then a pain at the heart.

Toi. The lungs.

Arg. I feel a weariness in the limbs at times.

Toi. The lungs.

Arg. And now and then I am taken with pains in the stomach, just as if it were the colics.

Toi. The lungs. Do you relish your food ?

Arg. Yes, sir.

Toi. The lungs. You like to take a little wine?

Arg. Yes, sir.

Toi. The lungs. You feel an inclination to take a little nap after your meals, and you are glad to go to sleep.

Arg. Yes, sir.

Toi. The lungs, the lungs, I tell you. What does the doctor order you to eat?

Arg. He orders me soup.

Toi. The ignorant fellow!

Arg. Poultry.

Toi. The ignorant fellow!

Arg. Veal.

Toi. The ignorant fellow!

Arg. Broth.

Toi. The ignorant fellow!

Arg. New laid eggs.

Toi. The ignorant fellow!

The doctor finally takes his leave, after recommending Argan to have his arm cut off and his eye taken out. Antoinette returns, and when Béralde again broaches the subject of Angélique's marriage, they resolve upon a trick.

Argan feigns death in order to prove to his brother how much Céline loves her husband. But when she sees him apparently dead, she exclaims:

"Heaven be praised for it! I have gotten rid of a great burden."

Angélique, however, on seeing her father, gives vent to her grief and begs his forgiveness. Argan, arising, embraces her, and calls her his "own dear daughter," his "own flesh and blood."

Cléante now asks for Angélique. She is given to him, but Argan, being somewhat dubious by reason of Cléante's lack of medical knowledge, the latter promises to become a physician, and Béralde suggests that Argan adopt the same profession. The invalid fears that he has too little learning.

Bér. You have but to speak with a gown and a cap, and any gibberish becomes learned, and all nonsense becomes sense.

Toi. There, sir, if it were only for your beard, that goes a

great way already; for the beard makes more than half of the physician.

He gives his consent, and the third interlude ending the play, represents a burlesque ceremony, of admitting a doctor of medicine in recitative music and dancing. The words are a mixture of Latin, dog-Latin, Italian and French, with nondescript expressions of Molière's own coinage.

LA JALOUSIE DU BARBOUILLÉ—COMÉDIE.

The Jealousy of Le Barbouillé—A comedy in one act—The original in prose—There is nothing in this piece worthy of quotation.

LE MÉDECIN VOLANT—COMÉDIE.

THE FLYING DOCTOR.

A COMEDY IN ONE ACT.

(The original in prose.)

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

The subject of *The Flying Doctor* is probably imitated from an Italian farce *Il Medico Volante* which was never printed and never acted.

The Flying Doctor was acted several times in Paris, from the years 1659 till 1664. Molière made use of several of the scenes of this farce for his *Love is the Best Doctor*, and *The Physician in Spite of Himself*.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Gorgibus, Lucile's father.

Valère, Lucile's lover.

Sganarelle, his servant.

Gros-René, Gorgibus' servant.

A Lawyer.

Lucile, Gorgibus' daughter.

Sabine, her cousin.

ARGUMENT.

Valère is in love with Lucile ; her father however insists that she shall marry Villebrequin, an old man. In order to obtain an opportunity of seeing Lucile, Valère disguises his servant as a physician to attend Lucile who feigns an illness. Sganarelle acts the double part of a servant and doctor, by pretending that they (the physician and valet) are twin brothers, unhappily estranged from each other. Gorgibus insists on reconciling the two, and Sganarelle's ruse is thus discovered. Gorgibus is reconciled and bestows his daughter's hand on Valère.



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